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Lyra Mystica:

HYMNS AND VERSES ON SACRED SUBJECTS,

ANCIENT AND MODERN.

EDITED BY

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Preface.

THE Lyra Myſtica owes its origin more to accident than to deſign; and a few words will ſuffice to explain the reaſon of its publication.

Whilſt arranging the Collections of Sacred Poetry which have been publiſhed under the titles of Lyra Euchariſtica and Lyra Meſſianica, by the kindneſs of Friends I was placed in poſſeſſion of many Poems of conſiderable merit which, from the conditions impoſed by allotted ſpace and ſelected ſubjects, I was obliged to deny myſelf the gratification of publiſhing in thoſe Books. The reſult, however, which attended the iſſue of the earlier Works led me to think that a Miſcellaneous Collection of Religious Poetry, which ſhould be written by the Contributors who ſecured the popularity of the former Lyræ, and which ſhould form at once a companion and a contraſting Volume to the Collections already publiſhed, would not be unacceptable to their Readers.

With the obliging permiſſion of the Authors of the ſeveral Poems, this plan has been carried into effect; and the Poems to which I allude form the nucleus of the Lyra Myſtica. This nucleus of Sacred Poetry, however, has been much enlarged from the original ſelection. Many tranſlations have been made by Friends; original Poems have been received both from former Contributors and from other Authors; privately printed pieces have been kindly placed at my diſpoſal; and to theſe elements have been added, with a ſparing hand, Poetry already publiſhed, chiefly by Contributors to the earlier Volumes.

The Title 'Myſtica' was choſen as indicative of the myſtical interpretation which has been given in many of the Poems in the following pages to the Sacred or Legendary Events, or to the doctrinal Statements of Holy Scripture, or to the other Subjects upon which the Hymns and Verſes were compoſed.

I have not attempted to make any plan or arrangement of Subjects in the following Poems. The Hymns and Verſes have been printed ſo as to produce as much variety in ſtyle and matter as poſſible. And the Collection, it is hoped, will be conſidered to be, as it was intended to be made, entirely miſcellaneous in character and treatment.

ORBY SHIPLEY.

All Saints' Day, A.D. 1864.

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Lyra Mystica.

Hymns and Verſes on Sacred Subjects.

In Natale Salvatoris.

A Chriſtmas Hymn of Adam of S. Victor.

PON the SAVIOUR'S Birthday bleſt
Let all who ſhare this mortal ſtate
Send up ſweet Hymns of joy and reſt
To Angel-choirs ſubordinate,
That varying tones of many be
Made one in holieſt harmony.

This is a happy Day; on this
The Co-eternal WORD made choice
For our cold world to leave His Bliſs—
Let us be merry and rejoice;
The True SUN lights our darkened morn,
Of the meek Virgin GOD is born.

That man the guilty might not die
  God a Redeemer ſent below,
God in the Sole-Begot came nigh
  To thoſe He lovèd. Even ſo
He called us back to Life's loſt place
Not for our merit; of His Grace.

He lived before He ſought our clime,
  Tranſcending time and ſpace and ſenſe;
But now the Eternal dwells in time,
  And now doth place confine the Immenſe;
Our imperfections all He bore
That He might all things fallen reſtore.

It is not ſin He takes; it is
  Only the form which ſinners wear;
He comes a Babe of Holineſs
  To earth grown old with guilt and care,
Immortal to the mortal, Spirit
To fleſh, that fleſh might Him inherit.

Thus the Eternal Word hath lot
  With Fleſh in One Bleſt Perſon now,
And yet That Person changeth not,
  Nor is made Twain. Whene'er we bow
Our knees to our Incarnate Lord
One altogether is adored.

This is a Thing Divinely great,
  A Sacrament the crafty Foe
Might ſearch in vain by fraud or hate,
  All blind this Myſtery to know

What God's Eternal Wisdom True
Under the Veil of Fleſh would do.

The vaſt Enigma is not read,
By eager ſearch it cannot be
(Or ſubtle ſpeech) illuminèd;
To know the way is not for me,
But I believe that God can make
What human reaſon cannot take.

How deep His Counſels! how ſublime
Of God-in-flesh the Myſtery!
The Fleece is wet like graſs at prime,
The Rod doth bloſſom, all for me;
What Saints of old ſo craved is done;
The Virgin doth bring forth a Son.

Chriſt in the Wilderneſs.

N the Camp where flares the watch-fire,
In the lamp-lit ſtreet
I had wandered, O my Maſter,
With what weary feet!

I had ſate at Monarchs' tables
While the red wine ran,
And bright Beauty breathed her magic,
A moſt lonely Man:

In the world's pale, reſtleſs market
I had learnt to bend

To the golden Idol, Money;
Trampled foe and friend,

Scrambled fierce for place and riband,
Cringed and ſchemed and lied—
Haſt thou found a worthy Maſter,
O ſad Soul?—I cried.

Let us ſeek ſome ſimpler pleaſures:
There's a home I know,
Lit by lanes of earlieſt primroſe
Where wild roſes blow.

So we dwelt 'mid ſummer murmurs
Of tall honied limes,
Heard acroſs cool water-meadows
Faint Cathedral chimes.

Ah! I felt a want, a longing
E'en in earthly bliſs,
Felt a nobler impulſe ſtir me
From a young Child's kiſs.

LORD, where art Thou? from my Manhood
Unto Thine, I ſighed:
Not an anſwer came, but ever
Boomed Thought's ſullen tide.

Thus along Life's miſty ſeaſhore,
Tired of all, I ſtrayed;
Heard Death's deep ſea call me, call me,
Of myſelf afraid.

Watched grey ſkies and ocean mingle;
Nature kind replied—
He is not where thou haſt ſought Him;
Seek Him in the Wild.

What fool praiſed Man's kindly Nature?
Mad my Spirit ſpake—
Who can guide me o'er Grief's moorland,
Through Care's thorny brake?

Devil's laughter rang around me,
Moaned Doubt's hollow ſea—
Where's thy God? I know not any—
Woe for me, for me!

Ah! a Hand ſo kind and gentle
Touched my wicked lips!
Sorrow's ſunſet breathed a Bleſſing
On Hope's fading ſhips:

I roſe up; He went before me,
Such a wondrous King:
All my Soul did gladly follow
Without queſtioning.

All the way grew bright beneath Him,
Muſic ſtole around,
Such as Angels love to whiſper
On Heaven's holy Ground.

Strange and dark the rocks frowned round us,
Hoarſe the torrent's cry:

On He went; I could but follow,
Half afraid to ſigh.

Darkneſs fell, moſt weird and dreary,
Sudden through the night
I heard holy Pſalms uplifted:
Then upon my ſight

Loomed a Minſter's lighted windows;
On He went before,
I crept after wondering, dazzled
Through the flaſhing Door.

White robed Figures ſilent, kneeling
Thronged the ſapphire Nave;
As I knelt, my Maſter turning
One long Love-look gave.

All my Spirit worſhipped weeping;
When I raiſed mine eyes
He was ſtanding at the Altar,
And in lowly guiſe

All around, like Prieſts, the Angels
Woke a joyous ſong:—
He has come, our wandering Brother,
Looked for, oh, how long!

Through the Nave and Aiſles and Arches,
With triumphant roll,
Surged a deep of Heavenly Anthems,
Flooding all my Soul.

Then I ſaw Him in His Glory
Take my tear-ſtained prayers,
Place them in His golden Cenſer,
Paſs up Heaven's ſtairs.

As He went, I heard His Bleſſing—
Come to Me, My Child!
If in crowds thou find'ſt no Maſter,
Seek Him in the Wild.

Angel-faces came around me,
Gladly on mine ear
Fell the Story of God's Goſpel;
With a reverent fear

I could ſee the Cavern manger,
Roofs of Nazareth,
Learnt by Calvary's Wood-Altar
Myſteries of Death.

I am Thine—I wept—O ſave me,
I will ſtray no more:
Thou haſt given me a Preſence
On the World's wild ſhore:

I ſhall find Thee in all places,
For I wear the key
Which unlocks the Gate of Heaven
When I pray to Thee.

Then a Voice ſpake fondly, ſlowly—
Fear thou, leſt thou fall!

Liſten, when to inmoſt Conſcience
I, the Maſter, call!

In the world, if thou wouldſt find Me,
In its wildeſt Wild
Thou muſt ſeek Me, prayerful, faſting,
O My Child, My Child.

From the Camp or City hurry,
Pilgrim to God's Shrine;
Dally not with Pleaſure's whiſpers,
Fear not! thou art Mine.

From the Market and the Harbour
Follow, follow Me:
I will be thy gentleſt Maſter
Through Eternity.

Then I roſe up with my fellows;
All the Minſter fled,
Like a dream before God's morning
Breaking overhead.

O ſweet Dayſpring! Thy great Glory
Fills this wandering breaſt;
In Life's Wild I found my Maſter—
He hath given Reſt.

Speciosus Forma prae natis hominum Jesus.

A Sequence for the Transfiguration.

ESUS, Beautiful in Form above the sons of men,
On Whose Countenance distilling
Joy Divine, through Angels thrilling,
Seraphim desire to look:

Who, for us Himself abasing,
All His Majesty effacing,
King, a servant's likeness took:

The unapproachèd Light, to-day,
Which veils His GODHEAD'S Form supernal,
Doth to His Chosen ones display,
As shadowed forth by Light external.

Upon a lofty Mountain crest
They saw His bright Transfiguration,
The Mountain high above the rest
Foreshown in Daniel's Revelation.

His Countenance was shining as the Sun,
And as the Light
His Raiment white
To three alone
This view Divine was shown.

By flesh and blood this Vision was not won;
By God in Heaven
The glimpse was given,
Whose awful Voice
Declared the eternal Choice—

This is My Beloved Son,
By all the world to be obeyed;

Now to Him be homage done,
Be reverence to His Teaching paid.

Oh, how blest, beyond all other,
Witnesses of this to be:

Peter, James, and John his brother,
Of the Chosen, chosen three.

Within the overshadowing Cloud
The Father's Voice proclaimed aloud
The wondrous Mystery to which ye hearkened;

That Cloud it bodes not fear to you,
It sheds a gracious, Heavenly dew;
With brightness glowing, not with vapours darkened.

Oh, sovereign Grace, oh, Dream of wonder,
Meet reward for Sons of thunder.

The Bearer of the Keys is sleeping;
But his heart is vigil keeping.

Ascend now this Mountain,
And follow those three,

From each of earth's quarters,
His Glory to ſee:
A MAN above all men
Exalted is He;
The Mountain is JESUS,
Whom pure hearts ſhall ſee,

Reigning in the lofty Brightneſs
Of the FATHER's Majeſty,
Like as Moſes and the Prophets
Sang in conſtant harmony.

JESU, King of Glory, draw us after Thee. Amen.

The Well of Bethlehem.

HERE is ſound of war in Judah, and over Ephrath's plain,
Though the fields are ripe for harveſt, no Hebrew reaps the grain;

For the armies of the Heathen have come with flame and ſword
To waſte the pleaſant dwellings of the People of the LORD.

In the Valley of the Giants Philiſtine tents are ſpread,
And their warriors are marſhalled within the Houſe of Bread.

No Chief goes forth againſt them, and no Champion comes to ſave;
For Iſrael's Hope, an exile, is pent within a Cave.

Around him ſtill are gathered a choſen faithful few
Tried in full many a battle, and to his banner true.

Upon the cliffs of limeſtone rock the autumn ſunbeams beat,
And glare upon the hunted band with all their parching heat,

Till David, faint and thirſty, in his longing ſpeaks to them—
Would that I had but water from the Well of Bethlehem!

Then up aroſe three Chieftains from the places where they ſate,
To bring their Maſter water from the Fount beſide the gate.

They reck not of the thouſand ſwords which fain would bar their way,
But calm in ſtrength and valour ſtraight addreſs them to the fray.

Three men againſt an army vaſt, they have no thought of flight,
For each againſt a hoſt of men hath ſtood alone in fight.

Too well Philiſtine widows have learnt thoſe three
names in woe,
Shammah, and Eleazar, and the peerleſs Adino.

Thoſe mighty men have broken through all that
oppoſing ring,
And have borne the cooling water in triumph to
their King.

But David hath the Chalice out before JEHOVAH
poured,
Saying—This is blood, not water, I may not drink
it, LORD!

O Type of future ſtory! O moſt deep and myſtic
ſign
Of the longing of the Nations for Him of David's
line!

There is ſound of war in all lands, and through its
cruel bane,
Though the Souls are ripe for harveſt, no reaper
ſtores the grain;

For the hoſts of evil Spirits make war with flame
and ſword
Againſt the Gentile watchers who are waiting for
the LORD.

Afar in every Country their countleſs legions
ſpread,
To turn the poor and hungry from the bleſſed
Houſe of Bread.

And the ſcorching rays of ſorrow on mourners ever beat,
No Rock is in the weary lands to ſhadow from the heat.

There is nothing to bring cooling, and naught may comfort them
Save the Well of Living Water that ſprings in Bethlehem.

But Three go forth to ſeek that Fount, in faith and valour ſtrong,
Three who reck not of hindrances, nor of that travail long;

They go o'er hills and deſerts with the guiding Star before,
Wiſe Caſpar, true Baltaſar, and the faithful Melchior.

In vain the hoſts of Satan would beſet their wandering,
For the mighty Men break through them to reach their new-born King.

They haſte in eager worſhip to that long-expected ſight,
To the Well of Life whoſe Glory gives all believers Light,

To the Chief Who comes to vanquiſh, the Champion ſtrong to ſave,

To Iſrael's Hope, an INFANT, now laid within a Cave.

And where the BABE is cradled, Whom the Three in awe behold,
They lay their three rich Offerings, Myrrh, Frankincenſe and Gold.

Then they turn them back in triumph once more afar to roam,
Till they bear thoſe Living Waters to thirſting hearts at home.

And that Chalice of Thy Paſſion, unto the FATHER poured,
Although It is Blood, not water, yet we may drink It, LORD!

O Pledge of future Glory! O moſt deep and myſtic Sign
Of the Healing of the Nations by Him of David's line!

Hymn to Chriſt Crucified.

From the Spaniſh of Luis de Leon.

HOU Spotleſs LAMB of GOD,
Bathed in Thine own dear Blood,
That flows to waſh the world's deep guilt away,
Who on the ſtubborn Tree
Doſt ſeem to call to me,

With Arms outſtretched, to find the Grace I pray;
Ere yet life's ſlow decay
Makes pale the luſtre bright
Of that celeſtial Face,
And Death's cold fingers trace
Their darkening ſhadows o'er thoſe Orbs of light,
O let one glance be thrown
From Thy meek Eyes on me, to mark me for
Thine Own.

Now when Thy Love profound
Hath reached its utmoſt bound,
Nor mortal veil ſuch Might may more confine;
While on the painful Rood,
With ſharpeſt anguiſh bowed,
Thy thorn-crowned Head Thou doſt to earth incline,
With Mercy's glance Divine
Thy Mother's gaze to meet;
And Thy majeſtic Prayer
E'en rebel Souls would ſpare,
Sent upward to Thy FATHER's Glory-ſeat;
O let Thy Pardon free
Prevail for ſins like mine. Now, LORD, remember
me!

Now while Thy ſuffering Hands
Thy bounteous Grace expands,
As though in dying ſtill outſtretched to give;
And as in balance weighed,
The full account is paid,
Whereby poor ſlaves redeemed from bondage live;

Thy captive, LORD, receive;
While every vital pore,
With flowing Mercy rife,
Burſts out, and parting life
Drains from Thy Heart Love's ne'er-exhauſted ſtore;
Fain would I firſt be there,
My loſs, All-righteous SAVIOUR, earlieſt to repair.

Thy Bedeſman, LORD, behold,
In thraldom dark and cold
Long laid, entangled long in Error's chain:
Yet Hope, o'ermaſtering Fear,
Still prompts, that Thou wilt hear,
My Advocate will not my prayer diſdain:
Since Mercy's higheſt ſtrain
Decrees, that pardon free
E'en there ſhould moſt abound
Where deepeſt guilt is found;
And when the darkeſt ſtain is cleanſed by Thee,
Thy Blood with richeſt coſt
Is laviſhed, and Thy Godlike Love rejoiceth moſt.

What though with guilty load
My drooping neck is bowed,
And my ſad Spirit faints with toil and care,
Becauſe my rebel pride
Caſt Thy mild Yoke aſide,
Doomed, juſtly doomed, a tyrant's bonds to bear:
What though I might deſpair
With weary ſteps and ſlow

To reach Thee, Thou art nigh,
And never more wilt fly;
Thoſe royal Feet transfixed Thy Purpoſe ſhow;
Fixed on the firm-ſet Tree
In patient grief they tell how Mercy waits for me.

I know it, O my God:
As in a quiet road
My good deſires may here at anchor ride;
That Heart, in open ſign
Of pitying Love Divine,
Seen through the lattice of Thy wounded Side,
Hath all my need ſupplied:
That to the dying Thief
Gave comfort; one brief word
He ſpake, and he was heard:
E'en as a glad ſurpriſe the prayed relief
Thy Anſwer gave; the night
Of darkneſs left his Soul in dawn of Life and Light.

I come in happy hour
To feel Thy Grace's power,
Now, when with Charter new, embracing all,
Thy Gifts Thou doſt prepare
For all who ſeek to ſhare:
Now, when to Thy ſad Mother, bowed in thrall,
Thy ſovereign Voice doth call
And bids her find a Son,
Bids John a Mother find,
The Thief of contrite mind
To look for promiſed Joy—ſhall I alone

Still pine for Grace denied?
No, LORD, each empty Soul with Thee is ſatisfied.

Behold me, LORD, a Son
In error's path undone,
My portion loſt, did Juſtice ſpeak my doom:
But Thy good Word hath ſaid,
That Mercy's mildeſt aid
Turns, ſtays, and guides repentant wanderers home.
I come, Dear LORD, I come
To kiſs Thy fainted Feet,
As on a rack, outſpread
On Thy hard dying bed;
For here my ſorrowing voice Thy Grace ſhall meet,
And Grace to Sons forgiven
Here ſpeaks—O loſt and found, thy portion reſts in Heaven.

For token of that Grace
To all who ſeek Thy Face,
E'en now Thy Head in death Thou doſt incline:
I know that I have won
Of Thee that priceleſs Boon,
The earneſt of my hope, in that dear Sign.
O Majeſty Divine,
O Love of truth ſo pure,
Thy Bounty to bequeath,
That the Teſtator's death
Muſt paſs to make the gift of Bleſſing ſure!
O Mercy great and high,
That to confirm the bond e'en Mercy's LORD muſt die!

My Song, we here muſt ſtay:
Such theme to honour beſt
Not words, but flowing tears, ſhould ſpeak the reſt:
Sad ſilent muſings chaſe loud ſongs away:
Our notes we cannot keep,
When Earth is huſhed, and Sun and Heaven in darkneſs weep!

The Communion of the Saints.

HEAVEN is no world of ſelf-ſufficing Bliſs;
Love is its radiance, Love its atmoſphere,
And Love the laſt and leaſt-beloved doth miſs
And counts each Soul, Love's Blood was poured for, dear.
Did not our gracious Maſter tell us this,
That Joy's vaſt thrill ſweeps through Heaven's ſplendour clear
When one poor ſinner turns that he may live,
And ſhall not Heaven bewail one fugitive?

Think ye, each Saint who loved his brethren ſo
He felt their ſorrows his, loves leſs above?
Does joy make hearts leſs tender? Surely, no.
Heaven is the dwelling-place of deathleſs Love.
But your faint hearts, unconſcious of that glow,
Paint a falſe bliſs: myſelf do I reprove

Who ſhared your doubts; but Faith its world of light
And ſacred lovelineſs unbares to ſight.

The Virgin Mother, higheſt raiſed of all,
Who at her heart earth's Wondrous SAVIOUR bore,
Whoſe meek aſſent retrieved Eve's primal fall,
Can ſhe forget her brethren evermore?
That tender heart of pity reſts the thrall;
She cannot ceaſe to love on that bright ſhore:
And JESUS' Foſter-father mourns with her
The ſouls that mock, the loveleſs hearts that err.

And all that glorious Hoſt no tongue can count,
Apoſtles, Prophets, Martyrs, ſwell their moan.
Within each Soul ſtill ſprings compaſſion's fount:
Should human griefs and cares remain unknown?
Number the ſuns; then weigh the vaſt amount
Of mortal woes! That can the Bleſt alone.
With tender yearning prayers for aye they ſeek
To bleſs the loveleſs and to cheer the weak.

And you, ſweet Friends, who here partook our cares,
Have you forgotten and forſaken quite?
Nay, HE Who ſhared the heart's fond yearning, ſhares
Its tenderneſs and weakneſs infinite;
For weakneſs, ſtrong in faith, is rich in prayers,
And muſt be weak, while wrong contends with right.

He would not drain the care-benumbing gall;
Love, in the Higheſt, can be grieved by all.

He, on Heaven's Throne, their Lord and ours,
Whoſe Heart
Blends every Love, all human griefs in one!
O, that this world could know Thee as Thou art,
Undying Lord, the All-loving Father's Son,
Yet ours, our Friend, our Own, Who mak'ſt Thy
part
To ſue for ever hearts that ſcorn and ſhun:
Thou canſt forget not—how ſhould Thine forget?
Love pays, for ever pays Love's boundleſs debt.

O Thou, the Spirit of Light and Wiſdom, pour
Thy quickening rays into theſe hearts of ours,
That they may brim with grateful ardours o'er!
O, earth's bare ſwamps ſhall yet be thronged
with flowers.
Could we but know, we ſurely muſt adore;
Where ſunſhine ſtreams, in vain the twilight
cowers.
Come Light! come Faith! 'our colder ſelf deſtroy!
We only aſk to love, and Love, we know, is Joy.

Euchariſtical.

HE evening ſhadows thickly fall
O'er graſſy ſlope and guarded wall,
Till darkneſs folds them in her pall.

But ſtill, while darkneſs creeps around,
Linger the lights on holy ground,
On Zion's mountain, Temple crowned.

Like a rich garment's golden hem,
Or jewels in a diadem,
So gleam thy towers, Jeruſalem.

And ſtill the fading lights creep higher,
Till fretted roof and golden ſpire
Stand up, like lances tipped with fire.

And then the fleeting glories fly,
Maſſive and dark the towers lie,
Purple againſt a crimſon ſky:

While up and down, and round about,
As fireflies Eaſtern darkneſs flout,
The glimmering hearth-lights twinkle out,

And through the gathering darkneſs, yet
Gleam the white Tents, in order ſet
Adown the ſlopes of Olivet,

And ever from the buſy ſtreet
Riſe the quick ſounds of pattering feet,
Where friends with friends in gladneſs greet.

For of the Jewiſh nation all,
Obedient to their Prophet's call,
Are met for their high Feſtival.

* * *

But He, to Whom the Feaſt was due,
Sate ſadly with the choſen few,
Among the faithleſs only true,

As friends who meet, and meeting know
That they muſt part, yet, lingering ſlow,
Would eat and drink before they go.

He ſate within the Upper Room,
And told them of His coming Doom
Amid the evening's gathering gloom.

He told them of His Foemen's ſpite,
And of His yielding to their might—
Then one went out, and it was night.

He bleſſed the Cup, He brake the Bread,
And, 'This My Blood' for ſinners ſhed,
And, 'This My Body,' ſo He ſaid.

Then out into the darkening air—
And then, the Agony of Prayer,
One holy Angel knoweth where—

Till, underneath the Olive ſhade
The hurrying torches gleaming played,
And by His Own He was betrayed—

And then, the ſcornful, cruel eyes,
The Croſs, the Scourge, the bitter cries,
The All-ſufficient Sacrifice.

* * *

O Heavenly Food, O Living Bread,
Whereon of old Thy People fed,
Wherewith Thy Church is nouriſhèd!

O Bleſſed Wine, by Thee outpoured
When Thou wert preſent at the Board,
Then for Thy Church in mercy ſtored!

O bleſſed Preſence, wherewith Thou
Doſt feed Thy Church in mercy now,
While Saints and Angels reverend bow;

They who their glittering wings unfold,
And they who ſtill Thy Face behold
Amid the flaſhing lamps of gold.

Silent they ſtand, thoſe Words to hear,
And Heaven is filled with holy fear,
While fallen men on earth draw near;

They draw their wings before their face,
And ſilent for a little ſpace
Adore The Myſtery of Grace;

Adoring, while the Church they ſee,
Which ſin had made in twain to be,
In Heaven and earth made One in Thee;

Then from their golden harps again
Peals forth the Church's rapturous ſtrain,
'Worthy the LAMB that once was ſlain.'

O broken Fleſh, O Blood outpoured,
By man and Angels both adored,
O Holy, Holy, Holy LORD,

Grant us to know with faithful eye,
As Saints and Angels know on high,
Thy Preſence in Thy Myſtery,

With John's deep love to Thee to cling,
Peter's warm faith to Thee to bring,
With Mary's tender ſorrowing;

Then, by the Sufferings keen and ſore
Which once that broken Body bore,
Draw near, and ſilently adore:

There, by our cares and troubles preſt,
There lean on Thee, and leaning, reſt,
As One that night, upon Thy Breaſt;

Caſt at Thy Feet our guilty fears,
The load of all our ſin-ſtained years,
And waſh them, as that Saint, with tears;

Till all its ſtrength Thy Love diſplays,
And troubled hearts Thy Comforts raiſe,
And mourners join in ſongs of praiſe,

In ſongs of praiſe that ſhall not ceaſe
Till Thou ſhalt grant the full releaſe
And call Thy Church to perfect Peace.

Soul-Gardening.

SO ſpake the hoary Thyme,
Half hidden in the graſs—
" I watch from morning prime
Until my LORD ſhall paſs.

" How bright beneath the Sun,
How ſweet within the glade,
The flow'rets ope, each one
Beloved by Him Who made
His Flowers that live in light, His Flowers that live in ſhade.

" The Primroſes are pale,
Yet fair; the Violet grows
Beneath her leafy veil,
And be ſhe pale none knows,
Or be ſhe fair, ſo ſweet her ſoul that overflows.

" But all my head is ſtrewed
With aſhes gray; and bent
Beneath the footfall rude,
Steals forth my timid ſcent
Cruſhed from a leaf that curls, its wound to hide content.

"Why ſhould my LORD delight
In me? Behold how fair
His Garden is! How bright
His Roſes blowing there;
His Lilies all like Queens that know not toil nor care,

"In white calm peace on high
Each rears a bloſſomed rod;
The Gentian low doth lie,
Yet lifts from up the ſod
An eye of ſteadfaſt blue that looks up ſtraight to GOD.

"I wait my LORD to greet,
I can but love and ſigh;
I watch His Eye to meet,
He can but paſs me by;
And if His haſty Feet
Should cruſh me, it were ſweet
Beneath His Feet to die."

* * *

My Love, my LORD, has gone
Down to His Garden fair,
To tell o'er His Roſes, one by one,
And to gather Lilies there;

Now will I riſe and ſing
A Song which I have made
Unto my LORD the King;
Nor will I be afraid
To aſk Him of His Flowers that ſpring in ſunſhine and in ſhade.

" Oh, what are theſe Roſes bright,
That in Thy Garland blow?
Theſe Roſes red as blood,
Theſe Roſes white as ſnow?"

" Theſe blood-red Roſes grew
On a field with battle dyed;
Theſe ſnow-white Roſes ſtrew
A path that is not wide;
None ſeek that path but they who ſeek Him Who was crucified!"

" Oh, what are theſe Lilies tipped
With fire, that ſword-like gleam?
Oh, what are theſe Lilies dipped
As in the pale moon-beam,
That quiver with unſteadfaſt light and ſhine as through a dream?"

" Theſe fiery Spirits paſſed
From earth through ſword and flame;
Theſe quiet Souls at laſt
Through patience overcame:
Theſe ſhine like ſtars on high, and theſe
Have left no trace nor name;
I bind them in one Wreath becauſe their triumph was the ſame."

" Oh, what are theſe Flowers that wake
So cheerful to the morn,
All wet with tears of early dew;
And theſe that droop forlorn,

With heavy drops of night drenched through?"
" Theſe little Flowers of cheerful hue
Familiar by the wayſide grew,
And theſe among the corn;

" And theſe, that o'er a Ruin wave
Their crimſon flag, in fight
Were wounded ſore, yet ſtill are brave
To greet the ſcent and ſight;
And theſe I found upon a grave all wet with drops of night.

" And ſome I have that will unfold
When night is duſk and ſtill,
And ſome I have that keep their hold
Upon the wind-ſwept hill;
Theſe ſhrink not from the ſummer heat,
They do not fear the cold,
And all of theſe I know for ſweet,
For patient, and for bold."

" Thou beareſt Flowers within Thy Hand,
Thou weareſt on Thy Breaſt
A Flower; now tell me which of theſe
Thy Flowers Thou loveſt beſt;
Which wilt Thou gather to Thy Heart
Beloved above the reſt?"

" Should I not love my Flowers,
My Flowers that bloom and pine,
Unſeen, unſought, unwatched for hours
By any eyes but Mine?

" Should I not love my Flowers?
I love my Lilies tall,
My Marigolds with conſtant eyes,
Each Flower that blows, each Flower that dies
To Me, I love them all.

" I gather to a Heavenly bower
My Roſes fair and ſweet;
I hide within My Breaſt the Flower
That grows beſide My Feet."

The Aſcenſion of Chriſt.

OTHING now is left to do,
All the labour is gone through,
CHRIST hath bought us with His Blood,
Proved the work, and found it good,
Sealed, and writ with iron pen,
The unutterable Amen.

Look not for the fiery car
Borne above the winds afar,
Where the Angel-horſes beat
Golden air with flying feet,
Flaming by a path untrod
In among the ſtars of GOD.

As to earth, with no high name,
Nor like earthly Kings He came,
Now rejected of His Own,
Grandly quiet and alone

He returneth to His Reſt,
Back into the FATHER's Breaſt.

Only by a choſen few
Who believe His Promiſe true,
Eat His Bread, and drink His Cup,
He is ſeen as He goes up,
Till the cloud, that waiting lies,
Veils Him from their yearning eyes.

On the pure lips, ere He paſſed,
Words of Bleſſing were the laſt.
His receding Hands, outſpread,
Pour Redemption on their head.
But the cloud comes in between,
And the Form is no more ſeen.

Spake beſide them, in their ſight,
Two Men robed in ſhining white—
Why in wonder thus do ye
Gaze, O Men of Galilee?
Hence! nor from the Work refrain
Till your CHRIST ſhall come again.

Then into the world they fare,
And His Love goes with them there;
To life's daily taſks they turn,
And His ſecret Preſence learn;
While they do His gracious Will
All is good and nothing ill.

Comes a Day when on the earth
The new Kingdom ſhall have birth,
And with many a wondrous Sign
Judah ſhall ariſe and ſhine;
But the ſeaſon and the hour,
Theſe are in the FATHER's Power.

Now let us new comfort draw
From the Viſion which they ſaw,
And ourſelves example take
From the word thoſe Angels ſpake,
Nor from the good work refrain
Till our CHRIST ſhall come again.

And if here, in light ſo dim,
Toil itſelf is ſweet for Him,
If, when under clouds we go,
From the Croſs true pleaſures flow,
What if ever we ſhould ſtand,
Crowned in the Celeſtial Land,
With the Saints at GOD's Right Hand!

After this the Judgment.

AS eager homebound Traveller to the goal,
Or ſteadfaſt Seeker on an unſearched main,
Or Martyr panting for an aureole,
My Fellow-pilgrims paſs me, and attain
That hidden Manſion of perpetual Peace
Where keen deſire and hope dwell free from pain:

That Gate ſtands open of perennial eaſe;
I view the Glory till I partly long,
Yet lack the fire of love which quickens theſe.
O paſſing Angel, ſpeed me with a ſong,
A melody of Heaven to reach my heart
And rouſe me to the race and make me ſtrong;
Till in ſuch muſic I take up my part,
Swelling thoſe Alleluias full of reſt,
One, tenfold, hundredfold, with Heavenly art,
Fulfilling north and ſouth and eaſt and weſt,
Thouſand, ten thouſandfold, innumerable,
All blent in one yet each one manifeſt;
Each one diſtinguiſhed and beloved as well
As if no ſecond voice in earth or Heaven
Were lifted up the Love of God to tell.
Ah, Love of God, which Thine own Self haſt given
To me moſt poor, and made me rich in love,
Love that doſt paſs the tenfold ſeven times ſeven,
Draw Thou mine eyes, draw Thou my heart above,
My treaſure and my heart ſtore Thou in Thee,
Brood over me with yearnings of a dove;
Be Huſband, Brother, cloſeſt Friend to me;
Love me as very mother loves her ſon,
Her ſucking firſtborn, fondled on her knee:
Yea, more than mother loves her little one;
For earthly even a mother may forget,
And feel no pity for its piteous moan;
But Thou, O Love of God, remember yet,
Through the dry deſert, through the waterflood,

(Life, Death), until the great White Throne is ſet.
If now I am ſick in chewing the bitter cud
Of ſweet paſt ſin, though ſolaced by Thy Grace
And oft-times ſtrengthened by Thy Fleſh and Blood,
How ſhall I then ſtand up before Thy Face,
When from Thine Eyes repentance ſhall be hid
And utmoſt Juſtice ſtand in Mercy's place:
When every ſin I thought, or ſpoke, or did,
Shall meet me at the inexorable Bar,
And there be no man ſtanding in the mid
To plead for me; while ſtar fallen after ſtar
With Heaven and earth are like a ripened ſhock,
And all time's mighty works and wonders are
Conſumed as in a moment; when no rock
Remains to fall on me, no tree to hide,
But I ſtand all creation's gazing-ſtock,
Expoſed and comfortleſs on every ſide,
Placed trembling in the final balances
Whoſe poiſe this hour, this moment, muſt be tried?
Ah, Love of GOD, if greater Love than this
Hath no man, that a MAN die for His Friend,
And if ſuch Love of Love Thine own Love is,
Plead with Thyſelf, with me, before the end;
Redeem me from the irrevocable paſt;
Pitch Thou Thy Preſence round me to defend;
Yea, ſeek with piercèd Feet, yea, hold me faſt
With piercèd Hands—Whoſe Wounds were made by Love;

Not what I am, remember what Thou waſt
When darkneſs hid from Thee Thy Heavens above,
And ſin Thy FATHER's Face, while Thou didſt drink
The bitter Cup of Death, didſt taſte thereof
For every man; while Thou waſt nigh to ſink
Beneath the intenſe, intolerable rod,
Grown ſick of Love: not what I am, but think
Thy Life then ranſomed mine, my GOD, my GOD.

The Embracing of the Body of Chriſt by His Virgin-Mother.

THOU uncovered Corſe, WORD of the Living ONE,
Self-doomed to be uplifted on the bitter Tree,
Thereon to die, Thy patient Will, Eternal SON,
And thence in Love draw all men unto Thee.

Which of Thy holy Members is without a Wound?
The thorny Wreath Thy bleſſed Brow embraces faſt;
No place whereon to lay Thee, weary Head, was found—
But Thou ſhalt reſt within a Tomb at laſt.

O Lips, which once with ſweeteſt Words did overflow,
Freſh from ſharp vinegar and bitterneſs of gall;

O Cheeks, how often turned to many a ſmiter's blow,
And ſpat upon in Pilate's Judgment-hall.

By hands of men made helpleſs on the dreadful Beam,
O Hands, of man creative, how were ye pierced through;
Yet all outſtretched, ye reach e'en Hades to redeem,
And give the firſt tranſgreſſor help anew.

O Mouth all ſweet, no guile was ever found in Thee,
And yet, alas! by traiterous kiſs waſt Thou betrayed;
O bleſſed Feet, that walking on the ſtormy ſea
All water hallowed as the waves obeyed.

Where is the chorus of Thy ſick ones, O my Son,
All thoſe infirm whom Thou didſt heal, the upraiſed dead?
To draw the nails from Hands and Feet, there came not one
Of all the crowds whom Thou haſt comforted

Only came Nicodemus, he who ſought by night,
And Joſeph kind, whoſe rocky Tomb Thy Bed ſhall be,
Whither, to ſleep a Lion's ſleep in awful might,
My Son, how ſoon will they be bearing Thee.

Now Thou art borne to me from yon ſharp Croſs of pain,
And heavily upon theſe Mother-arms art laid;

Theſe arms which bare Thee long ago, and once again
A lowly reſting place for Thee are made.

I, who firſt ſwathèd Thee, Thy Grave-clothes now will bind,
Giver of Life, Thou lieſt dead before me now:
Tears laved Thee at Thy Birth; far hotter tears I find
To waſh the Death-drops from Thy pallid Brow.

High in theſe arms Maternal Thou didſt leap,
Thou Who waſt born of me, this weary world to ſave;
O bitter Funerals! that I who huſhed Thy Sleep,
Muſt wail this doleful Paſſion o'er Thy Grave.

The Hymn of Aurelius Prudentius Clemens,

On the Eighth Day before the Kalends of January,

(*Chriſtmas Day.*)

WHEREFORE doth the circling Sun
Ceaſe the downward courſe to run?
Is it that the CHRIST is born,
Lengthening out the path of morn?

Ah, how ſwift the hurrying day
Seemed of late to fleet away!
Almoſt might the torch appear
Quenched, of the declining year!

Now the Heaven in livelier glow
Flames o'er gladdening Earth below;
Mounting now the daybeam ſhines
Gradual on the former lines.

Spring to light, All-lovely CHILD!
Spring from Mother undefiled,
Maid from ſpouſal contact free,
Bearing GOD and MAN in Thee.

WORD of GOD! though Thou be ſprung,
Uttered by the FATHER's Tongue,
Yet in the Paternal Breaſt
WISDOM found an earlieſt reſt;

She did heaven and earth ordain,
Night and day, and all their train;
At the Word their paths they trod,
Duteous—for the WORD was GOD.

But, the world's foundation laid,
All things in due order made,
He Who wrought them all at will
In His Father's Boſom ſtill

Reſted, till revolving years
Fill their thouſandfold careers,

And Himſelf in mercy then
Seek this ſinful world of men.

For the tribes of loſt mankind,
Vanity-adoring, blind,
Worſhipped as their gods alone
Senſeleſs braſs, and wood, and ſtone.

While they thus unfaithful ſtrayed,
They the Spoiler's prey were made,
Prone their ſlaviſh life to ſteep,
Hopeleſs, in the fiery deep.

But the CHRIST would not that all
Nations from His Realm ſhould fall,
Leſt the glorious Structure wrought
By His FATHER come to nought.

He aſſumed a mortal Frame,
That, ariſing with the ſame,
He might rend Death's iron ban,
To His FATHER bear a MAN.

This is that great natal Day,
When amid the quickening clay
Warm the Informing Spirit ſtirred,
Breathing into Fleſh the WORD.

Feel'ſt thou not, imperial Maid,
All thy ſorrows overpaid,
All thy Maidenhood's pure bliſs
Overbleſt by Birth like This?

O what mighty Joys ſhall come
From that chaſte and holy Womb,
Whence the new-born ages bright
Forth proceed in golden light!

At that wondrous Infant-cry
Spring o'erſpreads the wintry ſky;
From her gloomy trance Thy Birth
Wakens up regenerate earth.

Well I ween that gracious morn
Saw unnumbered flowers new-born;
E'en parched Afric's ſandy ſhore
Fragrant nard and nectar bore.

All things barbarous, hard, and wild,
Felt Thy Birth, Celeſtial CHILD!
O'er her breaſt the dry rock drew
Flowery veil of vernal hue:

Honey from the cliff wells down:
Spicy gums the hard oak crown:
Mid the ſere and barren fields
Odorous balm the tamariſk yields.

O thrice holy humble ſtall,
Cradle of the King of all,
Ever to His Saints endeared,
By the ſpeechleſs race revered!

Yes! the unreaſoning kind adore,
Ignorant though of holy lore;

Thoughtful erſt of food alone,
Now their preſent LORD they own.

Yet, while Thee with faithful mind
Heathens, and the inferior kind
Seek, and on the unreaſoning race
Falls ſome glimmering of Thy Grace,

They, the Fathers' choſen line,
Hate and ſpurn the BABE Divine:
As with ſorceries dark inſpired,
Or demoniac frenzy fired.

Why thus headlong ruſh to ſin?
Own, if thought thy heart within
'Mid thy wild deluſion ſprings,
Here the King of all thy kings.

Him Whom humble cattle-ſtall,
Mortal Mother, cradle ſmall,
Weak and wailing Infancy,
Gave the Nations' LORD to be,

Sinner! thou ſhalt view on high
Throned upon the glittering ſky,
While with fruitleſs tears and ſore
Thou thy treſpaſs ſhalt deplore.

When through Heaven the Trump Divine
Gives for earth to burn the ſign,
And uptorn Creation rolls
Shattered from the blazing poles,

He ſhall from His Throne repay
Each man's doom for each man's way:
Heaven to theſe, and quenchleſs Light;
Hell to thoſe, and rayleſs Night.

Then, Judæa! to thy loſs,
Feel the thunder of the Croſs:
Death his prey from hand of thine
Might receive, but muſt reſign.

The Two Covenants: an Allegory.

ARISE! ye Children choſen of the LORD,
And haſten for your life;
Nor tarry in the land of GOD abhorred,
Where all His Plagues are riſe;
Nor fondly gaze upon the accurſèd ſpot;
Death lurks in Egypt's pleaſures—touch them not.

But firſt with Sacred BLOOD be ye baptized,
That in this awful night
The dread Deſtroyer, by that Sign apprized,
May heed the holy ſight:
Behold the LAMB! from the world's morning ſlain,
Make you His Pains your peace, His Grief your gain.

Aye, mark Him on your homes, your houſehold ways,
Him always, Firſt and Laſt,

Who by His Love can ſuch deliverance raiſe
Till the death-ſtroke be paſt:
Then ſheltered by that Love draw near, and take
Of the myſterious Feaſt ſuch Love can make.

The bitter taſte of penitential woe
Makes pardoning Grace moſt meet
For cleanſèd hearts that no ill leaven know,
Only the ſavour ſweet
Of meek obedience, and of conſtant will
That God in them His Purpoſe ſhould fulfil.

And then, will ſhoe-clad feet and ſtaff in hand,
Stand ready for the flight
From dying Egypt to the living Land
Of freedom and of light;
And while ye ſafely paſs o'er ſea and plain,
A much obſervèd night let this remain.

* * * *

Still are ye faring through life's middle ſpace,
The ſpace of forty years?
Is the world's wilderneſs a dreary place
Of perils and of fears?
Seems it a long way to the end of life,
A weary journey, and a ceaſeleſs ſtrife?

Children no more—but Choſen People ſtill!
God's Cloud is ſafeſt ſorrow:
His Banquet lies outſpread; take now your fill,
And truſt Him for to-morrow:

Ye wiſt not what It is; but It is ſent
To ſtay your famiſhed Souls: be ye content.

O Marvel ever ſweet, and ever new!
To riſe up morn by morn,
To wander forth, a Flock forlorn and few,
Toil-ſtained and travel-worn;
To find the Wealth of Heaven on this bare earth,
And Canaan's plenty 'mid the deſert's dearth.

What though the wondrous Thing ſhould melt away
Upon the ſcorching waſte—
Have ye not ſtored a Bleſſing for to-day
Whoſe joy ye ſtill can taſte?
All pureſt Pleaſures that your Souls can need
Gathered in one—'tis Angels' Food indeed.

God's Meaſure is—Enough: enough of toil,
Enough of reſt and calm,
Enough of this world's care and fret and ſoil,
Enough of His world's Balm:
E'en of Himſelf enough, in joy and woe,
Till Him in all His Fulneſs ye ſhall know.

* * * *

O weary Pilgrims! nearly Home at laſt,
Cloſe upon Jordan's ſhore,
What are your troubles now that they are paſt?
What are your joys in ſtore?
Only keep cloſer yet beneath His Hand,
Who brings you to the borders of His Land.

Do ye look back upon the far-off days
  When firſt ye knew the LORD?
And went aſide from Egypt's evil ways
  Unto His Paſchal Board;
And gained a Guardian through the dangerous time
Of morning's early fluſh and golden prime?

Or think ye on the troublous wilderneſs,
  Its pitfalls and its ſnares;
Your faithleſs fears, your cries of deep diſtreſs,
  Your ſorrows and your cares;
And how the priceleſs Manna GOD-beſtowed
Lay, 'Meat enough,' along your Heavenward road?

Still to the laſt muſt your faint Souls be fed,
  GOD ſtill prepares a Feaſt;
Upon His Altar lies the Holy Bread,
  The portion of the Prieſt—
Yea, and of thoſe who, prieſtlike, ſtand and wait
Abſolvèd, cleanſèd, pure, within the gate.

GOD, Who through life hath fed you to this day,
  Defend you to the end;
His living Bread be ſtill your Staff and Stay;
  His Angel ſtill your Friend;
Till daylight fades, and hues of evening fall,
Till ſhadows ceaſe, and GOD is All in All.

Stanzas.

Perſecution.

HERE was ſilence in the Heavens
When the Son of Man was led
From the Garden to the Judgment;
Sudden ſilence, ſtrange, and dread!
All along the empyreal coaſts
On their knees the immortal Hoſts
Watched, with ſad and wondering eyes,
That tremendous Sacrifice.

There was ſilence in the Heavens
When the Prieſt his garment tore;
Silence when the Twain accurſed
Their falſe witneſs faintly bore:
Silence (though a tremor crept
O'er their ranks) the Angels kept
While that Judge, diſmayed though proud,
Waſhed his hands before the crowd.

But when Christ His Croſs was bearing,
Fainting oft, by ſlow degrees,
Then went forth the Angelic thunder
Of Legions riſing from their knees:
Each bright Spirit graſped a brand;
And Lightning flaſhed from band to band:
An inſtant more had launched them forth
Avenging terrors to the earth.

Then from God there fell a Glory
Round and o'er that multitude;
And by every fervent Angel
With hushing hand Another stood:
Another, never seen before,
Stood one moment and no more—
"Peace! Brethren, peace! to us is given
Suffering. Vengeance is for Heaven!"

Law and Grace.

T is not true that unto us, enrolled
Within Christ's Band, the Law exists
no longer:
But this is true, that we, who sank of old
Oppressed beneath that armour's weight of gold,
Sustain it now in glory, being stronger!

The Form remains: but is a form no more
To eyes inspired, that see
Through bondage Liberty,
And in His earthly Shape their God adore.
To Love, all things are Love:
To Grace, all things are Grace:
And humble Faith can never move
In an unholy place!

Within, but not beneath the Law we dwell:
That wall, of old our prison's circuit, now,
Girding the citied mountain's sovereign brow,
Is but the bulwark of man's citadel:

Large views beyond are given;
Safe views of all the earth, and healing airs of Heaven.

Within the Temple of the Law we ſtand,
As once without it ſtood
That awe-ſtruck multitude;
And on the marble Tables lay our hand:
There, like the Prieſt of old, our God we meet,
And ſtand up boldly by the Mercy-Seat.

Prayer of Hildebert to the Holy Trinity.

To the Everlaſting Father.

IRST and Laſt of faith's receiving,
Source and Sea of man's believing,
God, Whoſe Might is all-potential,
God, Whoſe Truth is Truth's eſſential,
Good ſupreme in Thy Subſiſting,
Good in all Thy ſeen Exiſting;
Over all things, all things under,
Touching all, from all aſunder;
Centre Thou, but not intruded,
Compaſſing, and yet included;
Over all, and not aſcending,
Under all, but not depending;
Over all, the world ordaining,
Under all, the world ſuſtaining;

All without, in all ſurrounding,
All within, in Grace abounding;
Inmoſt, yet not comprehended,
Outer ſtill, and not extended;
Over, yet on nothing founded,
Under, but by ſpace unbounded;
Omnipreſent, yet in-dwelling,
Self-impelled, the world impelling;
Force, nor Fate's predeſtination
Sways Thee to one alteration;
Ours to-day, Thyſelf for ever,
Still commencing, ending never;
Paſt with Thee is time's beginning,
Preſent all its future winning;
With Thy Counſel's firſt ordaining
Comes Thy Counſel's laſt attaining;
One the Light's firſt radiance darting
And the Elements' departing.

To the Eternal Son.

NEXT in Revelation's ſequel,
Co-eternal SON, Co-equal,
FATHER's Light, and FATHER's Feature,
All-creating, yet a Creature,
With our fleſh Thyſelf enduing,
All our righteouſneſs enſuing;
With immortal Glory ſhining,
Yet to death and time declining;

MAN and GOD united ever,
GOD in MAN confounded never.
Not Thyſelf to fleſh converting,
All the GODHEAD ſtill aſſerting;
All the GOD to MANHOOD taking,
Yet the MANHOOD not forſaking;
One with GOD by conformation,
Leſs than GOD by Incarnation;
Man in ſubſtance of Thy Mother,
Yet than GOD Thyſelf no other.
Thus two Natures' wondrous union
Stands in unimpaired communion;
What He was ere worlds were dated,
That He was on earth created;
He our only Mediator,
None but He our Legiſlator;
Born for us, and circumciſèd,
Dead, and buried, and baptizèd;
Fell on ſleep, to Hell deſcending,
Roſe again to Life unending;
Thence to Judgment comes to call men
Who Himſelf was judged for all men.

To the Holy Spirit.

GOD, of Glory unabated,
Not begotten, nor created,
SPIRIT, SON nor FATHER neither,
Yet proceedeſt Thou from either,

From no Heavenly ſource exterior,
With no Quality inferior,
From Eternity no lower,
Subſtance, Majeſty, or Power.

FATHER One in Goſpel-ſtory,
One the Firſt-begotten's Glory,
One the HOLY GHOST's Proceſſion—
Three, but One to Faith's confeſſion.
Each Himſelf is GOD alonely,
Yet not Three, but One GOD only.
In this Oneneſs, worſhipped truly,
Three in One I worſhip duly;
In their Perſons ever Three,
In their Subſtance Unity;
None of Whom is leſs than Other,
None is greater than Another:
In each One no variation,
Into each no tranſmutation;
Each is GOD, and yet no blending,
Everlaſting, without ending.

* * *

STRONGHOLD ſafe of Judah's Lion,
Take, O take me to thee, Sion!
Light's own GOD thy light's renewing,
From the Croſs thy lintels hewing;
Living gems thy walls' foundation,
Praiſe thy gates, thy ſtreets Salvation.
In that City ſunſhine vernal
Dwells for ever, Peace eternal;

There no taint of ſin remaining,
No defect and no complaining;
Stunted none and none unſightly,
All conformed to JESUS brightly.
City of time-ſainted Sages
Built upon the rock of ages,
O'er the ſtormy world's commotions
To Thee all my Soul's devotions
Waft I, for thy Love expiring,
Peaceful Reſt and Joys untiring.
Feaſts how bright thy Saints are keeping,
Without mixture, without weeping;
Heart to heart what love entwining;
With what ſtones the city ſhining,
Jacinth or Chalcedon be it,
They ſhall know who live to ſee it.

The Viſion of the Glory.

For the Feaſt of the Transfiguration, Auguſt 6.

BRIGHT upon the veſted Altar, partners
of the early morn,
Flame the Tapers in the ſtillneſs of the
roſy Auguſt dawn;

Twin in number, twin in nature, earthly matter
ſhining bright
With the flame which, uncommingled, ſheds the
radiance of its light,

Uncontained, yet close united—undivided each, yet whole,
As the human flesh is wedded with the reasonable Soul:

While behind, distinct, mysterious, casting shadow from above,
Spreads the Cross its arms of Mercy and of all-embracing Love.

* * * *

Light of Light, from Heaven descending to thy earthly Altar-throne,
Lo! we call Thee, we receive Thee: Master, come unto Thine Own;

For on Tabor shone the GODHEAD through its Fleshly Veil to-day,
And the darkness comprehends Thee, and the shadows flee away.

On the Mount, the mists dispersing, cleared the Vision for a space,
And weak man beheld the GODHEAD, unforbidden, Face to face;

Saw the Lowly MANHOOD kindle with a Glory not its Own,
As the GODHEAD, Uncreated, from its Human Vesture shone;

Saw Him there, but not in terror, as in olden time He came
In the blackneſs and the tempeſt and the mountain wrapt in flame;

Saw the covenanted meeting of the Old World and the New,
Every Word confirmed and witneſſed in the mouth of Three and Two;

Saw the Two of all the Old World, of the New World ſaw the Three,
Law and Prophets, chief Apoſtle, and the Sons of Zebedee.

Sounds the Voice through all the ages—Man has ſinned, and Man muſt die;
GOD has ſpoken in His Juſtice—Can the GOD of Juſtice lie?

Love takes up the Challenge, pleading—GOD is Love, and GOD has won
Pardon through the Blood-atoning of the Well-beloved SON.

GOD is Judge, and GOD the Ranſom: Heaven and earth in one rejoice;
Huſhed the earthquake; paſt the tempeſt; preſent is the ſtill ſmall Voice.

* * * *

Bright upon the veſted Altar burns the Tapers' ſteady light,

For the Day-ſtar has ariſen through the ſhadows
of the night,

And they ſhow in type and figure what the eye of
faith may ſee
By the light of Tabor Mountain in an awful
Myſtery:

In that Cloud we fear to enter: it is full of light
within,
For the LAMB there kindles brightly the Burnt-
Sacrifice for ſin:

And we tremble as we worſhip; for, behold! in
lowly guiſe,
Under Form of earthly Subſtance, lies the bloodleſs
Sacrifice;

And the Soul flies back in memory to the Manger
in the ſtall
Where in Form of earthly Subſtance lay the GOD
and LORD of all:

GOD and MAN He willed for our ſakes in One
PERSON to combine;
GOD and MAN He comes for our ſakes under Form
of Bread and Wine,

That His Pure and Sinleſs MANHOOD, raiſed
from death, no more to die,
May appeal from earth to Heaven at the Throne
of GOD on high.

Therefore on the veſted Altar burns the Tapers'
ſteady flame,
Setting forth the Two-fold Natures wherewith
CHRIST the SAVIOUR came,

Setting forth the Heavenly Subſtance which the
faithful Soul intent
Muſt diſcern beneath the Subſtance of the fearful
Sacrament;

That the fainting may gain vigour, and the ſickly
be made whole,
If the hem of that bright Garment do but touch
upon the Soul.

The Life of Christ.

From the Latin.

IN Wiſdom, GOD the LORD,
Who by His potent Word
The Univerſe controls,
Beheld us as we lay
To guilt and grief a prey,
And pitied our loſt Souls.
From His high Throne above
The FATHER ſent in Love
His Meſſenger to earth,
That all things might be done
As promiſed to the SON
Before His wondrous Birth.

Soon as the Angel ſpoke
The Virgin's joy awoke—
Hail! favoured One, for thou
(Said he) ſhalt bear a SON,
Both GOD and MAN in One,
To Whom ſhall all things bow.
Nor was it long delayed
Before that Mother-Maid
Embraced her Holy CHILD,
The Light of faithful men
Cheering the world again
With Virtue undefiled.

The Eternal SON of GOD was born
A MAN, on that illuſtrious morn;
He Whom the boundleſs Heavens obey
Then in the lowly Manger lay,
And then awoke the exultant Hymn
From raptured choirs of Cherubim.
No proud ones ſaw the glorious light
That burſt upon the Shepherds' ſight,
But, Jeſſe's Rod in bloom, behold
With Myrrh and Frankincenſe and Gold,
Fit Gifts, the Magi come from far,
Led on by Bethlehem's Herald-ſtar!

Born for men, He was indeed
Circumciſed as Abraham's ſeed;
Him His Mother gladly brings
With the appointed offerings;
Simeon takes Him in his arms,
Spared to ſee the SAVIOUR's Charms,

Who ere long in Jordan's river,
In a glorious Myſtery,
Waſhed away our ſins for ever,
If repentant we ſhall be,
If in the Baptiſmal wave
We ſhall own His Power to ſave.

Soon followed Acts of glorious Fame—
See wine from water flowing;
Eyes for the blind, feet for the lame,
Tongues for the dumb are growing:
The deaf find ears; diſeaſes fly;
The very dead ſhow motion;
The Devils ſhun His piercing Eye;
He calms the ſtorm-toſſed ocean:
Five thouſand feaſt on what He gives,
Five loaves and two ſmall fiſhes;
Blood is ſtaunched; and the poor child lives,
As faith maternal wiſhes.

Now, as Holy Scripture reads,
On the Croſs our Shepherd bleeds,
Yielding up His precious Breath;
Spotleſs LAMB of GOD, He lies
Dying as our Sacrifice,
Winning victory over death!
Dawns at length the appointed day;
Hell flies open; Death gives way;
Chriſtians ſee their Riſen LORD:
Oh, the triumphs of that hour!
Miracles of ſaving Power
Wait upon His gracious Word.

Having thus ſubdued His Foes,
Up to Heaven the SAVIOUR roſe,
  Glory of our ranſomed nature:
All Dominion is His own,
One with GOD upon the Throne,
  LORD and King of every creature.

Gift of His tranſcendent Merit,
Soon came down the Promiſed SPIRIT,
  Fount of living Conſolation,
Fitting choſen men for teaching,
With new tongues and power of preaching
  Truth and Love to every nation.

Ye Saints, with faithful ſpirit ſing
New ſongs to your exalted King:
The ſhades of night are melting faſt,
And morning light will come at laſt—
    Raiſe your joyous eyes
    To the glowing ſkies;
    For He comes to bleſs
    With more than primal happineſs.

Thy Daughter is dead, trouble not the Maſter.

DEAD is thy Daughter, trouble not the
  Maſter—
Thus in the Ruler's ear his ſervants
  ſpake,

While tremblingly he urged the SAVIOUR faſter
Up the green ſlope from that white margined
Lake.

The ſoft wave weltered, and the breeze came ſighing
Out of the oleander thickets red;
He only heard a breath that gaſped in dying,
Or 'Trouble not the Maſter—She is dead.'

Trouble Him not. Ah! are theſe words beſeeming
The deſolation of that awful day,
When love's vain fancies, hope's deluſive dreaming
Are over—and the life has fled for aye?

We need Him moſt when the dear eyes are cloſing,
When on the cheek the ſhadow lieth ſtrong,
When the ſoft lines are ſet in that repoſing
That never Mother cradled with a ſong.

Then moſt we need the gentle Human Feeling
That throbs with all our ſorrows and our fears,
And that great Love Divine its light revealing
In ſhort bright flaſhes through a miſt of tears.

Then moſt we need the Voice that while it weepeth
Yet hath a ſolemn undertone that ſaith—
Weep not, thy darling is not dead, but ſleepeth;
Only believe, for I have conquered death.

Then moſt we need the thoughts of Reſurrection,
Not the life here, 'mid pain, and ſin, and woe,
But ever in the fulneſs of Perfection,
To walk with Him in robes as white as ſnow.

When in our nurſery garden falls a bloſſom,
And as we kiſs the hand and fold the feet,
We cannot ſee the lamb in Abraham's boſom,
Nor hear the footfall in the golden ſtreet.

When all is ſilent—neither moan nor cheering,
The huſh of hope, the end of all our cares—
All but that harp above, beyond our hearing,
Then moſt we need to trouble Him with prayers.

Did He not enter in when that cold Sleeper
Lay ſtill, with pulſeleſs heart and leaden eyes,
Put calmly forth each loud tumultuous weeper,
And take her by the hand and bid her riſe?

Come to us, SAVIOUR! in our lone dejection,
Speak calmly to our wild and paſſionate grief,
Bring us the hopes and thoughts of Reſurrection,
Bring us the comfort of a true Belief.

Come! with that Human Voice that breaks in weeping,
Come! with that awful Tenderneſs Divine,
Come! tell us that they are not dead but ſleeping,
But gone before to Thee, for they are Thine.

The Shadow and the Substance.

SAMARIA proud and glorious,
Rival City of God,
Thou ſtandeſt ſtill victorious,
Free from the Syrian's rod.

The horſe and rider charge in vain,
They hear a Phantom-ſhout;
A mighty army on the plain
Flies, routed without rout.

The Spear-man fierceſt in aſſault
Flings ſpear and ſhield away,
And flees, as one fears to halt,
The imaginary fray.

The Leper drinks from cups of gold,
And lies where princes laid;
His loathſome fingers jewels hold
For dainty nobles made.

'Tis rout, and ſhame, and ruin all
With haughty Syria's men—
There's plenty in the leaguered Hall,
Pale famine feaſts again.

* * *

Jeruſalem, the Righteous,
City of Christ and God,

Thou art in Heaven more glorious
Thou art the Saints' abode.

I aſk Thee, GOD, the life to live
Of holy Saints below;
I aſk Thee, HOLY GHOST, to give
The power of faith to ſhow;

I aſk Thee, CHRIST, on earth to fight
Againſt the Powers of air;
I aſk Thee that in craven flight
No Child of Thine may ſhare;

I aſk Thee that no Phantom-voice
May ſhake my truſt in Thee;
I rather aſk the Champion's choice,
The Martyr's conſtancy.

Jeruſalem, the Glorious,
Theſe, theſe ſhall dwell and ſhine,
O'er ſin and ſelf victorious,
True Citizens of thine.

Theſe, reſting on Thy Boſom, LORD,
The SPIRIT's Jewels wear;
In Faith and Love they took the Word,
And Faith and Love they are.

Surgit Christus cum Trophaeo.

An Easter Sequence.

HRIST with mighty Triumph rises!
All the gates of Death surprises!
From a Lamb a Lion strong:
Hell through all its depths is quaking;
Earth through all its graves is shaking;
Raise on high the Victor's song!

Hail the LAMB! adore Him greatly,
Who upon the Cross but lately
For His helpless Sheep was slain;
By His Death He brought Salvation,
To the lost of every nation
Showed the Way of Life again.

He alone His Passion bearing,
None His mighty Grief was sharing
Save repentant Magdalene—
Tell us Mary, 'mid thy weeping,
By the Cross thy station keeping,
All the Woes that thou hast seen—

I beheld the LORD's Anointed
Bear the Stripes to sin appointed,
Lifted on His Cross to die;
Saw the LORD His Thorn-crown wearing,
Grossest insult meekly bearing,
Pale His Cheek, and sunk His Eye:

Through His Hands the nails were driven,
By the ſpear His Side was riven,
Then He bowed His ſacred Head,
And His Soul to GOD commended,
All His bitter Paſſion ended—
Lo! the LORD of Life was dead.

Tell us, Mary, all thy doing,
Still thy taſk of love purſuing,
When the SAVIOUR'S Soul was fled—
By the martyred Mother keeping,
While I ſoothed, I ſhared her weeping,
Till unto her home I led:

Then upon the hard earth falling,
Mourned I o'er that Scene appaling,
Mourned my SAVIOUR'S bitter Doom;
Then the fragrant ſpices blending,
Love's laſt precious care attending,
Hied me to the ſacred Tomb:

Search for my Beloved making,
Him for Whom my heart was breaking,
All my ſearching proved in vain;
Then my Soul was newly troubled,
All my grief and care was doubled,
And my tears burſt forth again.

Weep not, Mary, now unduly
CHRIST the LORD hath riſen truly,
Broke the ſeal and 'ſcaped the ward—

Words of comfort ye have ſpoken;
And indeed no ſingle token
Saw I of the Riſen LORD:

Shining Angels told the ſtory—
Here is not the LORD of Glory,
He is riſen, as He ſaid;
See unwound each linen Cerement
And yon token of endearment
Which enwrapped His ſacred Head.

Yea, indeed, the LORD is riſen!
Burſting from His narrow Priſon;
Hope in Him, ye Sons of men!
Riſen SAVIOUR, leave us never,
Show us Love and Pity ever;
Alleluia! LORD, Amen.

The Childhood of Christ.

WHAT earth appeared to Angel eyes
That Sabbath morn in Paradiſe,
When man before his FATHER ſtood,
And GOD beheld that all was good—

When Nature, guiltleſs yet of ſtain,
Returned her Maker's ſmile again,
And over all created things
Lingered the SPIRIT's brooding Wings—

So fair, ſo freſh, ſo free from taint,
Beyond all mortal ſkill to paint,
So calm in growing Strength ſerene,
The Holy Childhood muſt have been—

A Garden fed with Heavenly Dew,
Where all things lovely bloomed and grew,
Where Knowledge both of good and ill
But left the heart more holy ſtill.

But vainly would we ſeek to raiſe
The veil that ſhrouds CHRIST's early Days,
Each wondrous Act, each Word ſublime
That beautified that glorious Prime.

A few brief lines of Sacred Writ
Contain the whole we know of it;
And there the eye of faith may ſee
The lowly Home in Galilee,

Where daily in His Mother's ſight
He grew in Wiſdom and in Might;
The path of meek Obedience trod,
In favour both with man and GOD.

He grew in Wiſdom! who can weigh
The meaning which thoſe Words convey;
Or trace the deep myſterious line
Between the Human and Divine?

We only know the daily growth
Was that of Mind and Body both,

Until the Perfect Childhood paſſed
Into the Perfect MAN at laſt.

Yet one recorded ſcene alone
A Glory o'er thoſe years hath thrown,
Revealing to His Mother's Soul
A Realm beyond her Love's control:

Teaching both her, who meekly heard
And treaſured every ſacred Word,
And all His Church, from age to age
Who read them in the Goſpel page,

That far above all earthly claim
Was that great Work for which He came,
As far beyond all earthly tie,
The Sonſhip of His DEITY.

And if to thoſe who love Him moſt,
His Preſence for awhile be loſt,
And on Life's crowded road they find
That they have left their LORD behind,

Let them each erring ſtep retrace,
And ſeek Him through His Means of Grace,
Who, in His FATHER'S Houſe of Prayer,
Still doth His Work of Mercy there.

We would ſee Jeſus.

ONCE, amid the wondrous Story of thoſe
thirty years and three,
When the GODHEAD'S veilèd Glory
ſhone through our humanity,
Burſt a ſunlight tranſitory o'er that ſorrow-darkened
ſea.

'Twas within the Holy City, briefeſt ſpace ere
He deceaſed,
In His world-atoning pity Paſchal Sacrifice and
Prieſt,
Chaunting pſalm and ſolemn ditty, came the
people to the Feaſt.

Branch of palm before Him flinging, marched the
multitude along,
Little children with their ſinging joined the unpre-
ſumptuous throng,
Joyous Jubilates ringing filled Jeruſalem with ſong.

Then it was from thoſe far Iſlands dear to ſtory
and to fame,
From the claſſic vales and highlands dowered with
a deathleſs name,
Breaking late the world's cold ſilence, Strangers
with their queſtion came.

We would ſee Him!—Him Whoſe Finger ſtills
the ſtorm upon the wave,

Him for Whom the thouſands linger, health and beniſon to crave,
Him the glorious Godlike Bringer of corruption from the Grave.

Oh! then, for that bitter weeping o'er His own dear Nation's doom,
Came a ſmile of gladneſs creeping like a ſunbeam on the gloom,
Like a radiant Angel keeping vigil o'er a dreary tomb.

For, beyond the darkening viſion of that lordly Temple's fall,
Of the ſtern day of deciſion, and the Roman battle-call,
Roſe a gleam of Light elyſian, of a Day that dawned for all:

When from Sinim and from Thulé, from the Iſlands of the Sea,
With their Sacrifices duly, with their gold and ſilver free,
Owning His Allegiance truly, Princes to His Houſe ſhould flee.

And His Soul, through myriad ages, through the travail of the years,
Solved the riddle of the Sages, heard the muſic of the ſpheres,
In the glad advancing ſtages of a world that knows no tears.

He, Who, with His Sire Coeval, looked on Earth
as firſt it ſtood,
Saw return the hours primeval, ſaw the Univerſe
renewed
By the taming of the Evil, and the triumph of the
Good:

Earth's great murmur huſhed for ever; all the
ſtrife, and all the pain,
All the fruitleſs wild endeavour for unſatisfying
gain
Swallowed up in Joy's broad river, ſwelling to a
boundleſs main.

But a Shadow dark and fearful ere that Light
before Him lay,
Of an Agony all tearful, and a dark untrodden
Way
With no friendly voices cheerful, brightened by no
Heavenly Ray.

And His Human Soul was troubled, like the
troubling of the deep,
When the gale, with force redoubled, laſhes in a
ſudden ſweep
Wiſps of foam that danced and bubbled, to a wild
and angry leap.

And, could the Unchanging waver, ſeemed it as
the Fiend had power,
Working aye in our disfavour, man's bright Hope
to overlower,

Should He ſay, the world's Sole SAVER—
FATHER! ſave Me from this hour?

But, while liſtening Angels wonder, weeping o'er
earth's ſinful frame,
Though His Heart be rent aſunder, ſtands GOD's
Purpoſe without blame—
Hark! amid the anſwering thunder—FATHER!
glorify Thy Name.

Be it ſo! Who ſuffers for us, anſwer to His
Prayer be given!
By the univerſal chorus let the firmament be riven,
While the ages travel o'er us, glorified with Him
in Heaven.

Faith.

FAITH is the dawning of Day
Where darkneſs was before,
The riſing of a ſolar ray
To ſet in night no more.

Faith lights an Eye within the Soul
From earth to Heaven that turns,
And there, where wheels of Glory roll,
Admires, adores, and burns.

Faith plants an Ear that hears the Hymn
Of everlaſting praiſe,
Which ſainted Souls and Seraphim
In Alleluias raiſe.

Faith yields a Senſe of life and love
Upborne on wings of prayer,
Swift as an eagle or a dove
That cleaves the liquid air.

Faith gives a Hand, that holds the heart
Within the myſtic veil,
Faſt by that Friend who will not part
From thoſe who will not fail.

Faith feeds that Fire whoſe holy flame
Illuminates my road,
With all the Glories of His Name,
Who deigns to be my God.

Faith fans each phaſis of the fight
Which ſin and ſelf deſtroys—
Christ changing weakneſs into Might,
And ſorrows into Joys.

Faith leads me onward to the Croſs,
And through it to a Crown,
When purified from all the droſs
That weighs the Spirit down.

Faith lifts the Glaſs which ſhows ſo well,
In lines of weal and woe,
Thoſe twofold worlds of Heaven and Hell,
Above me, and below.

Faith is the Subſtance of my Hope,
The Evidence of things

Where Angels fathom not the ſcope,
But ſhade it with their wings.

Faith is the Prop on which we lean
In darkneſs or diſtreſs,
Far oftener felt and known, than ſeen
Throughout this wilderneſs.

Faith opens amidſt waſtes of ſand
A Fountain freſh and fair,
Whoſe Waters, riſing at Command,
Annihilate deſpair.

Faith is a Compaſs never wrong,
Nor ſwerving from its Pole;
It cheers the weak, directs the ſtrong,
And gladdens every Soul.

Faith is the Charm that keeps our ſight
From wandering by the way;
It ſtuds with ſtars the brow of night,
Or turns it into day.

Faith is the Taliſman of Power
No force can ever break,
No beaſts of prey can e'er devour,
Nor ſorcery ever ſhake.

Faith is the Gem without a flaw
Derived alone from GOD,
The Ranſom of His broken Law,
Bought with and bathed in Blood.

Faith is the Iris arching Heaven,
Though gathering clouds are round,
The Token glad of guilt forgiven,
Of bondage thus unbound.

Faith takes her Balances of gold,
And weighs with ſkill ſublime
Eternal Happineſs untold,
Againſt the dream of time.

O Lord, increaſe this Grace in me
That with each fleeting breath
I more and more may know of Thee,
And hail the hand of Death.

So Faith ſhall in Fruition end
And Grace in Glory ceaſe,
Where Praiſe her powers can never ſpend
Nor aught diſturb their peace.

In Youth I died.

N Youth I died, in Maiden bloom;
With gentle hand Death touched my cheek,
And with his touch there came to me
A Spirit calm and meek.

He took from me all wiſh to ſtay;
He was ſo kind, I feared him not;

My Friends beheld my ſlow decline,
And mourned my joyleſs lot.

They ſaw but ſorrow; I deſcried
The Bliſs that never fades away:
They felt the ſhadow of the tomb;
I marked the Heavenly Day.

I heard them ſob, as through the night
They kept their watch: then on my ear,
Amid the ſobbing, fell a Voice
Their anguiſh could not hear.

Come! and fear not!—It ſoftly cried—
We wait to lead thee to thy Home.
Then leaped my Spirit to reply—
I come! I long to come!

I heard them whiſper o'er my bed—
Another hour, and ſhe muſt die!
I was too weak to anſwer them
That endleſs Life was nigh.

Another hour, with bitter tears
They mourned me as untimely dead,
And heard not how I ſang a Song
Of Triumph o'er their head.

They bore me to the Grave, and thought
How narrow was my reſting-place;
My Soul was roving high and wide
At will through boundleſs ſpace.

They clothed themſelves in robes of black;
Through the ſad Aiſle the Requiem rang;
Meanwhile the white-robed Choirs of Heaven
A holy Pæan ſang.

Oft from my Paradiſe I come
To viſit thoſe I love on earth;
I enter, unperceived, the door;
They ſit around the hearth,

And talk in ſaddened tone of me,
As one that never can return;
How little think they that I ſtand
Among them as they mourn!

But Time will eaſe their grief, and Death
Will purge the darkneſs from their eyes;
Then ſhall they triumph, when they learn
Heaven's ſolemn Myſteries.

Stanzas.

The Armour of Chriſt.

LAD in the Panoply of Heaven
What need I fear of Satan's power,
His cruel darts againſt me driven,
Or artful wiles in evil hour?

If CHRIST have given me ſuch array
To ſave my Soul from helliſh ſpite,

Why ſhould I dread to wend my way,
Or fear to wage the holy fight?

For when with Truth my loins are girt,
And Virtue's plate is on my breaſt,
No falſehood can my Spirit hurt,
No vice within my boſom reſt.

And if my feet be always ſhod
With the defence of Goſpel Peace,
No rugged path, that muſt be trod,
Shall cauſe my zeal and love to ceaſe.

And while I hold the ſhield of Faith
To guard me from the wicked Foe,
I am aſſured, nor harm, nor ſcath,
Can come to work me laſting woe.

And when Salvation's helm is mine
To cheer me with a bleſſed Hope,
Why ſhould my courage e'er decline,
Or fear with evil powers to cope?

The Spirit's Sword is by my ſide,
The Word of God, pure, undefiled;
Thus pride and error are defied,
Though I am but a fooliſh Child.

Prayer, alſo, is a weapon ſure
Whereby temptation to withſtand,
All Heavenly Graces to ſecure
From my Redeemer's willing Hand.

And gives He not in very deed
HIMSELF, His Sacrament of Love,
With more than Angels' Food to feed
My ranſomed Soul, from Heaven above?

Then ſhall I not ſuſtain the fight,
E'en though it be prolonged and ſore;
And ſhall not I be clothed with Might
To wear the Crown, when all is o'er?

Hereafter.

OW feebly we adore Thee now;
How lamely pay each holy vow;
Our Faith how weak, our eyes how dim,
How languid every laud and hymn!
When at Thy Altar, LORD, we kneel,
Thy Preſence ſcarce our hearts can feel;
Not even thoſe on earth who knew
Thy Form, Thy beſt-beloved, could view
On Tabor's ſolitary height
One glimpſe of Thy Eternal Light:
They fell, o'erpowered with ſight and ſound,
Amazed and ſenſeleſs to the ground.

But they who reach the Realms of Joy,
Where ſin our bliſs can ne'er alloy,
Shall look upon their Monarch's Face
Within His very Dwelling-place:

Shall all His Beauty ſee and know,
Enraptured gaze—nor only ſo—
But His effulgent Robe ſhall wear,
And, one with Him, His Glory ſhare.
Tranſcendent thought! that mortal men
The ſecret things of Heaven may ken;
And GOD the LORD for evermore
With undivided Love adore!

The Redeemer.

WHAT, left my LORD the Realms of Light,
His glorious Throne, for me?
Yes, Sinner, CHRIST in love forſook His FATHER's
Houſe for thee!

And was He clothed in mortal Fleſh, in human
Form for me?
Yes, Sinner, JESUS once became a little BABE for
thee!

And did He faſt, and fainting pray, afflict His
Soul for me?
Yes, Sinner, CHRIST the LORD endured life's
bittereſt pangs for thee!

And was He ſcorned, and ſcourged, and mocked,
and buffeted for me?
Yes, Sinner, JESUS oft-time bore moſt cruel taunts
for thee!

Say, did He groan, and bleed, and die, upon the Croſs for me?
Yes, Sinner, He with joy poured forth His precious Blood for thee!

And went He to the Realms of Hell to vanquiſh Death for me?
Yes, Sinner, and on Eaſter-morn CHRIST roſe again for thee!

And is He gone to GOD's Right Hand to intercede for me?
Yes, Sinner, with His FATHER now, in Heaven He pleads for thee!

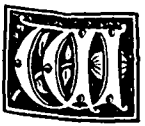
Then, there is hope of Life, and Peace, and Pardon, e'en for me?
Yes, Sinner, if thou go to CHRIST, Himſelf will give them thee!

With JESUS may I refuge take, to Him for ſuccour flee?
Haſte, Sinner, JESUS gladly hails, and Angels welcome thee!

Then, LORD, let me, a Sinner, come with contrite heart to Thee;
Forgive, O graciouſly forgive: in Mercy look on me!

O ſend Thy HOLY SPIRIT down, with Love to quicken me;
That ſo, for evetmore, I may devote my life to Thee!

The Sacred Heart.



HAT wouldſt thou have, O Soul,
Thou weary Soul?
Lo! I have ſought for Reſt
On the Earth's heaving breaſt,
From pole to pole.
Sleep—I have been with her,
But ſhe gave dreams;
Death—nay, the reſt he gives
Reſt only ſeems.
Fair Nature knows it not—
The graſs is growing;
The blue air knows it not—
The winds are blowing:
Not in the changing ſky,
The ſtormy ſea—
Yet ſomewhere in God's wide World
Reſt there muſt be.
Within thy Saviour's Heart
Place all thy care,
And learn, O weary Soul,
Thy Reſt is there.

What wouldſt thou, trembling Soul?
Strength for the ſtrife—
Strength for this fiery war
That we call Life.

Fears gather thickly round;
Shadowy foes,
Like unto armèd men,
Around me cloſe.
What am I, frail and poor,
When griefs ariſe?
No help from the weak earth,
Or the cold ſkies.
Lo! I can find no guards,
No weapons borrow,
Shrinking, alone I ſtand
With mighty ſorrow.
Courage, thou trembling Soul,
Grief thou muſt bear,
Yet thou canſt find a Strength
Will match deſpair:
Within thy SAVIOUR's Heart—
Seek for it there.

What wouldſt thou have, ſad Soul,
Oppreſſed with grief?
Comfort, I ſeek in vain,
Nor find relief.
Nature, all pitileſs,
Smiles on my pain;
I aſk my fellow-men,
They give diſdain:
I aſked the babbling ſtreams,
But they flowed on;
I aſked the wiſe and good,
But they gave none.

Though I have aſked the ſtars,
Coldly they ſhine,
They are too bright to know
Grief ſuch as mine.
I aſked for Comfort ſtill,
And I found tears,
And I have ſought in vain
Long, weary years.
Liſten, thou mournful Soul,
Thy pain ſhall ceaſe;
Deep in His Sacred Heart,
Dwells Joy and Peace.

Yes, in that Heart Divine,
The Angels bright
Find, through eternal years,
Still new delight.
From thence his conſtancy
The Martyr drew,
And there the Virgin band
Their refuge knew.
There, racked by pain without,
And dread within,
How many Souls have found
Heaven's Bliſs begin.
Then leave thy vain attempts
To ſeek for Peace;
The world can never give
One Soul releaſe:
But in thy SAVIOUR's Heart
Securely dwell,

No pain can harm thee, hid
In that ſweet Cell.
Then fly, O coward Soul,
Delay no more,
What words can ſpeak the Joy
For thee in ſtore?
What ſmiles of earth can tell
Of Peace like thine?
Silence and tears are beſt
For Things Divine.

Sanctae Syon adſunt Encaenia.

A Sequence for the Dedication of a Church.

GLAD Zion's halls are ſounding
With ſong and feſtal lay,
And with bridal Joy abounding
The Church is Bride to-day!

In robes of Grace excelling
The glorious Bride is clad,
And the organ notes are ſwelling
In anthems loud and glad.

Like rain and dew deſcending
Is the FATHER's Heavenly ruth;
In a bridal Bleſſing blending
Are His Mercy and His Truth.

Comes, all His Love revealing,
The Bridegroom, Mary's Son;
Brings all the Grace of Healing
Which He for earth has won,

Brings a glorious Bridal-dower
For the Church which He has wed,
In the Grace of ſevenfold Power
From His Holy Spirit ſhed.

With Myſteries life giving
The Paſchal Feaſt is rife,
Where the Lamb for ever living
Is Himſelf the Bread of Life.

And to the Lamb's great Wedding
His Sire, the Heavenly King,
His choſen Saints is bidding
With a gracious welcoming.

Comes Abel, witneſs bearing
How innocence is bleſt;
Comes Noah, ſtern declaring
How Juſtice is expreſt.

In myſtery confeſſing
The great eternal Prieſt,
Melchiſedec his Bleſſing,
Gives ever to the Feaſt.

And Abraham the proven,
Has brought his faith ſincere,

With Israel the loving,
And trustful Isaac here.

And Moses old and hoary,
With light his forehead rayed;
And Joshua in his glory,
Whose word the Sun obeyed.

And ardent David smiting
In his youth the giant foe,
On his kingly throne delighting
In the Psalms prophetic flow.

And the Law and Prophets greeting
In union close rejoice;
While their strength and power completing
Comes the Gospel's glorious voice.

And over earth and Heaven
Great peace and stillness fall,
With the FATHER'S Fulness given,
And GOD is All in all.

Lays of Ancient Palestine.

Miriam.

OH, for that day, that day of bliss entrancing,
When Israel stood, her night of bondage o'er,
And leaped in heart to see no more advancing

Egypt's dark hoſt along the deſert ſhore;
For ſcarce a ripple now proclaimed where lay
The boaſting Pharaoh and his fierce array.

Miriam! ſhe ſilent ſtood, that ſight beholding,
And bowed with ſacred awe her wondering head;
Till, lo! no more their hideous ſpoils withholding,
The Depths, indignant, ſpurned their buried dead;
And all along that ſad and vengeful coaſt
Pale corpſes lay—a monumental hoſt.

Miriam! ſhe ſaw; then all to life awaking—
"Sing to the LORD"—with a great voice ſhe cried;
"Sing to the LORD"—their many timbrels ſhaking,
Ten thouſand ranſomed hearts and tongues replied;
While, leading on the dance in triumph long,
Thus the great Propheteſs broke forth in ſong—

"Oh, ſing to the LORD,
Sing His Triumph right glorious;
O'er horſe and o'er rider,
Sing His right Arm victorious;
Pharaoh's horſemen and chariots
And captains ſo brave,
The LORD hath thrown down
In the bottomleſs wave.

"Man of War is the LORD,
And JEHOVAH His Name;

We truſted His Pillar
Of Cloud and of Flame.
Proud boaſters, ye followed,
But where are ye gone?
Down, down in the waters,
Ye ſank like a ſtone.

"O Lord, Thou didſt blow
With Thy Noſtrils a blaſt,
And upheaved the huge billows—
Like mountains ſtood faſt.
Egypt ſhuddered with wonder,
That pathway to ſee—
Thoſe depths all congealed
In the heart of the ſea.

"'I too will march onward,
(The Enemy cried)
I ſhall ſoon overtake;
I the ſpoil will divide,
I will kill'—O my God!
The depths fell at Thy Breath,
And like lead they went down
In thoſe waters of death.

"But o'er us the ſoft wings
Of Thy Mercy outſpread
To Thy own choſen Dwelling
Our feet Thou haſt led.
Paleſtrina, affrighted,
The tidings ſhall hear,

And your hearts, O ye Nations,
Shall wither with fear.

" Thus brought in with triumph,
Safe planted and bleſt,
On Thy own holy Mountain
Thy People ſhall reſt.
Shout! Pharaoh is fallen
To riſe again never.
Sing! the LORD, He ſhall reign
For ever and ever."

Gibeon.

H! there were banners proudly dancing
Round old Gibeon's royal walls;
Oh! there were war-ſteeds furious prancing
To the battle-trump which calls.
On they come, five Kings in number,
Oh, how ſtern their long array:
Up! brave hearts, nor dare to ſlumber,
Life and death are on this day.

Men of Gibeon! like a river
Hebron ruſhes from afar;
Jarmuth ſee! with bow and quiver,
How he heads the burſting war:
Lachiſh ſhouts with ſcornful gladneſs;
Eglon! who his waves ſhall ſtem?
Many a mother faints with ſadneſs
At thy cry, Jeruſalem!

Onward! onward! buckler claſhes,
Lances ſhiver, helmet rings;
On! the roll of carnage daſhes—
Iron hearts are needful things.
Earth and air, with ghaſtly wonder,
Start to eye that dreadful ſight;
While each craſh of martial thunder
Shakes the crimſon field of fight.

Hark! and tell me, heard ye ſtealing
Footſteps through the dead of night?
Saw ye tread, their path concealing,
Iſrael's choſen men of might?
Canaan's ſons! no peace betiding,
Moans that ſullen night-wind's breath;
For upon its black wings riding,
Lo! the Angel comes of death.

Thou, Bethoron! tell the ſtory,
How they died that banded hoſt;
Bannered pomp and kingly glory,
Where is now your ſwelling boaſt?
Speak, Azekah! ſay how o'er them
Heaven its giant hailſtones threw;
God, their Foe, above—before them;
Iſrael's hoſt behind purſue.

Conquerors! on; but, faſt declining,
See! the day is almoſt gone—
"Sun! ſtand ſtill, on Gibeon ſhining:
Stop, thou Moon! o'er Ajalon."

Wondrous ſight! by Mortal ſpoken,
Sun and Moon obeyed that word,
Till, the laſt proud foeman broken,
Joſhua triumphed and the LORD.

Gibeon's ſaved! ye Saints that languiſh,
Crouched in ſackcloth and in duſt,
Riſe! 'tis paſt, your hour of anguiſh—
Perfect Peace awaits the Juſt;
You have ſown in night of ſorrow,
Reap in joy your promiſed crown;
Happy, glorious, endleſs morrow,
Sun and Moon that ne'er go down.

Deborah.

WAKE, Deborah! wake; and thou, Barak! ariſe,
And ſwell the proud chorus which gladdens the ſkies:
Attend, O ye Kings, and ye Princes, give ear—
I, Deborah, ſpeak, but JEHOVAH is near.

O LORD, it was Thou with Thy People didſt ride,
When they conquering burſt from rough Edom's dark ſide,
The huge Mountains ſtaggered along on Thy Way,
While the hearts of the Nations all melted away.

But forſaken by Thee, then how triumphed our foes,
Till I, Mother in Iſrael, Deborah, roſe;

How ſilent our valleys, how waſted our plains,
While we ſat down in ſackcloth, and wept o'er
our chains.

Speak, Deborah! ſpeak; and thou, Barak! oh,
ſay,
How captivity captive was led on that day;
All honour to you who, inſpired by our breath,
So bravely did jeopard your lives to the death.

But curſe ye the cowards, who, trembling with fear,
Reſolved not the ſummons of reſcue to hear;
Yes, bitterly curſe them, who mocked at the word—
'Gainſt the mighty, oh, come! to the help of the
LORD.

Oh, that was a triumph, a glorious ſight,
When ye came, O ye Kings! to Megiddo to fight;
Ah, Siſera! well may your chariots be nought,
When againſt you the ſtars in their bright courſes
fought.

Then tell me, O Kiſhon, then tell me, oh, whither
Haſt thou ſwept all their glory, thou deep-flowing
river?
Where has vaniſhed ſo ſwiftly their boaſtful array?
O my Soul! down what ſtrength haſt thou trodden
this day.

By the window ſhe ſat of her watch tower ſo high—
It was Siſera's Mother: ſhe looked at the ſky—
"Why tarries his chariot ſo long on the way?
Why thus, O my conquering Son! doſt thou ſtay?"

Her wiſe Ladies anſwered—" The ſpoil to divide,
The glad warriors reſt on the ſteep mountain's ſide;
They come"—Dreamers, huſh! ſhall I tell you
the tale,
How your Siſera died by the ſharp-piercing nail?

Thus periſh, conſumed, at the flaſh of Thy Sword,
The madmen who challenge Thy Honour, O LORD!
But they who love Thee, on ſtrong pinions unfurled,
Like ſuns ſhall mount upward, and tread on the
world.

Virginis in Gremio.

A Sequence on the Incarnation.

WHEN of His Grace the SON of GOD
the SON of Man would be
Then was a Bridal, GOD the Spouſe,
the Bride Humanity;
Our nature was not loſt in Him, nor He defiled
by clay,
So let all earth meet joyfully and keep the Bridal-
day.

O bleſſed end of enmity! O Peace which Angels
tell!
O faireſt fair Eſpouſals! GOD with us, EMMANUEL!

This is the Dew on Gideon's Fleece, the Earth
in opening Spring,
This is our Aaron's Almond-rod to Glory bloſ-
ſoming.

Oh, once the Prophets ſpake of Him, and in the
Fathers' day
The eyes which He had opened ſaw a Gladneſs
far away;
But now their Voice is only love; He Whom
they ſaw is nigh,
And dawns, a Sun of Sinleſſneſs, clear o'er the
darkening ſky.

Then by a mortal Mother's Arms Immenſity was
ſpanned,
Then was Humility moſt meek enthroned at God's
Right Hand,
Then God was manifeſt in Fleſh, the Life would
mortal be,
And ſinners recompenſed with hate Divineſt
Charity.

There is a wondrous Story, of dim Tradition born—
There went a Virgin beautiful to ſnare the
Unicorn;
She came upon his lair—oh then he laid his
fierceneſs by,
And leaned for ſlumber at Her Breaſt, the am-
buſh lurking nigh;

There is a Truth more wondrous yet; God's
Wrath was waxing fell
When in the Pearl of Maidenhood He came as
Man to dwell;
Thither He came and thence He went even foes
to ſeek and ſave,
Till through the Fleſh He took of her the Nails
of Death they drave.

So let us meet and kindle each in other Love's
pure flame,
And ſend our lowly 'not to us' there whence
the Merit came;
God breathed on earth His quickening Breath,
then fell the Spirit's Shower,
And lo! in Mary's Garden ſprang Salvation's
votive Flower.

Type and Antitype.

The Tree of Life.

THE Tree of Life in Eden ſtood,
With myſtic Fruits of Heavenly Food,
Which endleſs Life afford:
That Life by man's tranſgreſſion loſt,
Caſt out is man by Angel-hoſt
Until by Man reſtored.

In vain the Lambs poured forth their blood,
In vain the ſmoking Altars ſtood,
All unatoned was ſin:
Muſt greater be the Sacrifice,
Before the Gate of Paradiſe
Can let the fallen in.

The LORD of Life His Life muſt give,
That man an endleſs Life may live,
And Death's dark doom reverſe.
The Croſs is made the myſtic Tree,
The Blood that flowed on Calvary
Hath waſhed away the curſe.

Now Eden's Gate is oped once more,
The guarding Angel's watch is o'er,
And ſheathed the flaming ſword:
The Tree of Life now blooms afreſh,
Its precious Fruit the very Fleſh
Of the Incarnate WORD.

Cain and Abel.

TWO Brothers each an Offering made,
Two offerings on two Altars laid,
Two differing hearts were there:
In one was faith and hope and love,
The other anger, malice move
To murder and deſpair.

The bloodleſs Offering lies in vain,
The God moſt Higheſt will not deign
To bleſs ſuch Sacrifice:
But ſoon that Offering's ſtained and red
With Brother's blood by Brother ſhed,
Which loud for vengeance cries.

Again two Prieſts ſtand Face to face,
Two Brethren of one common race
Within the Temple walls:
Again a Brother's Blood is poured
An awful Offering to the Lord,
But which for Mercy calls.

Upon our Altars now there lies
A bloodleſs, endleſs Sacrifice,
Earth's fruits of Bread and Wine:
Our Brother brings His Blood to bleſs
And Conſecrate by Righteouſneſs
An Offering now Divine.

Abram and Melchizedek.

WHEN conquering Abram Salem ſought,
To God's High Prieſt his tithes he brought,
His thankfulneſs to mark:
Melchizedek an Offering made
Of Bread and Wine on Altar laid,
And bleſſed the Patriarch.

A Victory nobler far we gain,
A nobler Sacrifice is ſlain,
A better Bleſſing ſhed:
Our great High Prieſt in Heaven ſtands,
Who gives Himſelf with His own Hands,
In myſtic Wine and Bread.

The Manna and the Rock.

FOR forty years was Iſrael fed
With daily Manna, Angel's Bread;
The Rock with Water flows:
That Water flowed, that Manna fell
Like dew on favoured Iſrael,
Who like a lily grows.

CHRIST's Fleſh is now the Living Bread,
His riven Side the Rock which ſhed
The Water and the Blood:
From Him the Church her life renews,
His Gracious Blood her Soul bedews
With ever-ſtreaming flood.

The Paſſover and the Euchariſt.

IN anxious haſte at GOD's Command
All Iſrael's hoſt prepare and ſtand
To take its ordered flight:
With bitter herbs, unleavened bread,
And roaſted Lamb the Feaſt is ſpread,
That memorable night.

The awful Angel ſoars on high,
And Death is dealing far and nigh,
  Save where the Blood is found:
Supported by that Paſchal food,
The mighty hoſt paſſed through the flood
  Beyond the ſea's dark bound.

All girded for its coming flight
A Soul is paſſing hence to-night,
  And bids the world farewell:
Fed with the ſacred Nouriſhment
Of CHRIST's moſt Holy Sacrament,
  It burſts through ſin's dark ſpell.

All ſprinkled with the Precious BLOOD
It calmly paſſes through the flood
  Of Death's laſt agony:
It chants, while borne on Angel's wing—
O mighty Death, where is thy ſting?
  Where, Grave, thy Victory?

Verſes.

Give me Children, or elſe I die.

GIVE me Children, or elſe I die—
'Twas wildly ſaid, and ſtill
More wildly o'er the ſpeaker's heart
  Theſe words were doomed to thrill:

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For they were uttered in an hour
Of reckleſs love and pride,
By one who brooked not aught on earth
To her ſhould be denied.

The ſound of that impaſſioned cry
Aſcended up to Heaven,
And to the loved and loving one
A firſt-born Son was given.

Not in that hour did memory bring
To that fond heart and weak
The echo of thoſe frantic words
That ſhe had dared to ſpeak.

Perchance, not until anguiſh came
Returned their ſound again,
Floating with fatal meaning through
The dying woman's brain.

For Rachel now, a ſecond time,
Muſt meet her trying hour,
And Death, which ſhe has once invoked,
Now comes with fearful power.

'Ye know not what ye aſk' is ſtamped
On each unchaſtened prayer
That lays not at GOD's Feet its weight
Of hope or of deſpair.

Comeſt Thou to me?

AND comeſt Thou to me, O LORD,
When I have need of Thee?
Such was the Baptiſt's trembling cry,
His ſelf-denouncing plea.

But none may ſhrink from work GOD ſets,
From high or lowly taſk:
By thee is thine own part fulfilled?
Is all that He will aſk.

A ſinner with a load of care
And conſcious ſin oppreſt
Muſt ſometimes act an Angel's part,
And ſpeak of GOD's Beheſt.

The higheſt place may ſometimes prove
A ſource of penance keen,
And ſelf-abhorring pangs there are
By all but GOD unſeen.

His Gifts, through human hands and frail,
Without defilement flow,
And Saints may kneeling claim the boon
That ſinners can beſtow.

When JESUS knelt that wondrous hour
At His own Servant's feet,
He taught proud hearts to bend the knee
In lowly penance meet;

And in that hour the Sacred Dove
Appeared to mortal eye,
And God's own Voice in thunder ſpoke
A Bleſſing from the ſky.

The Tomb of Joſeph of Arimathea.

WAS night! ſtill night!
A ſolemn ſilence hung upon the ſcene;
The keen, bright ſtars ſhone with unclouded light,
Calm and ſerene.

Huſhed was the Tomb!
The heavy ſtone before its entrance lay:
No light broke in upon its ſilent gloom,
No ſtarry ray.

The moonlight beamed;
It hung above that garden, ſoft and clear,
Around the watchful guard its radiance gleamed
From helm and ſpear.

The Tomb was ſealed!
The watch patrolled before its entrance lone;
The bright night every paſſing ſtep revealed;
None neared the ſtone.

Midnight had paſſed;
The ſtars their luſtrous ſhining had decreaſed;
And day-break's earlieſt light was haſtening faſt
In the pale eaſt.

The morning-ſtar,
Laſt in the ſilent Heaven, withdrew its ray,
And the white dawn ſpreading its ſpectre light
Foretold the day.

An earthquake's ſhock
Juſt at the break of morning ſhook the ground,
And echoed from that rent and trembling rock
With ſtartling ſound.

The guards, amazed,
Fell to the earth in wonder and affright;
And round the aſtoniſhed ſpot in glory blazed
A ſudden Light.

An Angel there
Deſcended from the tranquil ſky;
The glory of his preſence filled the air
All-radiantly.

He rolled away
From the ſtill Sepulchre the maſſy ſtone,
And, watching ſilent till the riſen day,
He ſat thereon.

His garments white
Shone like the ſnow in its unſullied ſheen;
His face was, like the lightning's gleaming light,
Dazzlingly ſeen.

All, all around
Was ſilence, and ſuſpenſe, and liſtening dread;
The ſtirleſs watch lay proſtrate on the ground,
Huſhed as the dead.

At break of day
The SAVIOUR burſt that Cavern's ſtillneſs deep,
Riſing in conqueſt from Death's ſhattered ſway
As from a ſleep.

He roſe in Power,
In all the Strength of GODHEAD ſhining bright,
Freſh as that hallowed Morning's dewy hour,
Pure as its light.

He roſe as GOD,
Roſe as a mighty Victor ſtrong to ſave,
Breaking Death's ſilent chain and unſeen rod
There in the Grave.

He roſe on high,
While Angels hung around on ſoaring wing,
Wreſting from the dark Grave its victory,
From Death its ſting.

Concerning the Chief Spiritual and General Gifts of God.

From the Latin.

I.

NOW ſhall worthy praiſe and honour
E'er by me to Thee be done,
Made by Love the Sin-atoner,
GOD's Alone-begotten SON—

Me, endowed, by ſuch a Donor,
Thus with every Gift in one?

For, ſince He to fleſh hath deigned,
I to live in Soul begin;
Through the ſtroke my LORD ſuſtained,
I with Him am dead to ſin;
By this Bread of Life maintained,
Oneneſs with my SAVIOUR win.

Where is ſuch Divine Nutrition
Found on earth 'twixt pole and pole?
Where ſo ſkilful a Phyſician,
Raiſing up the languid Soul?
Holy hunger's glad fruition;
Virtue's, Glory's perfect whole!

Me before ten thouſand taking,
Oh! how great Thy ſovereign Love;
For my benefit forſaking
All Thine Heritage above,
Till, with all Thy Saints awaking,
I the full Redemption prove.

'Tis for me the tomb Thou quitteſt,
Lifting up my Soul on high;
'Tis for me enthroned Thou ſitteſt,
Glorious in the upper ſky;
'Tis for me that Thou remitteſt
Thy Good SPIRIT ever nigh.

Now His ſoothing Smiles careſs me
With each proſperous delight;
Now He pleaſeth to oppreſs me
With the cloud of ſorrow's night:
Yet, in either, He will bleſs me,
If my loving heart be right.

At His withering Inſpiration,
Carnal pleaſures ceaſe to bloom;
Burdens, by His Conſolation,
Lightſome to the fleſh become:
Oh! how bright the Revelation
When His Rays the ſight illume.

Glories which our earthly ſenſes,
Dimmed by ſin, can ne'er diſcern,
Through one Gift which He diſpenſes,
Every faithful Soul may learn;
While with all Divine defences
From them evil He doth turn.

No poor ſpeech of man availeth
Good ſo great as this to tell:
Faith attempteth, but ſhe faileth—
Grace and Love unſearchable!
When deſire the Soul aſſaileth,
This alone its thirſt can quell.

Lo! a train of Heavenly Bleſſing,
(Numbers fail the ſum to give)

Are the holy, this poſſeſſing,
Fitted ever to receive:
Their Beſtower, without ceaſing,
Laud while endleſs ages live.

Be Thou raiſed all heights tranſcending,
FATHER, Fount of Grace and Might!
Be Thy Glory ſtill extending,
SON, of men both Life and Light!
Be Thy Praiſes never-ending,
COMFORTER in ſorrow's night!

II.

OULD Creatures all their voices raiſe
In one high ſong to Thee,
It were not worthy of Thy praiſe,
Thrice Holy TRINITY.

The Riches of Thy bounteous Grace
We happy mortals prove;
Made in Thine Image is our race,
And dowered with Thy Love.

Oh! matchleſs Love to meaneſt worth!
Our FATHER gave His SON
To ſave from death the ruined earth,
And lift us to His Throne.

Light of all Light, and WORD of GOD,
He deigned the Virgin's Womb,

To ſnatch our forfeit brotherhood
From ſin's eternal doom.

Thou (be Thy gracious Power adored!)
From Hell haſt ſet me free,
My long-loſt Dignity reſtored,
My likeneſs, LORD, to Thee.

Hadſt Thou not made me all Thy Care,
And rich Oblation given,
For me remained but grim deſpair,
Shut out from Hope and Heaven.

Moſt faithful Advocate and Friend,
Unfailing SAVIOUR Thou,
Thy free Beſtowments know no end,
No need they diſavow.

Thy wondrous Birth the Price procured;
Thy Death the Ranſom paid;
Thy Riſing the reſult aſſured,
And full Salvation made.

How full of joy to me Thy Birth!
How full of fruit Thy Doom!
How Glorious Thy Going forth
Triumphant from the Tomb!

My poor deſire Thy Love repays,
It is my wiſh ſupreme;
And, though the effort fail, Thy praiſe
Shall be my conſtant theme.

Let praiſe the Maker FATHER greet;
Honour, the Saviour SON;
And Glory to the PARACLETE,
Renewer GOD, be done!

The Advent of the Divine Stranger.

THE Chriſtmas Eve is waning,
The Morning ſtreaks the ſky,
Earth ceaſes her complaining,
Redemption draweth nigh!

But Who ſo ſwiftly moveth?
Who on the mountains ſtands,
To earth, as One that loveth,
Stretching His gracious Hands?

Whence cometh He Whoſe Geſture
Infant-like doth invite,
Yet glorious in His Veſture,
And travelling in His Might?

Who for our greeting waiteth?
Who waiteth us to greet?
Walking a world that hateth—
How beautiful His Feet!

Whoſe is the Face that gloweth,
And lighteth up the Sun?
Whoſe is the Voice that floweth
Like many waves in one?

Whoſe are the Accents ringing,
Like far, faint, holy Chimes,
Like Childhood's Carols bringing
Their tones to exile climes?

Now from a lowly Manger,
Now from the Throne on high,
O Meek and Mighty Stranger,
Thy Voice fills earth and ſky.

But lo! He draweth nearer,
And full upon His Brow
The eaſtern lights fall clearer—
My God! What ſee I now?

'Tis not day's crimſon gleaming,
'Tis not morn's dewy gold,
That in His Locks is beaming,
Too glorious to behold.

'Tis not the winter's treaſure,
The holly's blood-red beads,
Strung for a wreath of pleaſure—
His tender Viſage bleeds.

'Tis not the Tyrian glory,
His Raiment hath imbued,—
His Head and Feet are gory,
His Hands are red with Blood.

But decked with Light He ſhineth,
Brightly, more brightly yet,

With Light that ne'er declineth,
With Beams that never ſet.

Ring out, ye Chimes, your greeting,
Ye Carols, mount on high,
For Heaven and Earth are meeting
In Him Who cannot die.

The Heavenly Fatherland.

The Rhythm of Bernard of Clugny.

HERE we have many fears, this is the vale of tears, the land of ſorrow:
Tears are there none at all in that Celeſtial hall, on life's bright morrow.

Oh, for the Joys in ſtore; but one ſhort moment more, then Life for ever:
Oh, for the Joys in ſtore, at the glad Heavenly door of the Life-giver.

What is the Prize? for whom?—Heaven for the ſons of doom; Life for the winner;
Bliſs for the nothing-worth; Gold for the droſs of earth; GOD for the ſinner.

Loud ſounds the battle-cry; whence comes the victory ſeek you to gueſs?—Hence,
Full-ſtreamed, without alloy, flows everlaſting Joy from His bright Preſence.

Hope here we live upon; here we ſee Babylon
Sion invading.
Now grief is all our lot; then Joys which wither
not—garlands unfading.

* * * *

O Sion bright with gold, flowing with milk thy
fold, City of gladneſs,
Tongue cannot tell thy bliſs, heart ſinks oppreſt
with this, even to ſadneſs.

I cannot ſtrain my ſight to that intenſe delight,
nor tell the ſtory,
What throbs of ardent love thrill through the
courts above, how vaſt their glory.

My ears may ſtrain to hear, they cannot reach the
ſphere, for full before it
Beams of ſurpaſſing light fall on my dazzled ſight;
mute I adore it.

For Sion's halls along echoes the voice of ſong:
there the Departed,
Freſh from the deadly fight, throng round the
LORD of Light, jubilant-hearted.

There is eternal Reſt; there after toil the Bleſt
ceaſe from life's fever:
There in Heaven's banquet-hall ſounds the high
feſtival of the Receiver:

There round the LORD of Might, veſted in gar-
ments white, on that bright morrow

Muſters their vaſt array; tears have all fled away;
vaniſhed all ſorrow.

For Sion's courts within Death may not tread,
nor ſin, nor guilt's endeavour;
Thus without fault are they; peaceful, without
diſmay; at reſt for ever.

* * * *

O Sion glorious, City victorious, tower of Salvation,
Thee I ſeek and deſire; to thee I aye aſpire in
contemplation.

Good works I offer none; I have no pardon won
by my own merit;
Firſtborn of wrath am I; ſold to iniquity, body
and Spirit.

I can bring nought at all, bondſman of ſin and
thrall, ſcarred in each feature,
In life and Soul I faint, under the poiſon-taint of
my loſt nature.

Yet day and night I cry—FATHER, Thy Help is
nigh when we beſeech it;
I ſee the Prize above, ſtretch forth Thy Hand of
Love, aid us to reach it.

Thou to life call'ſt us forth out of the duſt of
earth; Thine own Ablution,
When we were born in ſin, waſhed our Souls clean
within from all pollution.

Thine is the Salve ordained for thoſe whom guilt
has ſtained, who by compunction
Claim what no Soul can claim, unpurged by grief
and ſhame—the Heavenly Unction.

From David's fount apace flows the pure ſtream
of Grace ever deſcending,
Through it ſin's leproſy ſoon fades and dies away,
and has its ending.

O Grace of God, on high I ſee beyond the ſky;
the clouds are riven:
As through a glaſs I ſee, dimly and miſtily, the
gates of Heaven.

O Sion, bright with gold, dear home of Joys untold,
in God's Light burning;
I ſtretch my arms—my Soul; ſhall I e'er reach
the goal of all my yearning?

O bleſſed Fatherland, I ſee the happy Band—the
miſts grow lighter—
I ſee the light of day round their fair garlands play
brighter and brighter.

O bleſſed Fatherland, ſay ſhall I ever ſtand where
I can ſhare thee?
Say but—'The time ſhall come when to this happy
Home Angels ſhall bear thee.'

Is it a trance, a dream? Oh, do theſe things but
ſeem? Is it a viſion?

Let me but graſp it fair! No: 'twill not melt in
air, in vain deriſion.

O my duſt, triumph thou! GOD is thy Portion
now—thine now and ever!
O my duſt, triumph thou! GOD is thy Portion
now—thine now and ever!

Omnes Gentes plaudite.

A Hymn for the Aſcenſion.

HUMAN-KIND, your voices raiſe
In loud and ſweet accord,
And tune each feſtal Choir to praiſe
The Triumph of the LORD;
And let the joyous trumpet tell
How He returns to-day,
Leading the captive ſpoils of Hell
On His victorious way.

Ah, Bliſs of GOD! to note how fair,
How glorious, and how bright,
The Divine Shoot of the ancient Root
Is burſting into light:
Above the thrones of the mortal ones,
And Powers that dwell on high,
The growth to which earth to-day gives birth
Is lifted to the ſky.

Within a veil which can never fail
Has our better Moſes paſſed:
And a great amaze draws the wondering gaze
Of His People firſt and laſt;
With uplifted eyes, in that dread ſurpriſe,
Stand the Galilean men,
Watching the Cloud which muſt cover the crowd
And hide Him from their ken.

When away from earth Elias broke
In his chariot of flame,
A twofold Spirit with the Prophet's cloak
Upon Eliſha came:
But when our LORD with His lingering Feet
Did the upward pathway trace,
He ſent to His Own, in the PARACLETE,
A univerſal Grace.

O'er Jordan muſt our Iſrael go,
The ſtream that He muſt quaff,
Burdened with His prevailing Love,
The Croſs His only ſtaff;
With a twofold Band He is now at hand,
With the treaſures of all time,
With the unincarnate Spirits and
The Souls that ſhall reign ſublime.

This is the Conqueror true and brave
Who in Glory ſweeps afar,
Who from the portals of the grave
Did rive every bolt and bar:

Over all Virtues Sovereign King,
Whoſe mighty Will and Sway
The world, and every living thing,
In Heaven and earth obey.

To ſhare His own eternal Throne
The FATHER calls the SON,
Till every foe is overthrown
And willing hearts are won:
In the Heaven of Heavens He ſits in Bliſs;
But He comes again in the end
To judge, by a Power that is only His,
The foe alike and the friend.

LORD of all Retribution, come!
But let Thy Mercy reign
Till we learn by Grace to win our place
And look on Thee again:
Oh, in that final future morn
Let Thy Pity fill our ears;
And let us be unto Glory born
For the everlaſting years.

Bei ſtiller nacht.

A Hymn on the Paſſion of Chriſt.

WITHIN a Garden's bound,
Where ſtill Night reigned around,
A mournful Cry of bitter anguiſh
wailed;

There, hid from mortal gaze,
ONE knelt in deep amaze,
A Heart oppreſſed beneath its burthen quailed.

That ONE, in travail ſore,
Was our Dear LORD, Who bore
Our ſins' great burthen that on Him was laid;
While none could bring relief
To that exceeding Grief,
The Grief that made His Human Soul afraid.

But lo! from thoſe hot Veins,
Forced out by Mental pains,
Great drops of Blood adown the verdure fall;
Such whelming fears aſſail,
That heart and courage fail,
As firſt eſſays of ſin's ſtrange load appal.

No other gaze but His
Could fathom that abyſs,
Whoſe loweſt depths to Him ſtood all revealed;
The ſins of Adam's race,
Againſt GOD's Love and Grace,
His Thought embraced them all as thus He kneeled.

Ungodly counſels then,
And deeds of evil men,
All ſins of each degree, of every kind,
Not as to human eyes,
But in their helliſh guiſe
Were then all bared to His omniſcient Mind.

The ponderous weight of all,
From Adam's grievous fall,
Till earth's Laſt Day and ſolemn Reckoning Time,
Of all GOD's Books record,
The Curſe, the due reward,
The iniquity of all now laid on Him!

That high-filled Cup of Woes
His preſcient Mind foreknows,
From firſt approach of Judas' torch-led hoſt;
That falſe Diſciple's kiſs,
And all that followed this,
Till on the Croſs He yielded up the Ghoſt.

Each furrowed, bleeding gaſh
From cruel ſcourge's laſh,
And ſharpeſt pricks of that mock thorny Crown;
The inſults, blows, and ſcorn
That muſt be meekly borne,
Theſe weigh the SON of Man's ſad Spirit down.

He ſees with Viſion clear,
(And ſhrinks with human fear)
The Croſs with Curſe o'erlaid and angry Doom;
The hours of racking pain
He muſt, nailed there, ſuſtain
While lingering death Life's marrow ſhall conſume.

Maker and LORD of all!
Behold Him proſtrate fall,
And humbly kneel in ſilent anguiſh there;

Till, with an inward groan,
Towards the Heavenly Throne,
With earneſt pleading He directs His Prayer.

FATHER, to Thee I pray,
O take this Cup away:
Thou haſt all Power to do Thy Will Divine;
Remove, if it may be,
This Cup away from me:
Yet, FATHER, not My Will be done, but Thine.

Thus thrice our Suffering LORD,
With proſtrate Form, implored
That even then that Hour might paſs away;
Until from Heaven at length
An Angel brought Him ſtrength,
And healing balm His troubled Soul to ſtay.

O well for us indeed,
He took, as was decreed,
And drained the Cup His Heavenly FATHER gave;
And therefore Songs of praiſe
We ranſomed ſinners raiſe
To Him Who meekly died our Souls to ſave.

Sonnets.

The Love of God: from S. Auguſtine.

I.

WHAT love I, when I love Thee, O my GOD?
Not corporal beauty, nor the limb of ſnow,
Nor of loved light the white and pleaſant flow,
Nor Manna ſhowers, nor ſtrains that ſtream abroad,
Nor flowers of Heaven, nor ſmall ſtars of the ſod.
Not theſe, my GOD! I love, who love Thee ſo.
Yet love I Something ſweeter than I know,
A certain Light on a more golden road,
A Somewhat not of Manna, nor the hive,
A Beauty not of ſummer or the ſpring,
A Scent, a Muſic, and a Bloſſoming,
Eternal, Timeleſs, Placeleſs, without Gyve,
Fair, Fadeleſs, Undiminiſhed, never dim,—
This, This is what I love, in loving Him.

II.

This, This is what I love, and what is This?
I aſked the beautiful Earth who ſaid, 'Not I;'
I aſked the Depths, and the immaculate Sky,
And all the Spaces ſaid, 'Not He, but His.'
And ſo like One who ſcales a precipice,
Height after height, I ſcaled the flaming wall
Of the great Univerſe; yea, paſſed o'er all
The world of thought, which ſo much higher is.

Then I exclaimed—To whom is mute all murmur
Of phantaſy, of nature, and of art,
He, than articulate language hears a firmer
And grander meaning in his own deep heart,
No ſound from cloud or Angel. Oh, to win
That voiceleſs Voice, 'My Servant, enter in!'

In My Father's Houſe are many Manſions.

THE ſtars are out in their eternal youth,
That ſuch a wealth of fancies nightly yield,
The golden corndrops call them of a field
Where the moon glideth like the gleaner Ruth;
And ſome look on their company in ſooth
For poeſy, ſome for love of loving eyes,
Who ſee the ſame things in the ſame blue ſkies;
And ſome in ſearch of Hope and ſome of Truth.
I have my ſtarry thought: the Twelve are up,
The door is opened, and they linger yet:
CHRIST's Wine is in the Euchariſtic Cup;
CHRIST's Chalice waiteth Him in Olivet;
While He, His Eye on the ſtar-ſown expanſions,
Saith—'In My FATHER's Houſe are many Manſions.'

God is a Sun and Shield.

GOD is a Sun and Shield: why both, or either?
Why? peradventure that thoſe ſtrains ſoul-drawn,
Thoſe ſongs of gold, of lilies, and the dawn,

Cluſter their myſtic epithets together,
As boughs do bloſſoms in the ſunny weather,
A waſte of beauty meaningleſſly fair?
Not ſo. I deem there is a purpoſe there
And both the words are true, and loſt is neither:
And one Divinely ſilvers o'er the pſalm,
And one awakens ſome far battle boom.
The Shield is for the land that knows no calm;
The Sun for that blue country o'er the tomb:
This for GOD's Garden is, that for His Fray;
The Sun for Home, the Shield is for the Way.

Verſes.

In the Beginning was the Word.

ETERNAL WORD! GOD's True and Only SON,
Maker, and Lord, and Heir, and Judge of all;
Firſt-born of every creature; Holy ONE!
We praiſe Thy Name, and on Thy Name we call.

JEHOVAH dwells from everlaſting years
In ſilence and in ſolitude concealed;
And yet from Everlaſting He appears
In Thee to all His Univerſe revealed.

And life and love and truth and joy and might,
And all the Creature lieth incomplete,

Some darkneſs lingering in their pureſt light—
Only in Thee doth all their fulneſs meet.

Nothing ſo dark as the pure Light of GOD;
Nothing ſo far from us and ſtrange and high;
Nothing ſo weary as the grievous load
The burdened Creature bears until he die.

But in the SON of Love and Sacrifice
Nothing ſo near and clear as GOD appears;
And lightly on the heart the burden lies
Of all our imperfections and our fears.

True SON of GOD, our Sonſhip is in Thee;
True Light of GOD, our Wiſdom too Thou art;
O LAMB from earth's foundation ſlain for me,
Thou bringeſt Life and Peace into my heart.

Ever in Thee the FATHER is revealed,
Ever in Thee all things are reconciled,
Ever in Thee our ſins and wounds are healed,
Glory to Thee, the Pure and Undefiled.

I have finiſhed the Work Thou gaveſt Me to do.

NO work of Man was e'er complete before,
With ſinleſs, faultleſs, holy beauty graced;
But when his taſk was ended, evermore
The faithful Servant ſadly muſt deplore
It was a fair ſhortcoming at the beſt.

Never did Limner paint up to his thought;
Nor Sculptor chiſel in the marble white

The viſioned model after which he wrought;
Never was Song from ſweet melodious throat
The perfect utterance of the Soul's delight;

Never did Hero wholly yet achieve
The feats of glory which he had deſigned;
Nor thoughtful Sage the abſolute pattern weave
Of GOD's great Univerſe, which he might leave
A wonder and a faith to all mankind.

Still our beſt work is only partly done,
And grows from man to man, from age to age,
Some failure lurks in every triumph won;
Others will mend whate'er we have begun,
And blot ſome matter from our faireſt page.

One only Life there is without a ſtain,
Accompliſhing the FATHER's perfect Will;
With higheſt aim—and never aimed in vain,
Attempting nought which muſt be tried again,
But all the Thought of GOD it did fulfil.

Perfect the ſinleſs Beauty of His Ways;
Perfect the Wiſdom of His faithful Love;
Perfect the Truſt that walked with GOD always;
Perfect in Suffering; perfect in the Praiſe
Which ſtill like incenſe roſe to Heaven above.

O fairer Thou than ſons of men; and yet
Not terrible Thy Beauty! In ſweet accord
All tender Graces in Thy Being met;
And of their fulneſs all Thy People get
Still growing to the Fulneſs of their LORD.

Behold! thy King cometh.

LO! He cometh, meek and lowly,
Strew the palm-branch on His road,
Son of David, Pure and Holy,
King of Zion! Christ of God!

He hath healed our ſore diſeaſes,
Purged the eyeballs of the blind,
And the dumb have ſung to Jesus,
Vexed with demons in their mind.

And He ſpake, as never mortal
Spake before, with Truth and Grace,
Words which are the glorious portal
Into Wiſdom's holy Place.

Lo! He comes, grand Foot-prints leaving
All along the path He trod—
Each a Miracle, and giving
Token of a Preſent God.

Goſpel to the poor He preacheth,
Will not break the bruiſèd reed,
And with holy Power He teacheth—
Is not this the Christ indeed?

He will heal us and enlighten,
He will teach us Wiſdom's ways,
He will calm the ſtorms that frighten,
He will give us ſongs of praiſe.

Lift the high Gates everlaſting,
O ye Doors, be opened wide,
CHRIST, the LORD, to us is haſting,
In our hearts He would abide.

God forbid that I ſhould glory, ſave in the Croſs of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt.

CROSS of ſhame! our boaſt and glory,
Darkeſt, brighteſt ſcene in ſtory:
Through hatred felleſt, love the pureſt,
Beſt of Bleſſings thou ſecureſt.

Strange, myſterious contradiction!
Death of ſin in Crucifixion
Of the Sinleſs! and Salvation
In the Juſt ONE's condemnation!

Joy expreſſed from Love's heart-bleeding!
Peace and reſt from wrath proceeding!
Out of gloom the true Light ſpringing,
And from the Tomb the new Life bringing!

His Croſs from ſhame all ſhame hath taken,
His Croſs from wrath doth Hope awaken,
His Croſs the power of Death hath broken;
O Croſs, of Love divineſt token!

Is there no Balm in Gilead?

S there no Balm in Gilead then, is there
no Healer nigh?
No freſhening Spring to cheer the waſte
ſo deſolate and dry?
Hath Hope's dear viſion vaniſhèd for ever from
thy ſight,
And darkneſs fallen around thee, the very gloom
of night?
And ſeems thy Soul forſaken, her every Bleſſing
flown,
No ſoothing for her ſorrow, and nowhere to make
her moan?
Yet, ſtay: the Croſs thou beareſt thus hath firſt
been borne for thee;
JESUS Himſelf did hang thereon, thy Life and
Cure to be.

For thine own eaſe He bare it all, the Scourge
and piercing Thorn,
The Nailing and the Bruiſing, the Denial, Shame,
and Scorn,
Darkneſs and Deſolation deep, and Pangs beyond
thy thought,
And all for thy Soul's healing theſe ſad Agonies
were wrought.
Upon His Croſs He yearned for thee, for thee
His Heart-ſtrings brake;

Himself of all forsaken, He could not thee forsake.
Then ever more, when chastenings sore thine inmost spirit wring,
Say—My Beloved is crucified, and I to Him will cling.

How shall I sing thy holy Love, dear Passion of my LORD?
Or how thy mystic Virtue shall I worthily record?
Thou art the Spring of all our hope, the Balsam of our woes,
The Solace of our yearnings, and the Bower of our repose:
True Paradise of all delights, since joy of grief is born;
For as the flowers but close at night to ope more fresh with morn,
So He Who wept and bled for us, and bowed in earthly gloom,
Now makes those Sorrows our bright Bliss, those Wounds our joyous Home.

Here is a Covert from the storm when winds and waves arise,
A Shadow in the scorching noon, a Light in starless skies,
A Staff upon the rugged road, a Shield when foes assail,
A Charm Divine against Whose Might no evil can prevail;

For where the Croſs of JESUS is, is Peace, and there alone;
And 'neath that Banner of His Love He gathereth His Own:
And thou who wilt be JESUS', muſt not grudge thy portion ſmall
In His own bitter Chalice, Who once for thee drained it all.

Thou know'ſt He went not up to Joy, but firſt He ſuffered Pain,
And all the ſelfſame Path muſt tread, who that His Bliſs would gain:
Is aught too weariſome or hard for JESUS' ſake to bear?
While He is crowned with Thorns, wilt thou a crown of roſes wear?
Lo! this good Croſs He offers thee, it is thy very Life;
Anoint with holy Unction, it will aid thee in the ſtrife;
'Tis hallowed by thy SAVIOUR'S Touch, Who hung on it for thee,
And Love's ſweet might ſhall make it light, and win the victory.

Draw near, thou reft and drooping Heart, draw near, and lift thy gaze
To Him Who yearns with outſtretched Arms thee from thy grief to raiſe:

Draw near, and clinging close beneath thy
SAVIOUR's Bleeding Heart,
Tell o'er each throb of that deep Woe in which
thou hast a part;
Tell o'er each Drop of dear Life-Blood which
ebbs for thee so fast,
And all thy weary heart-aching upon that true
Love cast:
In JESUS' Cross and Passion is the Medicine of
thy Soul,
Yea, there is Balm in Gilead, and a Healer to
make whole.

Commendation of a Christian Soul.

NTO Thy Hands, O LORD,
This precious Soul we give,
A jewel, 'mid Thy glistening Hoard
Of quickened stones to live;
Now let Thy mild Fraternal Eyes
Our darling deign to recognize,
A work of Thy creative Mould,
A Sheep of Thine Apostles' Fold,
A Sinner from the fiery flood
Redeemed by Thine own Flesh and Blood.

Receive, with Arms outspread,
A Prize that cost Thee dear!
'Tis Easter round this dying bed
When our true Life draws near!

The thought of Thy forsaken Tomb
With brightness cheers this awful gloom;
The stifling, sickening airs of death
Are freshened by Thine odorous Breath;
And Hades' gates are glorified
At sight of Him that lives, and died.

Out of this world of tears,
O Christian Soul, depart!
Farewell to pain and grief and fears,
And wants that rend the heart!
Go thou where these can come no more,
Within the Cherub-guarded door,
Nor dread to change a world like this
For quiet deepening into Bliss,
For Eden's dwellings calm and fair—
Pass forth and take thy portion there!

Out of this world of sin,
O Christian Soul, depart!
The Stainless call thee; pass thou in,
Full-pardoned as thou art!
O Crown of joys! no more to stray,
No more to take thy own wild way,
No more thy dearest Friend to leave,
No more His Loving Spirit grieve,
What promise sweet or boon secure
Can match those Words—'I make thee pure?'

Now let the Lord arise
And put thy foes to flight!

Let all the immortal Panoplies
Array thee in their might!
Fenced round about by holieſt things,
From Satan ſcreened by Angel-wings,
To GOD Who made thee, GOD Who bought,
And GOD Whoſe Grace thy cleanſing wrought,
That Hell no part in thee ſhould claim—
Go forth, ſweet Soul, in JESUS' Name!

The Epiphany.

EYOND the barren Mountain-range
Where Hor lifts up its ſacred head,
And buried lies in myſtery ſtrange,
As years work out their ſilent change,
The City of the dead.

Where proud Euphrates day by day
Winds through the plain, or ſleeping lies,
The watching Magi nightly pray,
And ſeek the future's hidden way
From planet-lighted ſkies.

Through the unclouded midnight air
On vaſt Infinity's dark page,
With deepeſt ſkill and conſtant care,
They read the golden letters there
That wax not old with age.

Lo! as they gaze with deep intent,
A Star more brilliant than the reſt,
The Herald of ſome great Event,
Moves through the gilded firmament
Onward towards the weſt.

Then came the ſound Tradition brought
From Peor's top in days of old,
What time the Seer entrancèd caught
Prophetic Power, and Spirit-taught
The future did unfold.

A Sceptre ſhall from Iſrael riſe,
A Star from Jacob doubly bleſt,
And now before their wondering eyes
The brilliant Meteor walks the ſkies
Still onward toward the weſt.

Where'er it leads, that fiery Light
Unhidden by the blaze of day,
And marking with intenſer might
The darkneſs of the deeper night,
They follow on the way,

With morning's bluſh, when ſunſets fade,
On over rock and ſteep and wild,
By Palm and Cedar tree and ſhade,
Till in the homely Manger laid
They find the Royal Child.

Intruding doubts away they fling,
  Unheeding the unwonted ſtir,
They from their coſtly treaſures bring
Free Offerings for the Infant King,
    Gold, Frankincenſe and Myrrh.

Gold ſhadows forth His Royalty,
  While Frankincenſe His Prieſthood ſhows,
And Myrrh that He ſhall buried be—
And ſo the wondrous Myſtery
    With deeper meaning grows.

Oh! for ſome Heavenly Light enſhrined
  In GOD's dark Ways, or holy Word
To break upon each erring mind
With Spirit power, that all might find
    The SAVIOUR, CHRIST, the LORD.

Till walking in a living way
  To holier purpoſe we ariſe,
And on His Altar day by day
Our thoughts and beſt affections lay,
    A willing Sacrifice.

Meditation of a Faithful Soul: from the Latin.

Of Contempt of the World.

HEN I ſee with heartfelt pain
All this world defiled remain,
All this world but makes my heart
With concern and anguiſh ſmart.

When the Spirit pure and fair
Thinks how vain is earthly care,
For its ſafety it will ſigh
And from worldly care will fly.

When the mind ſerene and pure
Finds no worldly things ſecure,
Leſt with them the mind ſhould fall,
Carefully it flies from all.

When in earneſt thought I find
Worldly hope ſo falſe and blind,
To a firmer hope I turn,
Earthly hope I ſcorn to learn.

Worldly care when I regard,
How depraved it is, how hard!
Him who owns its power I find
Callous both in heart and mind.

When the world's applauſe I meet,
Think of all its vain deceit,
Fraud and worldly praiſe and fame
Ear and heart will deem the ſame.

When I think of this world's fruit,
Grief and woe in each purſuit,
All its fruit is but a curſe,
Nothing than the world is worſe.

When the world's gay flowers are ſpread,
And I think what ſcent they ſhed,
In them ſo much grief I ſee,
Perfumes none they yield to me.

When I think of life's ſhort days,
And their vain and giddy ways,
Light grows weighty then and ſtrong,
And the ſhort is found full long.

Of the Fear of Death.

WHEN I dwell on Death's dread day,
Calling me from life away,
With deep fear am I poſſeſſed,
Then my Soul can take no reſt.

When I think I am but duſt,
And that quickly die I muſt,
Then with anxious fear poſſeſſed
Cold as aſhes turns my breaſt.

When I think, condemned to die,
What will be my deſtiny,
Well may I be filled with fear,
Unprepared to view it near.

How I dread that wrathful Day,
Day of terror and diſmay,
Day of anguiſh, grief and woe,
Vengeful Day on ſin below.

Of the Coming of the Judge.

NOW I tremble, filled with fear,
As the future Judge draws near;
All ſhall be laid open, plain,
Nought ſhall unavenged remain.

Who amongſt us ſhall not fear,
When he ſees that Judge appear,
And before Him raging Fire,
Scathing ſinners in His Ire?

From the Heavens He comes to view,
Judge and Witneſs, faithful, true;
Nor ſhall He, approaching near,
Hold His Peace, nor pauſe, nor fear:

Juſtly judge, nor will He ſpare,
Favour none may hope to ſhare,
Not with gold can He be bought,
Nor by prayer may then be ſought.

He ſhall judge the Nations round,
He ſhall ſave men guiltleſs found;
But the ſtrong ſhall feel His Power,
Slaves to riches dread that hour.

All who pleaſure ſought and proved,
Then ſhall curſe thoſe joys they loved;
All who worldly lived and vain
Shall with Souls condemned remain.

What ſhall then the ſinful do?
What ſhall then ſelf-love purſue?
O what works ſhall then avail
When all power to work ſhall fail?

Then ſhall hidden deeds appear,
All paſt works be plain and clear,
All ſhall tremble, high and low,
Till their final doom they know.

Then will ſorrow come too late
To avert the ſinner's fate,
And to weep for ſins and wail
Then will prove of no avail.

Of the Sinner's Puniſhment.

HOW dreadful when that Word
On the Left 'Depart' is heard,
While the great King on the Right
Shall with 'Come' the Juſt invite.

Then ſhall every hope be paſt,
And 'to-morrow' end at laſt;
Each to torments doomed to go,
No releaſe ſhall ever know.

Burnt in Flames, yet not conſumed,
Food for worms and reptiles doomed,
He in pain ſhall writhe and turn
Who Salvation would not earn.

O what foul Tormentors then
Tear and torture ſinful men,
And unſparing Demons dire
Sins avenge in endleſs Fire.

O how ſad, that then too late
Sinners moan their hopeleſs fate,
None can then their anguiſh heal,
When Hell's quenchleſs Flames they feel.

* * *

O Thou great Celeſtial King!
Grace and ſuccour to us bring,
From theſe tortures ſave us free,
May we ever reſt in Thee.

Of the Joy of the Bleſſed.

WHEN I think what ſhall befall
After death the Virtuous all,
And how firm will ſtand the Juſt,
Greatly I rejoice and truſt.

For the Day is near when thoſe
Juſt and Good ſhall find repoſe,
When their perſecutors ceaſe
And the Patient reign in peace.

O that Day of Life and Light,
Day of unheard Glory bright,
When grim Death itſelf ſhall die,
And the diſmal night ſhall fly.

Lo! the great, long wiſhed for King
Now Salvation haſtes to bring,
Now will at the juſt One's prayer
Heavenly Bliſs for him prepare.

Heavenly King, He haſtens now;
At His Coming all muſt bow,
Judge and Witneſs, great and free,
He Whom every eye ſhall ſee.

He will come and not delay,
And His Glory will diſplay,
To reward the ſuffering Juſt,
Who in Him have placed their truſt.

O how happy! O how ſweet!
When thoſe Souls ſhall Jesus meet,
Whom in life they truly loved,
And His faithful Servants proved.

Then with gracious Look and Word,
Speaking, Jesus ſhall be heard;

Thus His Love ſhall utterance find
In the ſight of all mankind—

You who have your Faith maintained,
And with Me have firm remained,
You who bore for Me and fought,
See the good you long have ſought.

See the Kingdom promiſed you,
Though concealed till now from view;
Behold, poſſeſs, and reign ſecure,
Ever ſhall your Joy endure.

Then the Juſt ſhall in amaze
Speak with holy joy and praiſe,
And reply exultingly,
Praiſing what they wondering ſee—

To our God be thanks and praiſe!
What we hoped for all our days,
Now we ſee and now poſſeſs;
Christ our Lord we praiſe and bleſs!

O how ſweet, how bleſt our fate,
Throughout life the world to hate;
Sad and bitter would it prove
If the world had gained our love.

Happy thoſe who mourned and wept,
And their Souls in patience kept,
Thoſe to whom the world gave pain
Now in endleſs Bliſs ſhall reign.

There shall dwell no grief, nor fear;
None shall ever shed a tear;
Nor shall want; nor age, nor care,
Nor defect be ever there.

There shall reign eternal Peace,
Holy Joy shall never cease,
There shall be the flower of youth,
There Salvation's crown and truth.

None the Rapture can conceive,
Nor the perfect Joy believe
In Heaven's Glory to remain,
And with Angels ever reign.

* * *

To that Realm Thy Children call,
O Thou righteous Judge of all;
Thee we seek, on Thee rely,
Thee implore with frequent cry.

The Child-Christ on the Cross: an Anticipation of Calvary.

HIS Face is flushed with Boyhood's glow,
His earnest Eyes are raised to Heaven,
No thorn has scarred that bloodless Brow,
Nor Hands nor Feet by nails are riven.

They have not bared His Limbs in ſcorn,
Nor ſtripped Him of His ſeamleſs Veſt;
No ſcourge His Virgin Fleſh has torn,
No ſoldier's ſpear has gaſhed His Breaſt.

No crowds preſs round with ribald cry
To mock the Helpleſs SAVIOUR's woes;
Why bides He there ſo patiently?
Why hangs the CHILD-CHRIST on the Croſs?

Not yet are poured the bitter Tears,
The Blood to ſave a world undone,
And of thoſe three and thirty years
Scarce the firſt twelve their courſe have run.

Oh why that Self-made Croſs embrace?
Why antedate the coming ſtrife?
Why blend with Boyhood's dawning grace
Dread ſhadows of a tortured Life?

The Chalice ſteeped in this world's ſin,
The Sweat of dark Gethſemane,
The burning Thirſt our Souls to win,
The Baptiſm of the bleeding Tree;

The Traitor in the midnight gloom,
The guilty Herod's murderous fears,
The ſhout that hails the unrighteous doom
Creep onward with the creeping years;

They come, they come, my SAVIOUR LORD,
The ſnares around Thy path are ſet,

The foeman's darts againſt Thee ſtored,
They come, but oh, they come not yet.

Not yet in pride, or hate, or ſcorn
A tyrant world has riſen to ſlay;
Oh, wherefore ſhroud Life's early morn
In ſtorms that wrap the ſetting day?

Victim of Love, in Manhood's prime
Thou will aſcend the Croſs to die;
Why hangs the CHILD before His time
Stretched on that Bed of agony?

* * *

No thorn-wreath crowns My Boyiſh Brow,
No ſcourge has dealt its cruel ſmart,
In Hands and Feet no nail-prints ſhow,
No ſpear is planted in My Heart.

They have not ſet Me for a Sign
Hung bare beneath the ſunleſs ſky,
Nor mixed the draught of gall and wine
To mock My dying Agony.

The livelong night, the livelong day,
My Child, I travail for thy good,
And for thy ſake I hang alway
Self-crucified upon the Rood.

To witneſs to the living Truth,
To keep thee pure from ſin's alloy,
I cloud the ſunſhine of My Youth:
The MAN muſt ſuffer in the BOY.

Viſions of unrepented ſin,
The forfeit crown, the eternal loſs,
Lie deep My ſorrowing Soul within,
And nail My Body to the Croſs.

The livelong night, the livelong day,
A CHILD upon that Croſs I reſt;
All night I for My Children pray,
All day I woo them to My Breaſt.

Long years of toil and pain are Mine
Ere I be lifted up to die,
Where cold the Paſchal moonbeams ſhine
At noon on darkened Calvary.

The thorn-wreath then will pierce My Brow,
The nails will fix Me to the Tree;
But I ſhall hang, as I do now,
Self-crucified for Love of thee.

The Signals of Levi.

Signal the Firſt.

HERE is light on Hebron now,
Hark to the trumpet-din!
Day dawns on Hebron's brow,
Let the Sacrifice begin!

Hear ye the gathering ſound?
How the lute and harp rejoice,
'Mid the war of Oxen bound,
And the Lamb's beſeeching voice!

This day both the Prince and Prieſt
Will hold, at Salem's ſhrine,
A high and a haughty Feaſt
Of Flèſh and the ruddy Wine.

For a perilous hour is fled,
And the fear is vain at laſt,
Though foretold by Sages dead,
And ſworn by the Prophets paſt.

They ſaid that a mortal Birth
Even now would a Name unfold
That ſhould rule the wide wide earth,
And quench the Thrones of old.

But no ſound, nor voice, nor word,
The tale of travail brings;
Not an infant-cry is heard
In the Palaces of Kings.

Bloſſom and Branch are bare
On Jeſſe's ſtately Stem;
So they bid ſwart Edom wear
Fallen Iſrael's diadem

How they throng the cloiſtered ground!
'Mid Judah's ſhame and ſin;
Hark to the trumpet ſound,
Let the Sacrifice begin!

Signal the Second.

THERE is light on Hebron's towers!
Day dawns o'er Jordan's ſtream,
And it floats where Bethlehem's bowers
Of the bleſſed morning dream.

Yet it wakes no kingly halls,
It cleaves no purpled room,
The ſoft calm radiance falls
On a cavern's vaulted gloom

But there, where the Oxen reſt
When the weary day is done,
How that Maiden-Mother's Breaſt
Thrills with her Awful SON!

A Cave! where the Fatlings roam,
By the ruddy Heifer trod,
Yea, the Mountain's rifted home
Is the Birth-place of a GOD!

This is He! the myſtic Birth
By the Sign and Voice foretold;
He ſhall rule the wide wide earth
And quench the Thrones of old!

The CHILD of Judah's line,
The Son of Abraham's fame,
Ariſe, ye Lands! and ſhine
With the Bleſſed JESUS' Name.

This is the glorious dawn;
So fades the night of ſin;
Lo! the gloom of Death is gone,
Let the Sacrifice begin!

Signal the Third.

HO! Watchman, what of the night?
Tell! Chriſtian Soldier, tell!
Are Hebron's towers in ſight?
Haſt thou watched and warded well?

Yea, we have paced the wall
Till the Day-ſtar's glimmering birth,
And we breathed our trumpet-call
When the ſunlight walked the earth.

What ſaweſt thou with the dawn?
Say! Chriſtian Warder, ſay!
When the miſts of night were gone,
And the hills grew ſoft with day?

We beheld the morning ſwell
Bright o'er the eaſtern Sea,
Till the ruſhing ſunbeams fell
Where the weſtward Waters be!

City and bulwark lay
Rich with the orient blaze;
And rocks, at the touch of day,
Gave out a ſound of praiſe!

No hill remained in cloud,
  There lurked no darkling glen;
And the Light of God is loud
  Upon every tongue of men!

There ſhall never more be night
  With this eternal Sun!
There be Hebrons many in ſight,
  And the Sacrifice is done!

The Tree of Life.

From an old Latin Poem.

HERE is a ſpot, of men believed to be
  Earth's centre, and the place of Adam's grave,
And here a ſlip that from a barren Tree
  Was cut, Fruit ſweet and ſalutary gave—
Yet not unto the tillers of the land;
That bleſſèd Fruit was culled by other hand.

The ſhape and faſhion of the Tree attend:
  From undivided ſtem at firſt it ſprung;
Thence in two arms its branches did outſend,
  Like ſail-yards whence the flowing ſheet is hung,
Or as a yoke that in the furrow ſtands,
When the tired ſteers are looſened from their bands.

Three days the ſlip from which this Tree ſhould
ſpring
Appeared as dead—then ſuddenly it bore,
(While earth and Heaven ſtood awed and wondering)
Harveſt of vital Fruit; the fortieth more
Beheld it touch Heaven's ſummit with its height,
And ſhroud its ſacred head in clouds of light.

Yet the ſame while it did put forth below
Branches twice ſix, theſe too with fruit endued,
Which ſtretching to all quarters might beſtow
Upon all nations medicine and food,
Which mortal men might eat, and eating be
Sharers henceforth of Immortality.

But when another fifty days were gone,
A Breath Divine, a mighty ſtorm of Heaven
On all the Branches ſwiftly lighted down,
To which a rich nectareous taſte was given,
And all the heavy leaves that on them grew
Diſtilled henceforth a ſweet and Heavenly dew.

Beneath that Tree's great ſhadow on the plain
A Fountain bubbled up, whoſe lymph ſerene
Nothing of earthly mixture might diſtain;
Fountain ſo pure not anywhere was ſeen
In all the world, nor on whoſe marge the earth
Put flowers of ſuch unfading beauty forth.

And thither did all people, young and old,
Matrons and Virgins, rich and poor, a crowd
Stream ever, who, whenas they did behold
Thoſe branches with their golden Burden bowed,
Stretched forth their hands, and eager glances threw
Towàrd the Fruit diſtilling that ſweet dew.

But touch they might not theſe, much leſs allay
Their hunger, howſoe'er they might deſire,
Till the foul tokens of their former way
They had waſhed off, the duſt and ſordid mire,
And cleanſed their bodies in that holy Wave,
Able from every ſpot and ſtain to ſave.

But when within their mouths they had received
Of that immortal Fruit the guſt Divine,
Straight of all ſickneſs were their Souls relieved,
The weak grew ſtrong; and taſks they did decline
As overgreat for them they ſhunned no more,
And things they deemed they could not bear they bore.

But woe, alas! ſome daring to draw near
That ſacred Stream, did preſently retire,
Drew wholly back again, and did not fear
To ſtain themſelves in all their former mire,
That Fruit rejecting from their mouths again,
Not any more their Medicine, but their bane.

Oh bleſſèd they, who not withdrawing ſo,
  Firſt in that Fountain make them pure and fair,
And who from thence unto the Branches go,
  With Power upon the Fruitage hanging there:
Thence by the Branches of the lofty Tree
Aſcend to Heaven—The Tree of Life oh, ſee!

An Ode of Manzoni on the Nativity.

S when from off ſome precipice
  A maſs of rock goes ſounding,
O'er long and ſteep declivity
  From mountain ſummit bounding;
O'er crags and hollows leaping,
A courſe reſiſtleſs keeping,
  It ſtrikes the dale, and ſtays;

And where it ſtopped, immoveable
  Its bulk inert remaineth
Acroſs the lapſe of centuries,
  And never more regaineth
Its former lofty ſtation,
If gracious ordination
  The fallen ſhall not raiſe:

So lay the wretched progeny
  Of man, that by tranſgreſſion
Had braved an Anger Infinite—
  When under that oppreſſion

The nethermoſt of evil
He reached, and from its level
Could rear his neck no more.

Who then among the inheritors
Of maliſon from Heaven
Durſt move the far-off Holy ONE
That they might be forgiven?
Who made new Leagues eternal?
Who forced the Foe infernal
His prizes to reſtore?

Behold! a CHILD is born for us;
A SON to us is granted:
If but His Eyelid quivereth
The hoſts of Hell are daunted:
His Hand to man He tenders,
He raiſes him to ſplendours
Beyond his former lot.

From Palace-courts ethereal
A Fountain is deſcending,
And through the fiſſures briary
Its living ſtream extending:
Trunks are with honey flowing,
And flowers there are blowing
Where life or ſap was not.

O SON, to Whoſe Original
No age an epoch ſetteth,
Eternal, Whom the Eternal ONE
Like unto Him begetteth,

Who art, Whoſe Comprehenſion
Exceeds the world's extenſion,
Whoſe Word the world hath made—

Didſt Thou Thyſelf humiliate
To wear this nature earthy?
What excellence could render it
Of ſo much Bounty worthy?
O Thy deep Counſels grounded
On Mercy, what unbounded
Compaſſion they diſplayed!

This Day He's born: to Ephrathah
That place foretold, the Maiden,
The Glory unto Iſrael,
With Him aſcended laden:
She to the Same doth owe Him,
Who promiſed to beſtow Him
Thence, when He comes on earth.

The Mother incomparable
In Swaddling clothes enlaced Him
Of pooreſt ſort, and tenderly
Within the Manger placed Him:
Then worſhipped, O the greatly
Favoured, That God That lately
From her pure ſelf had birth.

The Meſſenger Angelical,
That had to bear to mortals
Theſe wondrous tidings, halted not
At rich or great men's portals:

But Shepherds world-neglected
And fervent he reſpected;
And ſhowed a ſudden blaze,

In which, around him cluſtering
From all the nighted region,
They ſaw Celeſtial Miniſters,
A flying, flaming Legion,
That in their Heavenly meaſure,
And fired with zeal and pleaſure,
Were heard to ſing God's Praiſe.

Returning to the Firmament
They ceaſed not from their ſinging,
Which through the clouds was iſſuing
Fainter and fainter ringing;
Till higher yet aſcended
The ſacred Hymns, and ended
For thoſe Believers' ears.

Now riſe the watchers fortunate,
And ſeek without delaying
For that abode of poverty,
Which well they find diſplaying
The Truth foretold, where ſwaddled
And in the Manger cradled
The Lord of Heaven appears.

Sleep, Heavenly Babe, ſleep quietly:
No ſtorms ſhall murmur o'er Thee,
That went like Thy Van-cavalry
O'er guilty earth before Thee,

Let ſlumber ſtill poſſeſs Thee,
And waking not diſtreſs Thee,
Nor weeping gall Thine Eye.

Sleep, Heavenly ONE: the multitudes
Have heard not yet Thy Story,
But they ſhall be Thy Heritage
Hereafter and Thy Glory;
And in abode ſo lowly,
And hid in duſt, their holy
Lawgiver ſhall deſcry.

Stanzas.

Thou gaveſt me no Kiſs.

HOU gaveſt me no Kiſs,
JESUS, my Maſter, oft I ſadly thought!
Perchance Thou chooſeſt to be found unſought
And I was ever ſeeking! Yet in this
Methought, I cannot change; and ſhould I miſs
Thee on Thy Way, yet there I will abide
And track Thy Foot-prints to the dark ſtream's ſide.

Thou gaveſt unto me
No Sign! I knew no loving Secret told
As oft to men beloved, and I muſt hold

My peace when theſe would ſpeak of converſe high;
Yet would I, JESUS, Maſter, ſtill be nigh
When theſe would ſpeak, and in the words rejoice
Of them who liſten to the Bridegroom's Voice.

Thou gaveſt unto me
No goodly Gift, no Pearl of price untold,
No Signet ring, no Ruby ſhut in gold,
No Chain about my neck to wear for pride,
For love no Token in my breaſt to hide;
Yea! theſe perchance from out my careleſs hold
Had ſlipped; perchance ſome robber ſhrewd and bold
Had ſnatched them from me! So Thou didſt provide
For me, my Maſter kind, from day to day,
And in this world, Thine Inn, thou badſt me ſtay
And ſaideſt, "What thou ſpendeſt, I will pay."

I never heard Thee ſay,
"Bring forth the Robe for this My Son, the beſt!"
Thou gaveſt not to me as unto gueſt
Approved, a feſtal Mantle rich and gay;
Still ſinging, ever ſinging, in the cold
Thou leaveſt me without Thy Door to ſtay,
And the night draweth on, the Day is old,
And Thou haſt never ſaid, "Come in, My Friend:"
Yet once, yea! twice, methinks, Thy Love did ſend

A ſecret Meſſage, "Bleſſed unto the end
Are they that love and they that ſtill endure:"
JESUS, my SAVIOUR, take to Thee Thy poor,
Take home Thy humble Friend!

Declenſion and Revival.

DIE to thy root, ſweet Flower!
If ſo GOD wills, die even to thy root,
Live there awhile an uncomplaining, mute
Blank life, with darkneſs wrapped about thy head.
Oh, fear not for the ſilence round thee ſpread;
This is no Grave, though thou among the dead
Be counted, but the Hiding-place of Power:
Die to thy root, ſweet Flower!

Spring from thy root, ſweet Flower!
When ſo GOD wills, ſpring even from thy root;
Send through the earth's warm breaſt a quickened ſhoot,
Spread to the ſunſhine, ſpread unto the ſhower,
And lift into the ſunny air thy dower
Of bloom and odour; life is on the plains
And in the woods a ſound of birds and rains
That ſing together; lo! the winter's cold
Is paſt, ſweet ſcents revive, thick buds unfold.
Be thou, too, willing in the Day of Power;
Spring from thy root, ſweet Flower!

Death.

IN Spring the green leaves ſhoot,
In Spring the bloſſoms fall,
With Summer falls the fruit,
The leaves in Autumn fall;
Contented from the bough
They drop; leaves, bloſſoms now
And ripened fruit, the warm earth takes them all.

Thus all things aſk for reſt,
A Home above, a Home beneath the ſod:
The Sun will ſeek the Weſt,
The Bird will ſeek its neſt,
The Heart another Breaſt
Whereon to lean; the Spirit ſeeks its God.

Veſpers.

WHEN I have ſaid my quiet ſay,
When I have ſung my little ſong,
How ſweetly, ſweetly dies the day
The valley and the hill along;
How ſweet the Summons "Come away"
That calls me from the buſy throng!

I thought beſide the water's flow
Awhile to lie beneath the leaves;
I thought in Autumn's harveſt glow
To reſt my head upon the ſheaves;

But, lo! methinks the day was brief
And cloudy; flower, nor fruit, nor leaf
I bring—and yet accepted, free,
And bleſt, my LORD, I come to Thee.

What matter now for promiſe loſt,
Through blaſt of Spring or Summer rains?
What matter now for purpoſe croſſed,
For broken hopes and waſted pains;
What if the Olive little yields,
What if the Grape be blighted? Thine
The Corn upon a thouſand fields,
Upon a thouſand hills the Vine.

Thou loveſt ſtill the Poor; oh, bleſt
In poverty beloved to be!
Leſs lowly is my choice confeſſed,
I love the rich in loving Thee!
My Spirit bare before Thee ſtands;
I bring no gift, I aſk no ſign;
I come to Thee with empty hands
The ſurer to be filled from Thine.

A Legend of S. Peter.

ALL of you ſhall ſoon forſake Me—One
already hath betrayed—
So the LORD addreſſed His loved Ones;
only One an anſwer made.

Simon Peter, ſelf-reliant, yet the ſtrongeſt in the Faith,
Anſwered—Maſter, I go with Thee both to priſon and to death.

Soon, too ſoon, he rued that anſwer! Now, by GOD's great Mercy bleſt,
Clings he cloſer to the SAVIOUR thrice denied, yet thrice confeſſed.

And for Him Who knoweth all things, knows he loves Him, will he keep
Until death that laſt Injunction, CHRIST's Command, to feed His Sheep.

Toils he on with patient labour through the work and wail of years,
But though ſtill in CHRIST rejoicing, ſheds he ſtill repentant tears.

Still whene'er the bird of morning, ere the day break, ſounds his call,
Up S. Peter at the ſummons riſes—kneels to weep his fall.

So, though holieſt aſpirations on life's work our hearts may fix,
Still the tears of deep contrition with the nobleſt aims muſt mix.

Now at length, his miſſion ended, in a priſon he muſt lie,

Where the foes he braved have thrown him, captive, and condemned to die.

But the brave and faithful Servant, eager yet to work for all,
Cannot reſt in patient waiting 'neath that dreary dungeon-wall.

Stealthily he leaves his priſon in the ſilence of the night,
Though no Angel now attends him ſent from Heaven to aid his flight:

Yet the maſſive gates of iron yield unto his trembling hands—
What is this? Can ſight deceive him? CHRIST, his LORD, before him ſtands.

Joy and wonder overwhelming, heart and head before Him bow,
Scarce his lips can form the queſtion—Maſter, whither goeſt Thou?

Falls the hope that erſt had thrilled him, CHRIST with him might there abide—
Peter, I to Rome am wending; there, I muſt be crucified!

Then, as once when at Emmaus in the Breaking of the Bread,
He before His two Diſciples ſpake the Word and vaniſhed,

So e'en now He ſpake to Simon, ſpake, and vaniſhed at the Word,
Leaving him transfixed in wonder at the tidings he had heard.

Ponders he—Though He redeemed us by His Death of ſhame and pain,
Though ſubdued is Death's dominion muſt He ſuffer all again?

No! 'Twas once for all He ſuffered, by His Death to make us free;
But His Followers ſtill may bear Him: He muſt die again in me.

I who late have left my priſon, feared to ſuffer for His Name,
Have I thus again denied Him? Coward ſpirit! bluſh for ſhame.

Have I then in deed belied Him, ſpurned the holy Truth's defence?
Oh, the act of ſinful weakneſs! Satan! Tempter! get thee hence.

Now, O Lord, would I confeſs Thee with no ſelf-confiding breath;
Lord, I love Thee: take me with Thee both to priſon and to death.

Humbled, yet in hope exultant, ſtricken, yet of fear bereft,

Turns he back a willing captive to the dungeon
he had left.

With the iron chain they bind him, bear him
priſoner into Rome:
Ah! they little reck they lead him unto his
eternal Home.

One more Victim ſtands beſide him, fellow-witneſs
to the Faith,
Who, for love of his Dear SAVIOUR, will endure
the pains of death.

Saints of GOD he perſecuted till he heard his
Maſter's Call,
Then with holy Zeal he laboured more abundantly
than all.

Now before the Croſs S. Peter ſtands confeſſing
bold and free,
Speaks the thought that ſeethes within him—Is
this privilege for me?

No! myſelf I will not liken to the LORD Whom
once I ſpurned;
Of His Death I am not worthy; downward let
my head be turned.

Thus he ſuffers—yet, who knoweth what Divine
Support is nigh?
Who ſhall ſay what golden Viſions float before
that cloſing eye?

Who ſhall gueſs what inward rapture ſtays that
ſhort and gaſping breath,
While the pallid brow is moiſtened with the chilly
dews of Death?

Who ſhall doubt, the warfare over, on his Maſter's
Breaſt he lies;
Face to face doth there confeſs Him 'mid the Joys
of Paradiſe!

An Easter Carol.

HEY bound him well in the dungeon
cell,
His father's beſt-loved ſon,
And the iron dole into Joſeph's ſoul
Its bitter way hath won:
But faith and truth have gained him ruth
And looſed the tyrant's chain,
And the exile lone to Egypt's throne
From priſon comes to reign.
The SON of the FATHER, Almighty to ſave,
Was laid for three days in the heart of the grave,
But the fetters which held Him no longer may
bind,
And He reigneth to-day over ranſomed mankind.

He laid him down in Gaza town,
The forceful Nazarite,
And the heathen guard kept watch and ward
To ſlay him at morning-light:

But at midnight he roſe from the midſt of his foes,
No longer would he ſtay,
And to Hebron's hill of his own ſtrong will
He carried their gates away.
The Nazarene Captive Whom Hell had enſnared,
Around Whom the hoſts of the Evil One glared,
Hath gone from among them in conquering ſtate,
And broken in pieces their bars and their gate.

O now His rolling chariot wheels
Lead bound captivity,
And where His Preſence He reveals
His people bow the knee.
He takes to Him a prieſtly Bride,
And He Himſelf is glorified,
And clad in white and gold:
He ſitteth on the royal ſeat,
And all the nations at His Feet
Lay tribute manifold.

The riddle erewhile ſpoken,
May now be read with eaſe,
The ſlaughtered lion's token,
The honey and the bees.
To-day in full completeneſs
The myſtery ſtands good,
Since from the ſtrong comes Sweetneſs,
And from the eater, Food.

Hearken to Him as He comes in His Might,
Monarch of monarchs, victorious in fight:

Speaks He in anger, the ſinner to blame?
Speaks He in ſorrow, the daſtard to ſhame?
With no reproach for blindneſs
He meets His own to-day,
In perfect Loving-kindneſs
Thus only will He ſay—
The winter time away is paſt, the rain is gone and o'er,
The flow'rets bloom again at laſt, the birds are heard once more,
And in our land we liſt afreſh the cooing of the dove,
The figs and vines are green and luſh, O come away, My Love!

Qui procedis ab Utroque.

A Sequence of Adam of S. Victor to the Holy Spirit.

THOU from FATHER, SON, proceeding,
Sanctify our praiſe and pleading,
PARACLETE, enthroned above;
Lips of Inſpiration lend us,
And reſponſive ardours ſend us
To Thine own rich flames of Love.

Hail by FATHER, SON, belovèd!
Equal unto Each, approvèd
Peer of Perfect DEITY;

All things filling, all ſuſtaining,
Warder of the ſtars, and reigning
Moveleſs o'er the moving ſky.

Light the cleareſt, Light the deareſt,
Who our inward darkneſs cheereſt
With Thy cloud-diſſolving Ray:
By Thine Advent men are mended,
Sin departs, her empire ended,
And ſin's ruſt is wiped away.

Knowledge of the Truth Thou ſoweſt;
Thou the road of Juſtice ſhoweſt,
And the pleaſant paths of Peace:
Far from hearts perverſe Thou flieſt,
But, where Goodneſs is, ſupplieſt
Acceſs to Thy Myſteries.

Nothing dark where Thou explaineſt;
Nothing foul where Thou remaineſt;
Thy pervading Preſence bright
Wakes exultant Spirit-voices;
Conſcience feelingly rejoices
In the cleanneſs of Thy Light.

Thou canſt render heart-ſtrings tender,
And expelleſt, where Thou dwelleſt,
Clouds of heavineſs and gloom:
Flaming ever, burning never,
Hallowed fires from pain deliver
Human Souls, where Thou doſt come.

Intellects that erewhile ſlumbered,
With a deadening cruſt encumbered,
Quicken in Thy glorious Light:
Into Speech-divine Thou mouldeſt
Tongues, and lovingly upholdeſt
Hearts made ready for the right.

Help of Souls for ſuccour groaning,
Comforter of mourners moaning,
Refuge of the friendleſs poor,
Teach us to caſt off the leaven
Of this earth: to Thine own Heaven
Every erring love reſtore;
Clear from taint what wrong hath blighted,
Reconcile the diſunited,
Be our ſafeguard evermore!

Thou who once, in viſitation,
Strength and lofty Conſolation
To Thy trembling Church didſt ſend,
Viſit, if it be Thy Pleaſure,
Even us, and in like meaſure
All who at Thine Altars bend.

Equal Majeſty and Power
Stand the everlaſting Dower
Of the GODHEAD—THREE in ONE:
Thou, the Third, art rightly reckoned
Equal with the Firſt and Second;
Ordered ſcale exiſteth none.

Wherefore, in Thy mighty Preſence,
Sharer of the FATHER's Eſſence,
Humbly do Thy Servants ſue:
We to GOD the FATHER ever
And to GOD the SON deliver
And to Thee our praiſes due.

The Advent Antiphons.

O Sapientia.

THOU, the Eſſential WISDOM, Who doſt proceed
Eternal from the Eternal, in the Breaſt
Of the Great FATHER dwelling, ever bleſt,
Firſt Cauſe of all, and Crown of time's laſt deed!
Love's Sovereign purpoſe ſhines in Thee decreed
Through void of ages making manifeſt,
In meaſured Might harmoniouſly expreſſed,
The unſeen Infinite, which does all things lead.
Come! Quickly come! Thy Touch bids WISDOM ſpring,
A ſtream of Grace from Nature's barren rock,
To ſpread rich paſtures for Thy wandering Flock.
Come! Quickly come! enable us to bring
Thanks meet for Heaven, to be accepted there:
Thy WISDOM crowns us, if Thy Grace we ſhare.

O Adonai.

THOU who ever ruleſt Iſrael's Race
With Love ſtill pledged to Abraham's faithful prayer:
In Sinai's buſh, the Flame revealed Thy Care:
Thy Voice gives Light which clouds can ne'er efface.
Thy WORD calls forth a people full of Grace:
Why doubt we Thy Commands? Thy Might we bear,
Called from earth's chains Thy Laws pure robes to wear:
Cleanſed in Thy Name, we claim the children's place.
Come! Quickly come! Through ſin's foul touch we pine:
And diſobedience, wailing o'er her dead,
Finds pleaſures wither whereſo'er ſhe tread.
Come! Quickly come! ſtretch forth the Arm Divine!
In years of grief Obedience didſt Thou learn:
Redeemed Obedience waits for Thy Return.

O Radix Jeſſe.

THOU, the Root of Jeſſe! Many an age
Has trampled down Thy Stock with heedleſs mood!

Yet was God's Truth Thy Guard: and aye, renewed,
Thy Bloom ſhall cheer earth's briar-grown orphanage:
Kings ſhall fall proſtrate and forget their rage,
In ſilence by Thy fragrant Power ſubdued:
Nations ſhall flock to Thy bleſt ſolitude,
And claim in prayer God's promiſed Heritage.
Come! Quickly come! ſpread wide Thy ſheltering Grace!
Meek violets fed with tears are all our wealth:
Love brings Thee all, and ſeeks Thy balmy Health.
Come! Quickly come! Let Hope's impriſoned race
Riſe free and vigorous, taſting Thy ſoft Gale,
And Love's bright form outſhine Time's cloudy veil!

O Clavis David.

THOU That beareſt David's wondrous Key,
The Sceptre of united Iſrael!
No foe ſhall enter where Thy Saints ſhall dwell:
Heaven's gates unfold their bliſs to none but Thee:
Men murmur at Thy Voice, but Thy Decree,
Supreme in Power each ſtubborn heart to quell,
Builds here on earth the Saintly citadel
To ſhine with Thine own Self for ever free.

Come! Quickly come! ſin ſhall be ours no more,
Safe in Thy Sanctity! when ſcorners fly
Shut out in darkneſs, hope and fear ſhall die.
Come! Quickly come! through Thee, Heaven's myſtic door,
For Death's dark exile gain we God's true Light,
For ſpace-bound ſenſe, exiſtence infinite.

O Oriens.

THOU, the central Orb of righteous Love,
Riſing in fulneſs of Eternal Light
On this our wintry world! Thy Radiance bright
Wakes the glad ſhout of Faith! Hope dwells above;
Thy Saints with holy luſtre round Thee move,
Stars of a new Creation, in the height
Of God's ordaining Counſel, as Thy Sight
Gives meaſured Grace to each, Thy Power to prove.
Come! Quickly come! and let Thy Beams diſperſe
The lingering taint of primal ſin's defiling,
With kindling touch, transforming, reconciling.
Come! Quickly come! diſpel fallen manhood's curſe,
Till all our nature feels the eternal ray
In Fellowſhip Divine of ſpotleſs Day

O Rex Gentium.

THOU, the King of Nations, throned ſupreme
On bliſsful height of bounteous Providence,
The Long-deſired, Long-promiſed! Man's offence
Broke off a world from GOD: do Thou redeem!
Now glows Thy Majeſty with nobler beam,
The Corner-ſtone of true Love's triumph, whence
The flaſh of multiform Magnificence
Thrills through the ſhrine of Life with jewelled ſtreams!
Come! Quickly come! our cold dark ſtains efface!
Thy Breath to GOD's pure Beauty raiſed our clay:
Renewing Love ſhall that ſame Breath diſplay.
Come! Quickly come! raiſe up Thy new-born race
From ſlumbrous apathy! let Zeal conſume
Each trace of earth, and Godlike gild the gloom.

O Emmanuel.

THOU, EMMANUEL, Who now doſt hide
In Subſtance of dependant Infancy
Thine All-ſufficing GODHEAD, ſinners flee,
Our King and SAVIOUR! to Thy gentle Side.
Hence burſts the Fount of Manhood Deified,
Making us meet for GOD. O CHRIST, to Thee
The gathering of the nations ſoon ſhall be,

To own as Judge the SAVIOUR they denied.
Come! Quickly come! Bid their blind raging ceaſe,
Joy of Thy Saints and Terror of Thy foes!
Ariſe to ſave us and Thy Power diſcloſe!
Come! Quickly come! Thy Preſence gives us Peace!
The bond of Saints Thy lonely Cradle brings,
And Hoſts unſeen adore Thee King of kings.

The Transfiguration.

WHO would not burn with ſtrong deſire
To mount up with the favoured three?
Whate'er the height, whoſe feet would tire
On Tabor's top that ſight to ſee?
Words are too faint
That ſcene to paint;
Language can give no fit narration
Of CHRIST our LORD's Transfiguration.

Who were thoſe choſen ſons of men
Who climbed the path where JESUS led,
Who ſaw what baffles tongue or pen,
Who trod where Angels feared to tread?
Beſt of the beſt
(Though good the reſt)
Of all the Twelve the ſafeſt, ſureſt,
The foremoſt three, the braveſt, pureſt.

O paſs not by their honoured names;
Peter the prompt to do and dare,
The loving John, the faithful James
Breathe with their LORD the mountain air.
But mountain air
And proſpect fair,
All, all are loſt in wondrous gazing
At JESUS' Form in brightneſs blazing.

For, while he prayed in accents low,
That Human Form became Divine;
His Raiment glitters as the ſnow,
With Heavenly Glow His Features ſhine,
Transfigured, bright,
White as the light.
But lo! while bending they adore Him,
Two forms in Glory ſtand before Him;

Moſes the meek—from Sinai's height
Who gave the Law 'mid thunders loud;
Elias—who in chariot bright
Aſcending pierced the opening Cloud;
The glorious two,
Now ſent to view
JESUS the Radiance here reſuming,
Which erſt He wore, ere Man's ſad dooming.

But not alone to view they came;
High converſe with their LORD and ours
They held of ſuffering, death, and ſhame,
Of triumph too o'er Satan's powers.

But where are ye
Apoſtles three?
A dizzy dimneſs o'er them creeping,
They ſank awhile, unconſcious, ſleeping.

Awaking ſoon in wondering fear
Peter, his brethren's mouth-piece, cried—
'Tis good, 'tis bleſſed to be here,
Where, LORD, Thou deigneſt to abide;
With prayer and praiſe
Three Tents we'll raiſe;
Three ſtructures, reared with labour pious,
For Thee, for Moſes, and Elias.

The random words eſcaped his tongue,
(For he and they were ſore afraid)
Such Myſtic Wonders round him hung,
He ſcarce was conſcious what he ſaid.
While yet he ſpoke
A bright Cloud broke
In overſhadowing gleams around them,
And from the Cloud theſe Words aſtound them—

This, This is My Beloved SON,
To Whom, well-pleaſed, all Power I give;
Hear Him (for He with Me is ONE)
And from His Lips learn how to live—
Down to the ground
(As that high ſound
Paſſed from the Cloud, with tones o'erpowering)
The liſteners fell, in wonder cowering.

How ſtrange their thoughts what tongue can ſay?
Their terrors who can underſtand?
Till JESUS viewed them as they lay,
And touched them with a tender Hand—
Ariſe, my Friends,
The Viſion ends;
Ariſe (He cried) and fear no longer,
Ariſe with faith and courage ſtronger.

With wakened ſight in vain they ranged
The ſainted Two again to ſee;
Alone with JESUS! all is changed:
Yet found they all, Good LORD, in Thee;
As down He led—
Tell none (He ſaid)
This wondrous Scene, till from Death's priſon
The SON of MAN again is riſen.

Down from the Mount, freſh work of Love
Soon claimed the SAVIOUR's healing Power;
But John and James and Peter ſtrove
With hearts more zealous from that hour,
To keep that Word
They now had heard
In ſolemn charge—with rapt reflection
On Death, the Grave, the Reſurrection.

In Diebus Celebribus.

A Hymn for the Holy-Days of the Church.

HE Chriſtian muſt on Holy-days
Abſtain from all unlawful ways;
From things forbidden he muſt ceaſe,
As hurtful to his Spirit's peace.

Repreſſing all deſires to roam,
The Mind muſt keep itſelf at home;
And, earthly thoughts expelling thence,
Muſt bar the doors of fleſh and ſenſe.

Who ſees not that ſuch calm repoſe
A concentrated power beſtows
To worſhip, on His glorious Throne,
The LORD, Who is our GOD alone?

The Intellect, the Memory,
The Will, moreover, then ſo free,
With every faculty of Soul,
Muſt yield to His entire Controul.

We muſt rejoice alone in GOD,
And grieve to have provoked His Rod;
And turn, with hope and holy fear,
His gentle Words of Love to hear.

His Influence let us realize;
His Abſence fear; His Preſence prize;

To Him, whate'er may happen, bring
Each adverſe and each proſperous thing.

More deeply cheriſhed be the thought
Of what our Bleſſed LORD has wrought
In Gifts beſtowed, or claimed again;
And what His Promiſes contain.

He has our numerous ſins forgiven;
And, from His boundleſs Store in Heaven,
Our Souls, renewed in Righteouſneſs,
He will with endleſs Riches bleſs.

The Gifts of Nature and of Grace
Our Souls muſt now in ſilence trace;
Think on the wicked's doom of woe,
And what reward the Juſt ſhall know.

We muſt reflect what wondrous loſs
Our SAVIOUR ſuffered on the Croſs,
That we, redeemed from endleſs flame,
Might be rewarded in His Name.

So alſo, in this thoughtful ſtate,
The mind muſt love to meditate
With what ſerene and glorious reſt
The Citizens of Heaven are bleſt.

The very purpoſe of this Day,
When ſervile works are put away,
Is that the Soul may uſe her wings,
And riſe to gaze on Heavenly things.

Thus let us now aſcend on high,
And pierce by faith the orient ſky;
And ſee the Saints' rich Joy and Love,
In the Jeruſalem above.

With plenitude of Grace ſupplied,
Their happy Souls are ſatisfied,
Poſſeſſed of all they wiſhed below,
And freed from every mortal woe.

Within, without, and everywhere
Celeſtial Glory fills them there;
From God, their All, around them all
Rays of immortal Splendour fall.

In freedom there, through wondrous Grace,
They ſee His Beauty Face to face;
And, filled with rapture at the ſight,
They love Him with intenſe delight.

From His bleſt Countenance alone
The Light of Glory is their own:
The whole Celeſtial Company
Hence gather all they wiſh to be.

O happier far than tongue can tell
The bliſsful City where they dwell,
And where, in purity, they ſee
The Glory of the Trinity!

Hence all the radiance of the ſky,
With all its ſocial harmony:

The Angels and the Saints above
Drink from one Fount of glorious Love.

To praiſe with all their Spirit's might
The FATHER of Eternal Light
Is all their action—to be bleſt
In Him for ever, all their reſt.

From this the thoughtful mind will ſee,
In reſt or movement, it muſt be,
Throughout the hours of Holy-days,
Devoted to JEHOVAH'S Praiſe.

For Bleſſings given while he lives,
For thoſe which GOD in promiſe gives,
The Chriſtian now in lively ſong
Muſt praiſe the LORD with heart and tongue.

Who thus on holy Feſtival
Is free upon His GOD to call,
Knows beſt within himſelf the way
To celebrate a Holy-day.

To us this knowledge while we live,
King of Eternal Glory, give;
Then we in Heaven Thy Name will praiſe
With Angels in immortal lays.

To Chriſt hanging on high.

OW with vivid deſire
In thine accents of fire,
Voice in my Heart weeping,
A new meaſure try;
No longer lie ſleeping;
He heareth on high.

Mid vain talking merely,
Diſtinguiſhed moſt clearly
The words of emotion
Contrite and ſincere,
The ſong of devotion
He loveth to hear.

This Wood is the token
Of Faith never broken,
Of Love never told,
Faith crying to me—
Draw near and behold
Where He hangeth for thee.

Here, ſin ever hated
Thou haſt expiated,
Thou, Lamb ever pureſt,
Of ſin's miſery
The burden endureſt,
Hope giving to me.

I living, adore Thee,
I loving, implore Thee,
Lamb ever faireſt,
  Beſtow upon me,
Of all Gifts the rareſt,
  A Heart turned to Thee.

Make calm by a Word,
This Heart tempeſt-ſtirred,
The guilt far removèd,
  May I cry unto Thee—
I have ſinned, moſt Belovèd,
  Have pity on me.

Raiſe up cleanſed in brightneſs,
This Soul in Death's likeneſs,
Sublime and ſet free
  In Thy Goodneſs immenſe,
I groaning implore Thee
  For true penitence.

If fully beſtowing
Thy Grace to o'erflowing,
Even here may the Spirit
  Enraptured unfold
Her wings, to inherit
The Palace of gold.

Thou, bleſſed Salvation,
Doſt give invitation,

To unending Pleaſure
Doſt draw me above,
Where I beyond meaſure
May joy in Thy Love.

Thus while I behold Thee,
Sweet Peace doth enfold me;
I hope for the conqueſt,
And ever to be
In the rapture of Reſt
Abiding in Thee.

The Way-ſide Croſs.

ILENT we reſted where a towering Croſs
On the dry fields of far Bavaria ſtands;
And wide as man's illimitable loſs,
Its all-embracing arms, like Love, expands.

Upon the wondrous fixture drooping low
Its wooden weight, a Human Figure hung!
That melancholy Form, I mark it now;
That ghaſtly Look, from dread endurance wrung.

Its Brow was crowned in mockery with thorn,
That dimmed its calm compoſure all with Blood;
So deep, ſo difficult the Paſſion borne,
That ſuffering ſeemed to fill the impaſſive wood.

Age had not yet its heavy honours hung
Upon that Aſpect meek, and Godlike Form;
Youthful, not His the vigour of the young,
The foot to flee, or breaſt to brave the ſtorm—

O great Example!—ſuperhuman tie
Faſhioned in Heaven! love-chant of many parts
By Angel chorus ſung, while glad reply
Echoes on earth from thouſand bleeding hearts!

Ah matchleſs Beauty! what compared to Thine
The chiſelled grace of young Antinous' form?
What wreath ſo graceful as the cruel ſpine?
What chiſel like Heaven's dreadful anger-ſtorm?

Still is that patient Head in love reclining
When evening hangs her ſilver lamps on high;
And ſtill, when morning in the Eaſt is ſhining,
That great white wondrous Figure marks the ſky.

No Rizpah wipes that cold and clammy Brow;
No ſhield is thine againſt the fiery ſun;
Thou that o'erſhadoweſt all, unſhaded Thou
Bear'ſt the great ills of the fallen world alone!

Hard were it on ſuch picture long to gaze,
And not believe it Very CHRIST to be—
True Sun, though ſhooting through a miſt its rays;
Dread Avatar, Incarnate DEITY.

And Memory treaſures ſtill the mournful Figure;
And Fancy opens wide her half-ſhut eye;

And Faith herſelf recruits her failing vigour
At ſight of that immortal Conſtancy.

There ſtill It ſtands: no friendly form is nigh;
Only the way-worn Pilgrim kneeling down
With head reclined, but tearful upward eye,
Forgetting in that Sorrow all his own.

There through the changing year the ſtars look forth,
And each above in ſilent glory ſings;
Both when the winter ſtrips the cold blue north,
And when the weſt wind ſpreads its ſummer wings.

And ſometimes haply as the pilgrim paſſes,
While the dark wind pipes loud, the ſhadowy Form
Seems all to ſwell and ſigh, while mournful maſſes
Come through the pauſes of the driving ſtorm.

Peace to ſuch thoughts—

* * *

And yet be pardon mine,
If ſometimes all too fondly I may fix
My penſive gaze where Love has ſet her ſhrine,
Within thy blood-ſtreaked boughs, myſterious Crucifix!

O quam Gloriſicum.

An Ancient Latin Poem.

BLISS beyond telling,
To muſe all alone,
When the Spirit is dwelling
Serene on its throne;
When the Bridegroom is near,
Diſcerned through a glaſs,
Where no ſhadows of fear
Caſt a gloom as they paſs.

Alas! that this gladneſs
Comes ſeldom, ſoon flies;
O'erclouded by ſadneſs
It fades and it dies:
For life till the end
Is a weariſome ſtrife,
And Man muſt contend
Againſt ills that are rife.

Lo! Sin is prevailing,
And waxes more bold;
While Love unavailing
Grows faithleſs and cold.
From far and from near
Comes the Foe with a ſhout:
Within there is fear;
There are fightings without.

Oh! why 'mid my ſorrow
Are gleams thus allowed,
Which the grief of to-morrow
Shall veil in its ſhroud?
What is life at the beſt
But a burden of care,
With ſeldom a reſt
From the weight of deſpair?

O Speck in creation,
How can'ſt thou complain,
Though ſore thy probation
Of ſorrow and pain?
Forgetting that life
Is no ſeaſon of eaſe,
But of watching and ſtrife,
Till the battle ſhall ceaſe.

As gold is made purer
By trial of flame,
My Son, ſo grows ſurer
Thy faith in My Name.
I chaſtiſe whom I love,
It is writ in My Word,
Nor are Servants above
The lot of their LORD.

Say, haſt thou forgotten,
How all My Life long,
I, the ONLY-BEGOTTEN,
Bore anguiſh and wrong?

How I wandered forlorn,
With no place of repoſe,
No ſhelter from ſcorn
In My manifold Woes?

Be patient; be lowly;
And ſo ſhalt thou be
In feature more wholly
Made like unto Me,
Who came from on high,
True GOD and True LORD,
To live and to die
Deſpiſed and abhorred.

And ſhe, as thou knoweſt,
From whom is My Birth,
Was counted the loweſt
And leaſt upon earth;
Was proved and was tried
By a chaſtiſement ſore,
But is now glorified
And exalted the more.

Thoſe whom I hold deareſt
I chaſten and prove
By trials ſevereſt
The ſign of My Love:
By the ſharpneſs of pain
Their faith is made ſure,
Till the joys they attain
That for ever endure.

The poor and the lowly
Find grace in My Eyes,
While all the unholy
And proud I deſpiſe:
In the world they have fame
And renown for a day,
But are covered with ſhame
When I ſpurn them away.

Oh! could'ſt thou but ponder
The Joys of the Bleſt,
Thou never would'ſt wonder,
Though ſorely diſtreſt,
In hope to attain
The Joys that are ſtored
For thoſe who bear pain
And reproach for their LORD.

For nought can'ſt thou tender
More dear to thy LORD
Than thus to ſurrender
Thyſelf to His Word:
With never a moan
All thy ſufferings bear;
Bring thoſe to His Throne,
As thine Offering there.

When all things are beaming
With peace and delight,
There are whoſe fair ſeeming
Proves falſe in the fight:

When ſuccours are few,
In the moment of need,
'Tis ſhewn who are true,
And who faithleſs indeed.

Too often Man chooſes
To own ſin's control;
Then ſweet are the uſes
Of pain to the Soul:
For this is the way
That My Servants have trod
To the Realm far away,
To the Courts of their GOD.

O JESU, Thy SPIRIT,
I pray Thee, impart,
That I may inherit
This patience of heart:
And in every woe
Enable me ſtill
Chief ſolace to know
In doing Thy Will.

Thus nearer, oh! nearer,
LORD, draw me to Thee;
And make Thy Croſs dearer
Than all things to me:
By Thee let me ſtand
In Thy Torture and Shame—
By Thee 'mid the Band
That rejoice in Thy Name!

To Thee, UNBEGOTTEN,
Creator of all,
To Thee, SOLE-BEGOTTEN,
Who heareſt our call,
To Thee, SPIRIT BleſT,
THREE PERSONS ONE LORD,
Be praiſes addreſt
With eternal accord!

After the Earthquake a Still Small Voice.

COME! let us wander by the ſilent beach
Of this our mimic lake or inland ſea,
Type of the Haven where our Souls would be,
And learn the leſſons which its waters teach,
As all GOD's voiceleſs Creatures uſe to preach.

We need not travel to the Holy Land,
To trace the ſacred print of JESUS' Feet,
Where, without ebb or flow, the wavelets beat
With myſtic murmur o'er the level ſand
Of Galilee's world-venerated ſtrand.

Sweet are the Fountains of fair Jordan's Lake,
Bitter the ocean-ſprings of yon Sea-bay;
O'er both, moſt bright, moſt blue, the ſun-gleams play,
While fitful breezes ſolemn echoes wake,
And oft the encircling crags in terror quake.

God's Voice is heard in thunder underground;
The rumbling, reeling earth, man's laſt ſole ſtay,
Labours with gape and heave to roll away;
The ſeething billows, one huge tidal mound,
Pour their volcanic torrent far around.

Woe to Bethſaida! to Chorazin woe!—
Sad dirge of men's hearts failing them for fear
At roaring ſea and waves—thy doom is near;
Repent, or elſe expect thine overthrow;
Though high as Heaven, as Hell thou ſhalt ſink low.

Then all is calm and ſmiling as before;
The river cleaves the interlacing hills
With gentle flow, made muſical by rills
From yonder ſnowy peak's perennial ſtore,
Where many a graſſy ſteep o'erhangs the ſhore.

And many a Ti-palm, many a tufted buſh
With bloſſoms glimmering red through pendant leaves
Of creeping paraſites, a garland weaves;
And giant trunks their feſtooned branches puſh
Above the tangled ſcrub and feathery ruſh.

And many a Fern-tree rears its lofty creſt,
Embowering leafy nooks of paler green
Than the deep umbrage of the foreſt ſcreen,
Where birds of varied plumage ſhun their neſt
To baſk in that ſweet ſunny realm of reſt.

Their notes, like ſilver chimes, fill all the grove
With modulated muſic, rich and clear,
Cheering the lonely fiſher on the mere,
Or where his net upon the rock is hove,
While ſportive ſhoals glance harmleſs through the cove.

Here Jesus might have fed the famiſhed hoſt;
Here wrought the Miracle of frantic ſwine;
On yonder Mount, Transfigured, ſhone Divine;
O'er yon calm waters roamed from coaſt to coaſt,
Or huſhed them with His Word, when tempeſt-toſt.

The Goſpel is not written in a book,
A tale that may be read and then forgot;
Its work of Love and Truth endureth yet,
Or in the ſilence of this deſert nook,
Or in the buſy hum we late forſook.

Jesus is everywhere, is very nigh;
The Holy Land is in us and around;
Grace blends with Nature, Earth with Heaven profound;
To them of loving heart and ſingle eye
Deep Sacraments all Creatures underlie.

Whoſo is wiſe, like Jesus' Self, will blend
The Active with the Contemplative Life;
Leave for awhile the city's cares and ſtrife,
In ſolitude his proud heart's knee to bend,
And in the wilderneſs ſeek One True Friend.

In calm or ſtorm, in ſunſhine or in ſhade,
His Preſence will go with thee and give reſt,
Soothing the ſtormy paſſions of the breaſt;
Lo! I am with you always—ſo He ſaid—
Even to the end; 'tis I, be not afraid.

The Three Enemies: a Colloquy.

The Fleſh.

SWEET, thou art pale.—More Pale to ſee
CHRIST hung upon the cruel Tree,
And bore His FATHER's Wrath for me.

Sweet, thou art ſad.—Beneath a rod
More heavy, CHRIST for my ſake trod
The Winepreſs of the Wrath of GOD.

Sweet, thou art weary.—Not ſo CHRIST,
Whoſe mighty Love of me ſufficed
For Strength, Salvation, Euchariſt.

Sweet, thou art footſore.—If I bleed,
His Feet have bled: yea, in my need
His Heart once bled for mine indeed.

The World.

SWEET, thou art young.—So He was Young
Who for my ſake in ſilence hung
Upon the Croſs, with Paſſion wrung.

Look, thou art fair.—He was more Fair
Than men, Who deigned for me to wear,
A Viſage marred beyond compare.

And thou haſt riches.—Daily bread:
All elſe is His; Who Living, Dead,
For me lacked where to lay His Head.

And life is ſweet.—It was not ſo
To Him, Whoſe Cup did overflow
With mine unutterable woe.

The Devil.

HOU drinkeſt deep.—When CHRIST would ſup
He drained the dregs from out my cup:
So how ſhould I be lifted up?

Thou ſhalt win Glory.—In the ſkies:
LORD JESUS, cover up mine eyes
Leſt they ſhould look on vanities.

Thou ſhalt have Knowledge.—Helpleſs duſt,
In Thee, O LORD, I put my truſt:
Anſwer Thou for me, Wiſe and Juſt.

And Might.—Get thee behind me! LORD,
Who haſt redeemed and not abhorred
My Soul, oh, keep it by Thy Word.

Pentecoſtal Odes of the Holy Eaſtern Church.

An Ode of an unknown Author.

E keep the Feaſt of Pentecoſt,
The Coming of the HOLY GHOST;
Our hope is now fulfilled, and we
Receive the mighty Myſtery.

The Day of Promiſe long foretold,
The time appointed we behold,
And therefore gladly now we ſing,
To Thee be praiſe, Creator, King.

O wondrous Gift of CHRIST the LORD
On His Diſciples newly poured,
That they to all might Grace proclaim,
And publiſh far the Saving Name.

Thy Love immortal, WORD of GOD,
In foreign Tongues they ſound abroad,
And all the wounds of ſin to heal,
Thy ſignal Mercy they reveal.

The HOLY SPIRIT all things leads,
From Him all Prophecy proceeds,
His Prieſts He ever ſanctifies,
He makes the poor and lowly wiſe.

On Fiſhers He hath poured His Grace;
He rules the Church, His Dwelling-place;
He welds her Order, and His Might
Protects her Children in the fight.

Thee, ONE in Nature, ONE in Throne,
Eternal COMFORTER, we own,
With GOD the FATHER and the SON,
The Ever-bleſſed THREE in ONE.

An Ode of S. John Damaſcene.

THE tuneful ſound of muſic
Burſt ſweetly forth of old,
In honour of the Idol,
The lifeleſs form of gold;
We cry, with awe adoring
The SPIRIT's radiant Flame—
Sole TRINITY, we bleſs Thee,
For evermore the Same.

They who the Voice Prophetic
Knew not as Word of Thine,
The Unknown Tongues regarded
As drunkenneſs of wine;
But we, in faith devoutly,
Give GOD the honour due—
Sole TRINITY, we bleſs Thee,
Who makeſt all things new.

The Prophet Joel looking
Upon the Face of GOD,
Aſtonied heard Him ſpeaking,
And told His Words abroad—
They whom I give My SPIRIT
Shall cry, thus filled with Might—
Sole TRINITY, we bleſs Thee,
O everlaſting Light.

The Third Day-hour abounded
With Grace, that we might know
The Source of Bleſſing, Threefold,
Whence Benedictions flow:
And now, on this glad morning,
The beſt and chief of Days—
Sole TRINITY, we bleſs Thee
In Hymns of grateful praiſe.

An Ode of S. Coſmas the Melodiſt.

E Who with His mighty Hand
Breaks the battle and the brand,
Now hath buried in the tide
Egypt's chariots and her pride.
Songs of victory we ſing,
Periſhed are her hoſt and King,
Tell the triumph far and wide,
GOD the LORD is glorified.

Thou a Light on earth haſt ſhined,
CHRIST, the Lover of mankind;

Thou the COMFORTER haſt ſent,
All hath found accompliſhment,
Which the Law and Prophets old
In the ages paſt foretold;
Every Promiſe, every Word
Which Thy dear Diſciples heard.

For the HOLY SPIRIT'S Grace
On the true and faithful race
Freely hath to-day been poured,
From the world's foundation ſtored:
Gladly then theſe Hymns we lift,
Thankful for the wondrous Gift,
Praiſing, as is right and meet,
GOD the Bleſſed PARACLETE.

An Ode of S. John Damaſcene.

INTO the fiery Furnace flung,
The Holy Children ſweetly ſung,
And ſinging, turned the fire to dew
Which quenched each flame that leapt anew:
And this the ſtrain their love expreſſed,
GOD of our fathers, Thou art Bleſſed.

What time the Twelve inſpired of GOD,
Redemption's Story ſent abroad,
The Working of the Breath Divine,
The unbelievers deemed new wine:
But we, through this ſame SPIRIT ſee
The THREE in ONE, the ONE in THREE,

The Nature One we praiſe and bleſs,
The Glorious TRINITY confeſs;
Co-equal, Co-eterne, the Same,
We lift on high the Threefold Name,
And laud the Faith of old profeſſed—
GOD of our Fathers, Thou art Bleſſed.

The Aſcenſion.

WAS on the Mount of Olives,
Nigh where the faithful Three
Had bid the Maſter welcome
So oft at Bethany,
'Twas there the MAN we cheriſh,
The Mighty GOD we praiſe
Among His Choſen ended
The wondrous forty days.

There was not ought about Him
The coming change to ſay,
Only a cloud was o'er them
As on a common day;
He ſtood with Hands uplifted;
He bleſſed; that Bleſſing o'er,
After that earthly pattern
He will not bleſs them more.

For while He ſpake, the SAVIOUR
Paſſed from this world of ill
Far o'er the ſacred village,
Far o'er the ancient hill;

Love unto Love returning,
Light to Its kindred Light,
The cloud o'erhead He entered
And paſſed from mortal ſight.

Then Angels came foretelling
That He ſhall come once more
In clouds that we may follow
Where He has gone before;
And then His Own deſcending
Haſtened with joy where lay
The towers of Sion City
Diſtant a Sabbath-day.

So God went up to Heaven;
But many an age has paſſed,
And ſtill the Angel's promiſe
We wait, in this, the laſt,
And oft our Souls expectant
Send up the cry of pain—
Too long, too long He lingers;
When will He come again?

Be huſhed, life-weary Spirits!
Not ſlack the Work proceeds;
On earth He ſtrives and quickens,
In Heaven His Death He pleads,
With Kings for nurſing-fathers
Shall we the Servants fail?
Not without Blood Divineſt
The Maſter paſſed the Veil.

Death.

Wiſhes about Death.

WISH to have no wiſhes left,
But to leave all to Thee;
And yet I wiſh that Thou ſhouldſt will
Things that I wiſh ſhould be.

And theſe two wills I feel within,
When on my death I muſe:
But, LORD! I have a death to die,
And not a death to chooſe.

Why ſhould I chooſe? for in Thy Love
Moſt ſurely I deſcry
A gentler Death than I myſelf
Should dare to aſk to die.

But Thou wilt not diſdain to hear
What thoſe few wiſhes are,
Which I abandon to Thy Love,
And to Thy wiſer Care.

Triumphant Death I would not aſk,
Rather would deprecate;
For dying Souls deceive themſelves
Sooneſt when moſt elate.

All Graces I would crave to have
Calmly abſorbed in one—

A perfect ſorrow for my ſins,
And duties left undone.

All Sacraments and Church-bleſt things
I fain would have around,
A Prieſt beſide me, and the hope
Of Conſecrated ground.

I would the light of reaſon, LORD,
Up to the laſt might ſhine,
That my own hands might hold my Soul
Until it paſſed to Thine.

And I would paſs in ſilence, LORD,
No brave words on my lips,
Leſt pride ſhould cloud my Soul, and I
Should die in the eclipſe.

But when, and where, and by what pain—
All this is one to me:
I only long for ſuch a death
As moſt ſhall honour Thee.

Long life diſmays me by the ſenſe
Of my own weakneſs ſcared:
And by Thy Grace a ſudden death
Need not be unprepared.

One wiſh is hard to be unwiſhed—
That I at laſt might die
Of grief for having wronged with ſin
Thy ſpotleſs Majeſty.

The Paths of Death.

HOW pleaſant are thy Paths, O Death!
Like the bright ſlanting weſt,
Thou leadeſt down into the glow
Where all thoſe Heaven-bound ſunſets go,
Ever from toil to reſt.

How pleaſant are thy Paths, O Death!
Back to own dear Dead,
Into that Land which hides in tombs
The better part of our old homes;
'Tis there thou makeſt our bed.

How pleaſant are thy Paths, O Death!
Thither where ſorrows ceaſe
To a new Life, to an old paſt,
Softly and ſilently we haſte
Into a Land of Peace.

How pleaſant are thy Paths, O Death!
Thy new reſtores our loſt;
There are voices of the new times
With the ringing of the old chimes
Blent ſweetly on thy coaſt.

How pleaſant are thy Paths, O Death!
One faint for want of breath—
And above thy promiſe thou haſt given:
All, we find more than all in Heaven,
O thou truth-ſpeaking Death.

How pleaſant are thy Paths, O Death!
E'en children after play
Lie down, without the leaſt alarm,
And ſleep, in thy maternal arm,
Their little life away.

How pleaſant are thy Paths, O Death!
E'en grown-up men ſecure
Better manhood, by a brave leap
Through the chill miſt of thy thin ſleep—
Manhood that will endure.

How pleaſant are thy Paths, O Death!
The old, the very old,
Smile when their ſlumberous eye grows dim,
Smile when they feel thee touch each limb—
Their age was not leſs cold.

How pleaſant are thy Paths, O Death!
Ever from pain to eaſe;
Patience, that hath held on for years,
Never unlearns her humble fears
Of terrible diſeaſe.

How pleaſant are thy Paths, O Death!
From ſin to pleaſing GOD;
For the pardoned in thy Land are bright
As Innocence in robe of white,
And walk on the ſame road.

How pleaſant are thy Paths, O Death!
Straight to our FATHER'S Home;

All loſs were gain that gained us this,
The Sight of God, that ſingle Bliſs
Of the grand World to come.

How pleaſant are thy Paths, O Death!
Ever from toil to reſt—
Where a rim of ſea-like ſplendour runs,
Where the days bury their golden ſuns,
In the dear hopeful weſt.

Quam dilecta Tabernacula.

A Hymn for the Dedication of a Church.

OW loved Thy Halls and Dwelling-place,
O Lord of Hoſts moſt High!
Selected are the Architects,
Secure the Buildings lie!
Untouched by ſtorm, or wind, or rain,
Nay, e'en for theſe they firmer ſtill remain.

How rich in beauty and in ſtrength
Is the Foundation-ſtone!
Of old in Sacramental type
And ſhadow oft foreſhown;
Eve ta'en from ſleeping Adam's ſide,
Type of an everlaſting Race ſupplied.

For Noah was ſalvation wrought
In Ark compoſed of wood,

Which, piloted, did ſafely ride
Above the world's vaſt flood:
And Sarah laughed in joyance wild
When late in life ſhe bore the promiſed Child.

Rebecca ſtanding by the well
With Abraham's ſervant nigh,
To quench the Camels' thirſt and his
The water doth ſupply;
Bracelets and earrings weareth ſhe,
That for her huſband ſhe prepared may be.

Jacob ſupplants the Synagogue
Which wanders far away,
Whilſt in the letter of the Law
It is content to ſtay.
To weak-eyed Leah hid muſt be
What Rachel, wed in equal bond, doth ſee.

And by the way-ſide, as ſhe ſits
With cloſely veilèd face,
Long widowed Thamar twins conceives
From Judah's fond embrace.
Here in an Ark, by ruſhes bound,
By Maid who came to bathe is Moſes found.

Here is the bleſſèd Offering made,
The ſacred Lamb is ſlain—
And Iſrael, ſated with its blood,
May ever ſafe remain.
Here too is paſſed the Red Sea wave
'Neath which the Egyptians found a watery grave.

Here is the Urn with Manna filled;
And here the Law's Commands
Stored in the Ark of Covenant
(The Law which GOD demands;)
Here are the Ornaments Divine
The glorious robes of Aaron's Prieſtly line.

And here Uriah is condemned,
And Bathſheba is known
As one to higheſt honour raiſed,
The ſharer of a throne.
In gold-embroidered garments dreſſed
She ſtands, as daughter of King's houſe confeſſed.

Attracted by his wiſdom rare
King Solomon to ſee
The Queen of Sheba hither comes,
All black, yet comely ſhe—
As when commingled to the ſkies
The fragrant clouds of myrrh and incenſe riſe.

To us the day of Grace reveals
Whatever was foretold,
Whate'er in ſhadow and in type
Enveilèd was of old;
And we at length are given to reſt
All ſafely on our own Beloved's Breaſt.

Uplift we then the ſong on high
Since now the Marriage-feaſt is nigh,
Which trumpets did inaugurate—
Its end ſhall pſalteries celebrate.

Let thouſand thouſand voices raiſe
The joyous ſtrain, the Bridegroom praiſe;
And as in harmony they blend
Repeat they ever without end—
Alleluia! Amen.

In a Viſion of the night when deep Sleep falleth upon Men.

IN dreams I ſlept, where Iſrael wept of old,
Her walls down-torn, her altars ſhorn of gold:
And in my dream Euphrates' ſtream rolled by
With ſullen pride, in ocean's tide to die.
At firſt, how bright, how clear the night had ſeemed—
Sweetly at even the lamps of Heaven had beamed;
All toil was ſtayed, the winds were laid in calm—
From dells and bowers, went up of flowers ſweet balm.
Sudden, on high was heard a cry of woe;
Heaven's darkeſt pall fell over all below.
With flaſhing flame GOD's thunder came—that ſound
Whoſe echoes hold faint hearts or bold ſpellbound.

* * * *

So on that ſhore, long years before he lay
In Heavenly trance, and upward glance alway

Daniel, that Seer whoſe holy fear and love
Gained a bleſt ſight of Saints' delight above;
When from the ſeas a fourfold breeze had blown,
When Beaſts on wings, and myſtic things were
ſhewn.

* * * *

So from my view ſlowly withdrew the veil:
Full on my ſight a Form of Light I hail.
A wondrous power in that dread hour was mine:
Scathleſs to hear thoſe Words of fear Divine—
"No anſwer give if thou would'ſt live—be ſtill—
Where'er I go theſe thunders ſhow GOD'S Will;
At Whoſe Command I ſweep the land of ſin
Till ye, like us, be glorious within.
O! happy thoſe when night ſhall cloſe whoe'er
Spotleſs have worn their robes; for morn is near."

A Tradition of S. John the Evangeliſt.

TWO thouſand years have wellnigh paſt
Since he, the gentleſt and the laſt
Of all that holy band,
That with their LORD and SAVIOUR bore
The weary toil and labour ſore,
Led by His guiding Hand,

Hath paſſed unto his reſt away,
Where Love can never more decay

And Faith and Hope are o'er;
All gently cloſed his eyes in ſleep,
E'en while his Children round him weep,
That he may ſtay no more.

They laid him in the hallowed ground,
And many a day they watched around,
And deemed the earth did wave
At every breath of ſlumber ſweet,
And gently heave beneath their feet
Upon his lowly grave.

And long they watched the glad flowers grow,
And deemed that ſtill his breath below
Did heave that little mound;
For aye they thought to hear once more
The tones of Love oft heard before,
And liſt their peaceful ſound.

They thought upon his laſt farewell,
How with faint voice he ſtill would dwell
On Love and Love alone;
How, while his Children all ſtood near
Fondly his parting words to hear,
Love breathed in every tone.

And when they aſked why that one word,
From him ſo long, ſo often heard,
Was all he uttered ſtill,
He ſaid, as faint his accents fall—
That Love, and Love alone, would all
Our SAVIOUR's Words fulfil.

Then as his eyes in ſlumber cloſed,
They deemed he now awhile repoſed,
And laid him in the grave;
And, as they watched long years around,
They ſtill would think that graſſy mound
Did gently heave and wave.

And thus would they long vigil keep
Over the place of his laſt ſleep,
And aye in Love would dwell.
Thoſe early days of Peace are o'er:
Do we of later ages ſtore
His peaceful Words as well?

How tread we now the paths of old,
With Faith all faint and Love grown cold,
With feeble ſteps and ſlow;
Our very Souls cling fondly fixed,
With ſcarce a nobler longing mixed,
On fancied joys below.

Yet oft in glowing words we ſpeak
Of Love all holy, pure and meek,
While ſtrange the ſenſe they claim;
For, joined in an unholy tie,
Falſe Creeds and Faith all ſheltered lie
Beneath this ſpecious name.

It is not thus; for faint from far,
Soon as we heed it not, the ſtar
Of Truth more dimly gleams

With wandering and uncertain ray—
So to our eyes it ſeems who ſtray
Far from its nearer beams.

O Love, ſo prized in days of yore,
While all the Croſs before them bore,
How faint and low the tone
That comes from forth thy holy ſhrine;
Far other is thy glance benign
Than that which we would own.

O early dawn of Chriſtian Love,
Enkindled by the Holy Dove,
O days of glowing Faith,
When hearts beat high to ſuffer here,
When Faith and Hope prevailed o'er fear,
And Weakneſs conquered Death.

Hymns of Novalis.

The Deſire of God.

KNOW not what I could deſire
Wert Thou, dear Being, only mine;
Wert Thou to crown my Soul with gladneſs,
And ſtill be near and call me Thine.
The vext crowd to and fro are hurrying,
With eager glance they ſearch around;
They call themſelves the wiſe, the prudent,
And yet this Treaſure have not found.

One thinks his hand the Prize now graſping—
Lo! what he hath is nought but gold;
Another, earth and ſea exploring,
Hath for a Name his quiet ſold.
One for the Crown of victory ſtriveth,
One for the Poet's wreath of bay,
And thus the ever-changing glitter
Attracting all doth each betray.

To you Himſelf hath He revealed not?
Can you forget Who died for you?
Who for your ſakes from Life departed—
Yea, Scorn and bitter Anguiſh knew?
Have ye not read, have ye not liſtened?
Of Him, from Him ne'er heard a word?
How He brought down Divineſt Mercy,
What endleſs Good on us conferred?

How from high Heaven He deſcended,
The exalted Son of Mother bleſt?
What Tidings to the earth He carried—
How many healed by Him find Reſt?
How, by pure Love drawn down, He offered
Himſelf for us, a Victim free?
Low laid in earth, of God's own Temple
The eternal Corner-ſtone to be?

And ſhall not ſuch a Meſſage move you?
Is not This Man ſufficient found?
Your doors to Him will ye not open
Who paſſed for you Hell's diſmal bound?

Will ye not then loſe all things gladly,
Forego with joy each idle thought,
Your hearts for Him alone reſerving
Whoſe Grace is promiſed you unbought?

Lift Thou me up, Thou Gentle SAVIOUR!
Thou art my world, my life is Thine;
Though nought of earthly hope were left me,
I know my Recompenſe Divine.
Thou all my love with Love returneſt;
Thy Truth for ever ſhall endure;
The Heavens bow down in adoration;
Thou dwelleſt ſtill within me ſure.

The Deſire of Death.

AWAY, below the earth's broad breaſt,
Far from light's realms deſcending!
Storms of woe and wild unreſt
Departure glad portending;
The narrow bark ſhall waft us o'er
Full ſoon to land on Heaven's calm ſhore.

Bleſt be that everlaſting night;
Bleſt, never-broken ſlumber:
Day with toils hath worn us quite,
Cares too long encumber;
Now vain deſires and roamings ceaſe,
We ſeek our FATHER'S Houſe in peace.

What ſhould we do in this cold world
With Love and Truth ſo tender?
Old things are in oblivion hurled,
The new no gladneſs render:
O ſorrowful his heart and lone
Who reverent loves the paſt and gone!

Thoſe ages paſt, whoſe purer race
High thoughts with ardour fired,
When Man beheld our FATHER's Face,
And knew His Hand deſired;
While many a ſimple mind ſincere
Reſembled ſtill His Image clear.

Thoſe days of old, when flouriſhed wide
Stems of Patriarch ſtory;
When even Children joyful died
And ſuffered for Heaven's Glory;
While though life laughed and pleaſure ſpake,
Yet many a heart for ſtrong Love brake.

Thoſe times of yore when GOD revealed
Himſelf in young life glowing;
With early death His Paſſion ſealed,
His precious Blood beſtowing;
Nor turned aſide the ſtings of pain
Us nearer to Himself to gain.

Through deepening miſts how vainly gaze
Our fond thoughts, backward turning:

Nought in this dreary age allays
The thirſt within us burning:
We muſt arrive our home within
That ancient Holineſs to win.

What ſtill delays our wiſhed return?
The Loved have long been ſleeping;
Their grave our earthly journey's bourne—
Enough of fear and weeping!
With fruitleſs ſtriving long annoyed
The heart is weary, the world a void.

Strange rapture ever new, unknown,
Through the faint frame is thrilling:
Hark! the ſoft echo of our moan
The hollow diſtance filling;
Whence the Beloved towards us bend,
Their breathings of deſire aſcend.

Down to the Bride, to CHRIST we go,
The Bridegroom gone before us;
Be of good comfort, mourners; lo!
Grey twilight deepens o'er us:
A dream diſſolves our chains unbleſt,
Our FATHER takes us to His Reſt.

Paradiſe.

From the Spaniſh of Luis de Leon.

EGION of Life and Light!
Land of the Good whoſe earthly toils are o'er;
Nor froſt nor heat may blight
Thy vernal beauty; fertile ſhore
Yielding thy bleſſed Fruit for evermore!

There without Crook or Sling
Walks the Good Shepherd; bloſſoms white and red
Round His meek Temples cling;
And, to ſweet paſtures led,
His own loved Flock beneath His Eye are fed.

He guides, and near Him they
Follow delighted; for He makes them go
Where dwells eternal May,
And Heavenly roſes blow,
Deathleſs, and gathered but again to grow.

He leads them to the height
Named of the infinite and long-ſought Good,
And Fountains of Delight;
And where His Feet have ſtood
Springs up, along the way, their tender food.

And when in the mid ſkies
The climbing Sun has reached his higheſt bound,
Repoſing as He lies,
With all His Flock around
He witches the ſtill air with modulated ſound.

From His ſweet Lute flow forth
Immortal harmonies, of power to ſtill
All paſſions born of earth,
And draw the ardent will
Its deſtiny of Goodneſs to fulfil.

Might but a little part,
A wandering breath of that high Melody
Deſcend into my heart,
And change it till it be
Transformed and ſwallowed up, O Love, in Thee!

Ah! then my Soul ſhould know,
Beloved! where Thou lieſt at noon of day;
And from this place of woe,
Releaſed, ſhould take its way
To mingle with Thy Flock and never ſtray!

The Incarnation.

TIME hath no brighter jewel on his brow
Than this, all worlds, all ages, wondering ſcan:
Shall God in very deed Himſelf allow
Limit and bound, and dwell on earth with man?

I marvel not that ſome ſhould miſconceive—
I marvel one ſhould eaſily believe;
That when the Tale is told
(Sole tale which ne'er grows old)
How Fleſh and Blood the Inviſible once did ſhrine,
Rather all hearts incredulous not combine
Such mightieſt taſk of faith, unequal, to reſign.

The fabled lore that lured the untutored ear
Of the young world, ere fancy's vernal age
Had ripened into reaſon—then more dear
Than all the time-ſchooled wiſdom of the Sage—
The moſt unbounded flights e'er roved at will
By lawleſs dreams, or thoughts more lawleſs ſtill,
Loſe all their wild and ſtrange,
To moſt experienced range
Brought meanly down, of credence eaſier far
Than that the WORD, He by Whom all things are,
Changed for His high Abode one poor inferior ſtar.

Down from the Heavenly hills in Love deſcending,
Far in the depths of night His Eye deſcried
The cluſters of His Univerſe, one blending
Of infinite Lights—ſtars in their courſes, tied
By order firm and ne'er-infringèd law;
A world of worlds, whereof each one doth draw
About the central bright
Its duteous ſatellite;

Yet choſe He not His Palace in ſome ſun,
By Heaven alone in native light outdone,
But this our darker Orb His radiant Preſence won.

There was no lack of Sovereign ſeats and thrones
Worthy of His poſſeſſing; large domains
Waited His Lordly bidding; populous plains,
The wealth of Empires, all the mingled tones
Of queenlieſt Cities called Him—pomp and ſong
And loud applauſe of many a rapturous throng:
But, ſuch as theſe paſſed by,
Beneath the Syrian ſky
He ſought the meaneſt ſtate, the lowlieſt ſhed,
That, earth's moſt bitter lot moſt throughly read,
No heart might ſink ſo low but He might lift it high.

And therefore did the greatneſs of His Scorn
Vouchſafe the meaſure of His glorious Riſe;
And they who here with Him that Shame have borne
Shall ſhare His Crown and Triumph in the ſkies:
He That deſcended is the ſame That roſe
Above all Heavens, victorious o'er His foes,
And evermore doth ſtand
A Prieſt at God's Right Hand,
Till, in the fulneſs of the times, once more
He come with Might and Majeſty, His floor
In Righteouſneſs to purge, and all things to reſtore.

And thou and I (O wondrous thought and ſtrange!)
May call Him Brother; eat His Fleſh, and live;
Drink of His Blood, that with all-quickening change
Doth joy for grief, health for unſoundneſs give:
May love Him, though we ſee Him not; may hear
His Voice behind us, feel His Footſtep near:
Thou, Who doſt all things fill,
Art with Thy Children ſtill,
Who here through ſighs and tears their voices raiſe,
Or round Thy Throne, with rapt adoring gaze,
Lift high the harmonious Anthem of perpetual praiſe.

I will exult, my evil days and few
Spending where God hath ſojourned; His dear Breath
Hath left a ſweetneſs in the air, a new
Celeſtial fragrance, all the damps of death
Quite overmaſtering, filling with perfumes
The grave unlovely, and dark funeral rooms;
That each glad Soul may ſpring
Upward from earth, and ſing,
Beholding in her tomb Heaven's opened door,
And hearing in her knell His Summons ring—
'Come up, dear Child, and dwell in Reſt for evermore.'

The Earth He trod is conſecrated ground;
One ſtone His Feet have touched hallows the whole,
Reclaimed for Heaven's juſt uſes, from the round
Of torrid heats, to either utmoſt pole:
Where He alighted burſt a Spring, that flows
To every land, and ever widening goes,
Suſtained by what diſtils
From the everlaſting Hills,
And ſtill ſhall ſwell, a River broad and deep,
Till its great flood, with all-compelling ſweep,
The bars and gates of Hell triumphantly o'erleap.

Whoſo receiveth this, doth all receive:
His faith can ſoar no further; all the train
Of Signs and Wonders written, that doth leave
A breach in Nature's ſtatutes, to explain
By reaſon's rules he aims not, leſt as wiſe
Himſelf profeſſing, folly's meed he gain:
But, in mute awe profound
Upon that holy ground
Standing unſhod He hears, amidſt the cries
Of jarring doubts and creeds, the ſtill ſmall Voice
Speak to his immoſt heart, and trembling doth rejoice.

His the unfettered Faith to childhood given,
That queſtions not how ſuch a thing might be;
Whom large experience hinders not that Heaven
Should mix with earth, but whoſe clear eye doth ſee

In happy dreams the golden Ladder bending,
And Angel-feet for evermore deſcending:
Thus human and Divine
To childlike hearts combine,
Who from the world's Soul-deafening noiſe retreat,
And meekly ſitting at the Maſter's Feet
Liſt to His Heaven-brought Words in contemplation ſweet.

Jael.

LONELY Woman's feeble hand—
A mail-clad Warrior in his might—
At her tent-door behold her ſtand
To greet the Captain of the fight.

Stern greeting hers! for from on high
Unbidden comes the LORD's Beheſt,
And fires with wrath her gentle eye,
And arms with fraud her guileleſs breaſt.

LORD, whence is this? what ſpell is caſt?
Whence this up-heaving flood within,
This lightning-blaze, this whirlwind-blaſt,
Too calm for rage, too pure for ſin?

It comes: it comes: ſhe may not pauſe;
Herſelf the hammer of Heaven's will,
She executes the unwritten Laws,
Nor wiſts the word that bids her kill.

One blow—and where is he whoſe head
Gave ſtrength and guidance to an hoſt?
Low at a woman's feet and dead,
Man's foe and God's lies ever loſt.

And who ſhall doubt—that in God's Book
Hath ſcanned the Goſpel through the veil,
And learned beyond the Law to look—
Whoſe is the hammer and the nail?

The Woman among women bleſt,
Where but at Bethlehem is ſhe?
The victor vanquiſhed in his reſt,
Where but on crimſon Calvary?

'Twas ſhe who, when the ſtrife ran high,
Gave fleſh and birth to God's Own Son,
Gave to the Life the power to die,
And raiſe by death a world undone.

O Son of Mary! cheat our foe,
Down with him even to the ground;
In the grave's ſlumber lay Death low,
And in the weak let ſtrength abound.

Funeral Hymn.

BROTHER! now thy toils are o'er,
Fought the battle, won the Crown;
On Life's rough and barren ſhore
Thou haſt laid thy burden down:
Grant him, LORD, eternal Reſt
With the Spirits of the Bleſt.

Through Death's valley dim and dark
JESUS guide thee in the gloom,
Shew thee where His Footprints mark
Tracks of Glory through the tomb:
Grant him, LORD, eternal Reſt
With the Spirits of the Bleſt.

Angels bear thee to the Land
Where the towers of Sion riſe,
Safely lead thee by the hand
To the fields of Paradiſe:
Grant him, LORD, eternal Reſt
With the Spirits of the Bleſt.

White-robed at the cryſtal gate
Of the New Jeruſalem
May the Hoſt of Martyrs wait,
Give thee part and lot with them:
Grant him, LORD, eternal Reſt
With the Spirits of the Bleſt.

Choirs of Angels over us
Bear CHRIST's weak and trembling Lamb,
Give thee peace with Lazarus
At the breaſt of Abraham:
Grant him, LORD, eternal Reſt
With the Spirits of the Bleſt.

Reſt in Peace: the gates of Hell
Touch thee not, till He ſhall come
For the Souls He loves ſo well—
Dear LORD of the Heavenly home:
Grant him, LORD, eternal Reſt
With the Spirits of the Bleſt.

Earth to earth, and duſt to duſt,
Clay we give to kindred clay;
In the ſure and certain truſt
Of the Reſurrection Day:
Grant him, LORD, eternal Reſt
With the Spirits of the Bleſt.

CHRIST the Sower ſows thee here:
When the eternal Day ſhall dawn
He will gather in the ear
On that Reſurrection morn:
Grant him, LORD, eternal Reſt,
Light and Life at Thy Beheſt,
With the Spirits of the Bleſt.

The Story of the Croſs.

The Queſtion.

N His own Raiment clad,
With His Blood dyed,
Women walk ſorrowing
By His Side.

Heavy that Croſs to Him,
Weary the weight,
One who will help Him waits
At the gate.

See! they are travelling
On the ſame road—
Simon is ſharing with
Him, the LORD.

Oh whither wandering,
Bear they that Tree?
He Who firſt carries it—
Who is He?

The Anſwer.

OLLOW to Calvary;
Tread where He trod,
He Who for ever was
SON of GOD.

You who would love Him, ſtand,
Gaze at His Face,
Tarry awhile on thine
Earthly race.

As the ſwift moments fly
Through the bleſt week,
Read the great Story the
Croſs will teach.

Is there no beauty to
'You who paſs by,'
In the lone Figure which
Marks that ſky?

The Story of the Croſs.

ON the Croſs lifted
Thy Face I ſcan,
Bearing that Croſs for me,
Son of Man;

Thorns form Thy Diadem,
Rough Wood Thy Throne,
For us Thy Blood is ſhed—
Us alone.

No pillow under Thee
To reſt Thy Head—
Only the ſplintered Croſs
Is Thy Bed.

Nails pierce Thy Hands and Feet,
Thy Side the ſpear;
No voice is nigh to ſay,
Help is near.

Shadows of midnight fall
Though it is day;
Thy Friends and Kinsfolk ſtand
Far away.

Loud is Thy bitter Cry;
Sunk on Thy Breaſt
Hangeth Thy Bleeding Head
Without reſt.

Loud ſcoffs the dying Thief,
Who mocks at Thee;
Can it, my SAVIOUR, be
All for me.

Gazing afar from Thee,
Silent and lone,
Stand thoſe few Weepers Thou
Call'ſt Thine Own.

I ſee Thy Title, LORD,
Inſcribed above—
'JESUS of Nazareth,'
King of Love!

What, O my SAVIOUR,
Here didſt Thou ſee,
Which made Thee ſuffer and
Die for me?

The Appeal.

HILD of My Grief and Pain,
Home of My Love,
I came to call thee to
Realms above.

I ſaw thee wandering
Far off from Me;
In Love I ſeek for thee—
Do not flee.

For thee My Blood I ſhed,
For thee alone—
I came to purchaſe thee
For Mine Own.

Weep not for My Grief,
Child of My Love;
Strive to be with Me in
Heaven above.

The Reply.

H, I will follow Thee,
Star of my Soul,
Through the deep ſhades of life
To the goal!

Yes, let Thy Croſs be borne
Each day by me;
Mind not how heavy if
But with Thee.

LORD, if Thou only wilt
  Make me Thine Own,
Give no companion ſave
    Thee alone.

Grant through each day of life
  To ſtand by Thee!
With Thee when morning breaks
    Ever to be!

The Paſſion.

Jeſus dying.

VER each tower and minaret,
And where in channel dark as jet
The ſtreams of Kedron toil and fret,

Falls the inexplicable Veil,
The Sign when Nature's powers ſhall fail
Of univerſal woe and wail.

No light and ſhade, in interchange
Softening the dark horizon's range,
But ſudden midnight ſtern and ſtrange!

Ruſhed the uptreaſured Darkneſs from
Its hidden, uncreated home
To witneſs GOD's own Martyrdom?

Or did the LORD Who hides His Face
In Shadows that betoken Grace,
And drapes in gloom His Dwelling-place,

Did He in His moſt awful Mood
Curtain around the Holy Rood
From man's unchaſtened neighbourhood?

Or came the Type and Form wherein
Wrong works, to watch the ſtrife within,
And learn the death of death and ſin?

Thou God That hideſt, who can tell,
Unleſs Thou teach us how to ſpell
And learn aright the Miracle?

It huſhes all things; not a ſound
Or far or near is heard around;
The guard ſeems rooted to the ground.

No word the Divine Sufferer ſaith;
Only is heard His heaving Breath
Fighting the duel fierce with death.

And breaking o'er His quivering Lips:
Only the Blood that as it drips
Throbs through the palpable eclipſe!

Oh, vanquiſhed Light return once more;
Oh, breaking Heart that we adore,
When ſhall this travail-pang be o'er?

When ſhall the day its fetters burſt,
And Jesus, from the Tree accurſt
Speak once, and own Himſelf athirſt?

Laſt act of His Humility
Better to witneſs, than to ſee
This ſtill and voiceleſs Agony.

SAVIOUR, and Suffering GOD! when I,
Knowing it is my time to die,
Upon my final croſs ſhall lie;

When Nature's deepening ſhadows fall
O'er Soul and ſenſe, and like a pall
Suit all things to the funeral;

In my eclipſe, oh, let me ſee
Thy Sorrows, borne in love for me,
Upon Thy Croſs, on Calvary—

Borne, that I might in dying reſt,
And lay, undarkened, undepreſſed
My head on Thy all-loving Breaſt.

Jeſus dead.

STAY the obſequious fingers!
O ſpare the myrrh and balm!
From the depths of this pure ſilence
This inexpreſſive calm;
From the lineleſs Lips where Slumber
Sets her conſecrating ſeal,
Back on the world that wronged Him,
He ſmiles His laſt Appeal.

Not like daylight's laſt effulgence,
So tender yet ſo bright;
When reluctantly the glory
Juſt flaſhes out of ſight:
But Sorrow and Forgiveneſs
Are blended on His Cheek,
Like the gleam that fills the twilight
As the dawn begins to break.

For Him is no more ſorrow,
There is neither change nor loſs;
Life has no further torture,
Nor Agony, nor Croſs:
The Counſels of the Ages,
The Deſtiny of Time,
At laſt are conſummated
In this Martyrdom ſublime.

He was weak, when in the Manger
He drew an Infant's Breath;
He was weak, when in the Garden
He ſorrowed unto Death;
Beneath the Croſs He fainted,
On the Croſs He bowed His Head:
But here is more than weakneſs—
All is finiſhed! He is Dead!

But the Love that is undying
Lights His Features, like a Mind;
And His final Look is pleading,
With the Heart of Humankind.

That owns, when it is hardeſt
  Death's power to control,
And conquer and o'ermaſter
  The paſſions of the Soul.

And thus His Look is pleading—
  No more your anger keep:
O My Brother, give thy pity!
  O My Siſter, turn and weep!
I was True, in Love unceaſing,
  Though My Labour was unprized;
And My Crown of ſorrows pierced Me
  When I ſaw that Love deſpiſed.

Ah, the world remains unheeding,
  And will not brook the ſight:
Quick! ſhade the Features, winding
  The CORSE of GOD in white:
Let the hands that Love has hallowed
  Cloſe faſt the holy Eyes;
Let the two familiar faces
  Look on Him where He lies.

There He lies! the wondrous Maſter
  Upon Whoſe Lips we hung;
Who had Might upon His Finger,
  And Life upon His Tongue:
Still and cold! that glorious Teacher
  Who had GODHEAD in His Eye!
Oh, cruel Heart within me,
  Wilt thou never break and die?

Thoughts from the Manual of S. Auguſtine.

He that dwelleth in Love, dwelleth in God, and God in him.

HO neither loves, nor ſeeks for JESUS' Love,
His Soul a barren deſert ſhall remain;
And life will prove
To him, whate'er its joys, but life in vain.

To live for Thee, O LORD, alone is Life;
To live without Thee, were at once to die,
'Twere but the ſtrife
Of aimleſs folly ſwiftly paſſing by.

Moſt Merciful! to Thee I give anew
The life and underſtanding which I owe;
That Thou art true
And wilt that life reſtore, by Faith I know.

Believing, I will love Thee and adore,
With Whom I hope for ever to remain,
Or, could I more,
In endleſs Reſt and Bleſſedneſs to reign.

What Soul, unloving, ſeeks not after Thee,
The ſlave of ſin and earthly love impure,
His lot ſhall be
The helpleſs thrall which guilty men endure.

O may this bondage never, LORD, be mine,
But let my pilgrimage ſecurely end
Along the line
Of aſpirations pure which Heavenward tend.

My Soul, in this her exile, longs for Reſt;
Be that to her, O LORD, for which ſhe longs,
Softly expreſſed
In contemplation ſweet, or grateful ſongs!

In ſorrow, or in joy, when tumults ſwell,
Grant her the ſhelter of Thy guardian Wing;
Do Thou compel
A calm, from whence ſoe'er the tempeſts ſpring.

O richeſt Maſter of the nobleſt Feaſt,
And bountiful Diſpenſer unto all,
Even the leaſt,
On whom the mercies of Thy Goodneſs fall!

Do Thou to weary Souls ſweet Food afford;
Thy ſcattered Children ſafely gather in;
O Loving LORD,
Set free the bound, reſtore the loſt in ſin!

Lo! at the door a wretched Wanderer ſtands
And knocks! O brighteſt Day-ſpring from on High,
Brightening the lands
Of death and ſin, in mercy hear his cry!

Open! and let this craving ſuppliant in,
That freely he may find his way to Thee,
And reſt from ſin,
And with Thy Heavenly Food refreſhèd be.

For Thou, of Life the Bread and Water art,
Of Light eternal the eternal Fount,
The living Heart
Of righteous Men who climb the Heavenly Mount.

There ſhall be no more Death, neither ſorrow, nor crying.

HRICE bleſſed Land of Heavenly gladneſs!
Where life is Life in endleſs flow;
Where undiſturbed by fear or ſadneſs
Greatneſs and Peace their ſweets beſtow;
Where Health is pure, unchecked by ſickneſs,
And 'laid up' Treaſure never fails;
Where no more Death betrays its weakneſs,
Nor Time its fleeting courſe bewails;
Where Happineſs unyoked from ſorrow
Fills up its ample ſtore with Love;
And face to Face, no more we borrow
Figures to ſhadow God above.

There too, we know as we are known,
The heights of Love Divine we ſcan,
And ſee the Light from out the Throne
Enlightening ere the worlds began;
The unfailing Food of Life is there,
Beholding Whom our Souls are fed;
Beholding, yet with longing care
Still to behold—ſtill upward led.

All quickening there, with beauteous Ray
The Sun of Righteousness is set,
Illuming all the golden Way
Where Citizens of Heaven are met.

Nor only so! but the Redeemed
Are there, one mighty World of Light,
As never Mortal could have dreamed
Of sun or stars, so dazzling bright!
To God Immortal joined are they
Who no corruption more shall see;
And now, O Jesu, day by day
They claim that Pledge which fell from Thee—
Father, I will that where I dwell
Whoe'er are Mine may dwell with Me,
As Thou and I, so they, may tell
The wondrous Bliss of Unity!

Childlike Holiness.

EAUTIFUL is Noon!
The glory and effulgence of the day;
Bright zenith of the Sun's majestic sway,
Whose sceptred light floods forth for
Nature's boon.
Hushed are all birds; the shortened shadows lie
Crouched 'neath the trees. We feel a Presence nigh,
As from our shady nook,
On the clear outward glare we look,
And reverence the Power
Who hath set forth His Image in this hour.

Beautiful is Eve!
The ſtars are tangled in her deepening Veil;
On the great ſea grows dim the ſnowy ſail;
With twitterings low, the birds their concert leave;
The dewdrops form upon the thirſting blades,
And timid Peace ſteals from her ſilent glades.
The village hum is ſtill;
The ſheep are folded on the hill;
And we our ſpirits yield
Unto the reſt that wraps ſky, wood and field.

Yet, lovelier far
Than Noon-tide, or the infant ſteps of Night,
Is Morn! Rekindled Hope and new-born Might
Riſe up, and hail his weſtward-coming car.
And there is ſong in Heaven and ſong in earth;
And ocean dimples o'er with ſmiling Mirth;
And the ſad evening heart,
That thought not from its grief to part,
Sees with aſtoniſhed eyes
Rays of unlooked-for joy mount up the ſkies.

* * *

Inſpiring is the ſight
Of Manhood's Piety! Amid the fight
Of this world's haraſs, work and care,
The weary day, the ſhortened night
To mark his unforgotten prayer,
His evening queſtioning of heart,
His faith ſtill burning in its ſhrine;
Loyal to Heaven, in Senate, Feaſt or Mart,
Bringing to earthly labours Love Divine.

And beautiful is Age!
As worldly cares do leſs its heart engage,
When, like the tranquil end of day,
Its warmeſt feelings ceaſe to rage,
And ſhed a clear but quiet ray,
Shining as ſtars, benign and fair:
And Youth grows reverent at the ſight;
And Children gather round the well-loved chair
Of CHRIST's tired Pilgrim, bidding Earth 'Good-night!'

But oh! more ſweet than all,
Than Manhood's faith, or Life's calm autumn fall,
Is holy Childhood! 'Tis the dew
That after-hours can not recall;
A joy which years can ne'er renew;
'Tis incenſe in a virgin fane;
'Tis new fallen ſnow from fields above;
The white-bleached robe, awhile without a ſtain,
Drawing our gaze of mingled awe and love.

No more the ſacred voice
Which interpoſed, and bade faint hearts rejoice
Falls on our ears. But echoes tell
That GOD, for neareſt Heaven, makes choice
Of Infant hoſts. His Aſphodel
For the young, ſpotleſs brow is twined;
And unveiled Viſion waits the eyes
Of childlike Purity, with Love enſhrined
In hearts, where'er they beat beneath the ſkies.

The Advent.

NOW by ſhining Forms attended,
By what golden ſtair,
He, the Son of God, deſcended,
Tell me, Earth and Air!
Hark! the Heaven itſelf is ringing,
All the blue wide arch
Rolls a ſound of Angels ſinging
His triumphal March.

Not with iron ſteeped in ſlaughter,
Nor with blood-red feet
Comes He! but like rills of water
Where the dry ſuns beat:
Love with happy eyes before Him
Melteth ſin like ſnow;
All whom He hath made adore Him,
Fount of Peace below.

Wiſe Men of the Eaſt unravel
Wondrous Signs afar;
Forth to Judah's land they travel,
Led by the new Star:
Thither, for their Soul divineth
Some great Birth foretold,
Each his ſeveral Gift conſigneth,
Incenſe, Myrrh and Gold.

On the quiet hills, far ſleeping
In a ſilver light,
Shepherds lonely watch were keeping
Mid their flocks by night,
When ſtrange Harmonies above them
Burſting, wave on wave,
Told of CHRIST come down to love them,
CHRIST, Supreme to ſave.

Turn and look where feeble, tender,
Helpleſs to behold,
Lies our King, bereft of ſplendour,
Touched with heat and cold:
In a ſtable, in a manger,
Heir to ſorrows born,
Even He, a BABE, a Stranger,
Naked and forlorn.

Tell me what Divine Affections
Throng that Infant Brain!
Say what dreamy recollections
Breathe, preluding pain!
Holy CHILD, Prieſt, Prince, and Prophet,
That myſterious reſt
Shadows, though men know not of it,
Anguiſh in Thy Breaſt.

Read, O Man, that ſacred ſtory,
How the GOD moſt High
Came down, emptied of His Glory,
Here to mourn and die—

Canſt thou, ere the long nights darken
O'er thine evil day,
Canſt thou hear it, and not hearken,
Weep, repent, obey?

Yet, when thou art filled with ſadneſs
At thy SAVIOUR'S Woe,
Peals an Angel-ſtrain of gladneſs
And thy joys o'erflow:
By that All-ſufficing SPIRIT,
Born to human Breath,
Souls Eternity inherit,
And men vanquiſh Death.

Thus to hail Thine Advent hither,
Grant, O LORD, to me
Large delight and griefs together
May united be:
Here though bitterneſs hath found Thee
For our guilt undone,
GOD'S high Pæan ſails around thee
For a conqueſt won.

Thus alternately to borrow
Health from pain and loſs,
Joy's companionſhip with ſorrow
Yield me from Thy Croſs;
Tears for Thy deep Tribulation
And ſin's winepreſs trod,
Praiſe for uttermoſt Salvation
And the Hymns of GOD.

Colloquies between the Diſciple and the Divine Maſter.

Judge not, that ye be not judged.

ELL not abroad another's faults
'Till thou haſt cured thine own;
Nor whiſper of thy neighbour's ſin
'Till thou art perfect grown:
Then, when thy Soul is pure enough
To bear My ſearching Eye
Unſhrinking, then may come the time
Thy brother to decry."
'JESU, SAVIOUR, pitying be;
Parce mihi, DOMINE!'

"Thine ears may hear, thine eyes may ſee
The word or deed of ill,
But not the tears that flow to Me,
Nor contrite ſighs, that thrill
Beyond the ſtars, and through the hoſts
Of all Mine Angels bright;
Which that poor grieving heart pours out
In ſilence of the night."
'JESU, LORD, O pardon me;
Parce mihi, DOMINE!'

"And if not yet he own the fall,
And unrepentant be,

Then pray for him as for thyſelf,
  Plead for his Soul with Me.
And if he wrong to thee have done,
  Still plead more earneſtly,
Till prayer of Faith becomes the prayer
  Of glowing Charity."
    'LORD of Love, O help Thou me;
    Parce mihi, DOMINE!'

"And weary not! I watched for thee
  On mountains lone all night:
Athirſt, for love of thee, I toiled
  All through the hours of light.
In meekneſs and in lowlineſs,
  In wearineſs and pain,
I ſpent My Life, I died My Death
  Thy dead, loſt Soul to gain:
And on My Heart I bear thee ſtill,
  That thou with Me may'ſt reign."
    'LORD of Life, Who loveſt me,
    Parce mihi, DOMINE!'

The Complaint of a Pilgrim.

LORD, my GOD, the way is rough and long;
And I through weàrineſs am faint and failing.'
"I am thy Staff, and I will ſtrengthen thee,
  Though earthly help is vain and unavailing."

'There is no water in this weary land,
While thirſt conſumes my parched and fainting Soul.'
"Come unto Me! of living Streams the Fount;
I will refreſh thee; I will make thee whole."

'But, O my LORD! my heavy daily Croſs
Doth well-nigh weigh me down. LORD, ſuccour me!'
"I bear it with thee, O faint-hearted One,
Who a far heavier Croſs have borne for thee.

"Fold not the darkneſs fondly round thy heart,
Think of My Mercy ſweet, and comfort thee,
My poor, unworthy Child; for Mine thou art,
And ſin alone can ſnatch My Child from Me.

"I leave thee never; thou art not alone,
And with thine own and thee Mine Angels dwell:
Poſſeſs thy Soul in patience; freely give
Me love for Love, and all ſhall yet be well.

"The Time is ſhort. They that now weep, ere long
Shall be as though they wept not: they that mourn
Be comforted, for I will comfort them:
And ſweet ſhall be their glad thankſgiving Song."

In Domo Patris.

Of the various Manſions and Rewards of the Elect in the Heavenly Jeruſalem.

IN My FATHER's Houſe on high,
Where He reigns above the ſky,
Many Manſions, paſſing fair,
I for Mine Elect prepare:
They alone ſhall enter in
Who in holy ſtrife with ſin
Fight till they the battle win.

Foremoſt there is Mary ſeen,
'Mid the Virgins Virgin-Queen:
Bleſt is ſhe, ſupremely bleſt,
Thus preferred before the reſt:
Cloſe to Me ſhe holds the ſeat
For My Beſt-belovéd meet,
With the Angels at her feet.

Glad is ſhe with great delight,
Keeping ever in her ſight
Me, her own Beloved SON,
Who alone the Victory won,
Seated at the FATHER's Side,
Ruling o'er creation wide,
King of all the Glorified.

Joying with the Heavenly Choir,
Adam, man's primeval Sire,
Gladly renders thanks to Me;
Comforted to hear and ſee
How the fallen human race,
Loſt through his defection baſe,
Is by Me reſtored to Grace.

Lo! the Patriarchs with mirth
Leap for gladneſs at My Birth:
Promiſes they heard of old
Now accompliſhed they behold:
All the nations, Faith confeſſing
In My Name, receive the Bleſſing,
Endleſs Life through Me poſſeſſing.

Sweetly harping in My Praiſe
There the Prophets tune their lays;
Joyful they have found the Grace
Thus to ſee Me Face to face:
In the world, in days of old,
While they lived of Me they told;
True were all their ſayings bold.

David, Iſrael's Pſalmiſt ſweet,
John, who gave Me Baptiſm meet,
In the place of light Divine,
With eſpecial brightneſs ſhine:
Sent before, as I drew nigh,
Not ſo much to propheſy,
As to point and teſtify.

How illuſtrious appear,
Thoſe My twelve Apoſtles dear!
In My Throne of Glory ſharing,
Part with Me in Judgment bearing:
From themſelves to Me they turned,
All their earthly treaſures ſpurned;
With My Love their ſpirits burned.

Martyrs brave, of faith unfailing,
Who, ten thouſand deaths aſſailing,
For My Name their witneſs bare,
Robes of gleaming crimſon wear;
Shining clear, in ſplendour bright,
Glowing with a roſy white,
Raiſed to Honour's topmoſt height.

All who patiently endured
Glory have with Me ſecured,
Decked with fewer pearls or more,
As they heavier trials bore;
Now their groans and tearful ſighing
Stores of gladneſs are ſupplying,
Source of pleaſure never dying.

Free at length from earth's turmoils,
Each according to his toils,
Well Confeſſors are repaid,
In befitting robes arrayed;
Purple veſtures are their due,
Blending tints of diverſe hue,
Crimſon red with azure blue.

Golden chains about their neck
Mine elected Teachers deck;
Doctors, by My ſpecial Love,
This Reward poſſeſs above;
By whoſe doctrine, clear and ſound,
Faith in Me, with Virtue crowned,
Spread to earth's remoteſt bound.

Monks, who kept the life Divine,
Drink their fill of My new Wine;
Feaſting with their Heavenly King
Songs of joy and praiſe they ſing:
All the labours which they wrought,
Diſcipline, with rigour fraught,
Sweeten now their every thought.

Anchorites, with Grace endued,
Hermits, from their ſolitude,
With bright beatific glance
View My beāming Countenance:
Thirſting ſore this Bliſs to taſte,
Long they ſojourned in the waſte,
And a ſtraitened life embraced.

They that brake a ſtubborn will
Strict obedience to fulfil
Now are My Companions made,
And in garments fair arrayed:
Now no ſelf-conſtraint they uſe,
No inviting pleaſure loſe,
Nothing ſhun which they would chooſe.

Humble Souls, and poor in ſpirit,
Exaltation great inherit:
Once by men on earth abaſed,
Warmly now by Me embraced:
They for whom contempt was ſhewn,
To My Side are raiſed alone,
Seated on a lofty Throne.

Virgins, pure in life and heart,
Bear with Me a gladſome part;
Through the Halls of Heavenly ſong,
In the dance, they ſweep along;
Perfume ſweet they caſt around,
With immortal garlands crowned;
All their Hymns My Praiſes ſound.

Conſtant Widows, true and chaſte,
My celeſtial Glory taſte:
Great indeed is their reward
Who were faithful to their LORD:
Earthly nuptials they diſdained;
In the Heavens a Houſe they gained,
And My glad Embrace attained.

Well-beloved, with Me abide
Holy Souls in wedlock tied;
They, according to My Will,
Zion's holy City fill:
From their bleſſed children's ſtore
Grows the band upon the Shore,
Saints in number more and more.

Unto thoſe whoſe continence
Triumphed o'er the joys of ſenſe
Many crowns by Me are given,
For the times that they have ſtriven;
Glittering with brighter ſheen
As the ſtruggles they have ſeen
Harder and more fierce have been.

Safe they kept their innocence,
Guiltleſs of the great offence,
Much they marvel, much rejoice,
At their Heavenly-guided choice;
How throughout they were defended
From the ſin to which they tended,
Sin which with their birth deſcended.

Penitents, with equal joy,
Reſt in Peace without alloy:
Now their Souls are cleanſed within
From the ſtain of all their ſin:
Hence their glory; hence their praiſe;
Hence to Me immortal lays
With exulting heart they raiſe.

Maſters, Servants, bond and free,
Nurſed in wealth or penury;
Every ſex and every age,
Prince and peaſant, fool and ſage;
Each, according to his meaſure,
Holds a never-failing Treaſure,
In the Realm of peace and pleaſure.

All this Heavenly company
Live for evermore with Me:
Wondrous glad is their thankſgiving
In the Manſion of the living:
Round them they behold diſplayed
More than all for which they prayed
While below, on earth, they ſtayed.

Earthly pleaſures therefore leave,
To the Heavenly country cleave:
Let thy labours know no bound,
That thou mayeſt be holy found,
So, when thou haſt bravely ſtriven,
Unto thee ſhall part be given
In the Happineſs of Heaven.

* * *

Fount of Bleſſing, whence doth flow
Every good that man can know;
Holy TRINITY, the ſum
Of the Saints' reward to come;
Still Thy Majeſty tranſcends
All the praiſe which Thee attends,
To the age that never ends.

Grant that with Thy Saints above,
One in Faith and Hope and Love,
We, amid the ranſomed throng,
Join the everlaſting ſong:
Unto Thee our anthems pour,
Thee with glowing hearts adore,
Praiſing Thee for evermore.

Thoughts in Lent.

Conſolation.

ARK! yon white-robed Angel-choir
Strike their tuneful golden lyre;
Hark! reſponſive to their cry
Pure and ſaint-like Souls reply,
They whoſe victory-crowned brow
Knows not ſin nor ſuffering now:
Hark! how floats that ſound along;
Liſt! the notes of Heavenly ſong—
Holy, Holy, Holy, LORD!
Burſts from each ſoft echoing chord,
Robed in Brightneſs o'er the Sun,
Thou, the High and Holy ONE!

LORD! what earthly voice can tell
Joys which minds Celeſtial ſwell?
Or can join with them to raiſe
Hymns of never-ending praiſe?
Yet wilt Thou Thyſelf impart
To the meek and contrite heart;
Nor wilt Thou, O GOD, deſpiſe
A broken Spirit's ſacrifice.
He that trembleth at Thy Word
Need not fear Thy glittering Sword,
Reconciled through Thy Dear SON
To the High and Holy ONE.

Though Thou hear'ſt the Seraphs cry,
To the humble Thou art nigh;
Though in Heaven Thy Dwelling-Place,
Thou haſt yet a Throne of Grace;
Thou haſt ſaid that Thou wilt be
With each Soul that ſeeketh Thee,
Him in Righteouſneſs array
Till the great and final Day,
Fit him by Thy SPIRIT's Power
For the peaceful parting hour:
In thoſe Heavenly regions high,
Paſt mortal thought or mortal eye,
Thou haſt ſaid that ſuch ſhall be
In thoſe glorious Realms with Thee,
By Thy SPIRIT, through Thy SON,
When life's toilſome courſe is done,
With the High and Holy ONE!

Humiliation.

OUNT of all Mercies, lo, I come
Again to ſeek my long-loſt Home,
And Thee the GOD of Comfort pray—
Turn not Thy Suppliant away.
Thou Who reſtrained Thine Anger's power
In Salem's penitential hour,
Thou Who waſt found, and found to bleſs
The Wanderer in the Wilderneſs,

Who heareſt grief and ſuffering's cry
And waſheſt out the purple dye,
Who ſinful Nineveh didſt ſpare,
Hear! oh, hear! my contrite prayer.

I aſk not that Thou ſhould'ſt reſtore
The earthly joys I loved before;
I aſk not that my life's ſad ſun
Should in its former ſplendour run;
The Chriſtian's hope, his firſt glad ſong
To fallen Souls no more belong;
That Robe ſo ſpotleſs once, ſo bright,
Is ever ſoiled in human ſight:
I only aſk Thee—nor deny
To hear Thy Suppliant's mournful cry;
I only aſk, O God of Heaven,
To die in peace, to die forgiven!

Verſes from the German.

Retirement.

H, whither flee, or where abide?
Where is the lone ſequeſtered ſpot,
Where outward things can reach me not
And from their turmoil I may hide?

Can no deep ſolitude be found
  Where prayer and praiſe might ceaſeleſs be
  To Him Whoſe Grace had ſet me free
From each diſtracting ſight and ſound?

For deſert waſtes my ſpirit longs;
  Had ſhe the pinions of a dove,
  There would ſhe ſeek the Source of Love
Far from theſe reſtleſs noiſy throngs;
She dare not longer make abode,
  She cannot keep her own Faith pure,
  Where men are caught in Folly's lure,
And ſtrive but to forget their God.

Then forth my Soul! Eſcape amain
  From ſnares that long have held thee faſt;
  Quit worldly ſchemes and friends at laſt,
That ſo thou may'ſt that reſt attain,
Where voice nor touch nor ſight can come
  To break thy commune deep and ſtill
  With Him Who every want can fill,
Who is alone our proper Home.

There in ſome narrow quiet cell,
  My Paradiſe, my Promiſed Land,
  Theſe wandering thoughts I might command,
And fixed in rapt devotion dwell,
No foe to thwart with blame or praiſe;
  My God alone ſhould fill my Soul,
  As toward my peaceful death ſhould roll
In changeleſs courſe my tranquil days.

* * *

Alas! poor Soul! hadſt thou thy will,
'Twere reſting ere the field was won;
How hopeſt thou all foes to ſhun
When blind ſelf-will goes with thee ſtill?
In outward things thou ſeekeſt reſt,
But thou wilt never find it ſo;
Nought outward is ſo much thy foe
As what thou haſt within thy breaſt.

Safe is Obedience, that alone;
No loyal Soldier leaves his poſt,
Though toil or pain or life it coſt,
Until his Captain ſaith, 'Begone.'
And Faith knows not to pauſe or chooſe,
And flees no ſtrife however ſtern,
Where in the ſtruggle ſhe my learn
How in GOD's Will her own to loſe.

But if thy heart on Peace is bent,
O'er fair falſe dreams no longer brood
Of bleſt, congenial ſolitude,
They will but breed deep diſcontent;
No Paradiſe is left us here;
Our Peace is in a will reſigned;
Then amid crowds thou yet may'ſt find
Thy Unſeen LORD moſt ſurely near.

Midnight.

AT dead of night
Sleep took her flight;
I gazed abroad; no ſtar of all the crowds
That people Heaven, was ſmiling through the clouds
To cheer my ſight
That dreary night.

At dead of night
I ſcaled the height
Of giddy queſtion o'er our mortal lot,
My ſearchings found no anſwer, brought me not
One ray of light
In that deep night.

At dead of night
In ſtill affright
I turned, and liſtened to my throbbing heart;
One pulſe of pain alone, whoſe ancient ſmart
Had dimmed ſweet light,
Beat there that night.

At dead of night
I fought the fight,
Humanity, of all thy pain and woes;
My ſtrength could not decide it, and my foes
O'erwhelmed me quite
In that deep night.

At dead of night
All power and might
I yielded, LORD of Life and Death, to Thee,
And learnt Thou watchedſt with me, and that we
Are in Thy Sight
In deepeſt night.

Gethſemane.

SIN hardens, all the heart with ice encruſting,
And narrowing its current evermore;
Therefore, O SAVIOUR, Loving, Pitying, Truſting,
Thy Heart, the ice of ſin ne'er cruſted o'er,

Was tenderer to feel each pang that tried Thee
Than any heart that ever broke or bled,
The timid Love that followed yet denied Thee,
The ſelfiſh Fear that kept far off or fled.

* * *

But ſin muſt ever weaken while it hardens,
Enfeebling to endure, or act, or dare,
Till nothing ſave the balms of Heavenly Pardons
Can nerve the heart again to do or bear.

Then muſt Thy Heart be ſtronger far to ſuffer
Than any ſinful heart that ever beat;

And if Thy Path than any path be rougher,
Yet haſt Thou Strength unſcathed its woes to meet.

What tide of grief then, Mightieſt, o'er Thee ruſhes
Thus taſking e'en Thy Patience and Thy Truſt?
What woe beyond all woe Thy Spirit cruſhes,
Bowing Thee Sinleſs, Spotleſs, to the duſt?

Martyrs for Thee have gone to meet their anguiſh
Singing glad Hymns e'en with their dying breath,
Not all their tortures cauſing once to languiſh
The hope that led them forth for Thee to death.

Thy Stephen's face ſhone like a holy Angel's,
Uplifted midſt the ſtones towards Thy ſkies,
Beaming from radiant brows Thine own Evangels,
And glowing with the welcome in Thine Eyes.

Yet Thou, LORD, lifteſt not Thy Face to Heaven,
But boweſt proſtrate on the dewy ſod;
Thy Soul exceeding ſorrowful with death-pangs riven,
Thy Sweat of anguiſh as great drops of Blood.

What ſtorm is this in which Thou all but ſinkeſt,
Whoſe Arm has borne ſo many through the flood?
What bitter Cup is this from which Thou ſhrinkeſt,
Strength of all Martyrs, Patient LAMB of GOD?

The ſin of all the world, whoſe throne Thou claimeſt,
Hadſt made ſo fair, ſo fallen, loved and ſought!
The ſin of all Thine Own, to whom Thou cameſt,
Thou cameſt, and Thine Own received Thee not!

The ſin of all the Saved, that dying bleſſed Thee,
Who from the ſting of Death hadſt ſet them free;
The ſin of all Thy Martyrs who confeſſed Thee,
And died rejoicing that they went to Thee.

This is the weight of Agony unſpoken
Which Thee, O Higheſt, thus ſo low hath laid?
The curſe of all the law mankind had broken,
The ſin of all the world which Thou hadſt made.

Earth's ſerried woe and crime in one compreſſing,
Thou burieſt all within Thy ſingle Breaſt,
And changeſt thus our every curſe to Bleſſing,
Giving us Life through death, in labour Reſt.

Old Teſtament Hymns.

David and Barzillai.

N Bleſſing parted from the King
By Jordan's brimming wave,
Yet ſhalt thou hear the City ſing
With him beyond the grave.

Thy Monarch's home ſhould yet be thine,
Jeruſalem the bleſt,
Though Gilead's balms in all their calms
Have ſteeped that aged breaſt.

O birthday crown of fourſcore years,
Which ſome with ſtrength attain!
Vain conqueſt, to ſurvive with tears
And more than manhood's pain!

The King that eye ſhall yet deſcry
In all His Beauty rare;
To Angel's lute no voice is mute,
No ear is liſtleſs there.

Rizpah, the Daughter of Aiah.

BEFORE thoſe bones unſhrouded,
On Gibeah's deathful hill,
Beneath the ſkies unclouded,
Beſide the gaſping rill,
Watch! lonely Mourner, keeping,
With all thy ſackcloth ſpread,
The raindrops of thy weeping,
The harveſt of thy dead.

Thoſe gracious tears are winning
The Bleſſing from above,
The Sacrifice for ſinning,
Bathed with a ſinner's love;

Not yet upon the mountains
Falls there the promiſed dew;
Break, Heart, thy ſorrow's fountains,
Baptizing them anew.

Lift! lift His Croſs, Wood-hewer,
Draw! draw that water's tears—
The latter and the newer,
The purer rain appears;
There droops a Sinleſs BROTHER
His ſweet atoning Brow;
There breaks the Virgin Mother
A ſpotleſs heart below.

Is it well with the Child?

AS rippled, by the ſickle preſt,
The cornfield's creſted wave,
He ſank upon the Reaper's breaſt
Whoſe garner is the grave.

O well is it, ſweet Child, with thee,
Soft lies thy drooping head,
Death's pillow is thy Mother's knee,
Thy bier the Prophet's bed!

'Tis not new Moon, nor Sabbath ſoon,
No grief the Prophet knows;
No new Moon now of hope haſt thou,
No Sabbath of repoſe.

Hold! Mother, hold the Man of God,
Lay there thy ſorrow's loſs;
He wakes not to the Prophet's rod
Who ſleeps beneath the Croſs.

O full are they of healing ſweet,
His Saints, ere Christ appears,
Ere mourners hold thoſe bleſſed Feet,
Or waſh them with their tears!

Elijah and Eliſha.

STERN Remembrancer of error
With the lightning of thine eye,
Locking with the key of terror
All the portals of the ſky,
Calling, while the bleſſing lingers,
Laving flames on Carmel's ſteep,
Ere the cloud with dewy fingers
Scoops the vapours of the deep:
Man of God, no Christ I ſee—
What have I to do with thee?

Earth with fire and blood baptizing,
Mingling with the gracious rain,
Then on wheels of flame upriſing,—
Shine upon the mount again;
There with wrathful Moſes ſtanding,
Smiting with the vengeful rod,

Fire from Heaven and earth commanding,
Make thee like the Son of God:
Darkeſt of the Clouded Three—
We will build no houſe for thee!

Caſt thy mantle on another,
Who ſhall all thy terrors quell—
Kiſſing Father, kiſſing Mother,
Ere he bids the world farewell;
Like thee only once in curſing,
When the ſcoffing ſons rebel,
As the Spirit gently nurſing,
Save when Ananias fell:
There the Son of God I ſee—
Prophet, let me cleave to thee!

Thine the ſtill ſmall Voice remaining,
Chiding Horeb's ſtormy blaſt,
Huſhing all the world's complaining,
When the flaming Law is paſt;
Bidding with the Minſtrel's ſoothing
All our angry paſſions ceaſe,
Softened by the Spirit's Smoothing
All to Gentleneſs and Peace,
Perfect Love, without a fear—
Son of God, I ſee Thee near!

An Allegory.

STOOD in the ſhade of a ſtately Tree,
The Foreſt Monarch; far and wide
It ſpread its branches on every ſide;
Fruit alone there was none to ſee
On the wide-ſpread boughs of that ſtately Tree.

A ſtern dark Man, from whoſe gloomy brow
Paſſèd never a fearful frown,
Rode through the Foreſt up and down;
His ſteed was pale as the driven ſnow,
And he carried an Axe at his ſaddle-bow.

Wherever that pale white horſe did tread,
Some ſapling tall or gnarlèd oak
Fell by the ſtern Man's ruthleſs ſtroke,
Or ſome the faireſt of flowers lay dead,
Like graſs on the houſe-top witherèd.

Yet all unchanged was the ſylvan ſcene,
For ſtill as he journeyed from place to place,
He left of his preſence no laſting trace,
But the Foreſt grew on as thick and green,
As through it the pale horſe had never been.

While I muſed on this, forth from the glade
That ſame pale horſe and its Rider ſtern,
With fixed fell purpoſe, ſeemed to turn,
Till where the tall Tree caſt its ſhade,
Horror of horrors! their courſe was ſtayed.

Oh, what fear! oh, what diſmay!
I would have fled from the doomèd ſpot,
But my ſpell-bound limbs ſuffered me not;
I would have opened my mouth to pray,
But the words unuttered died away.

Thrice he brandiſhed his Axe in the air!
Thrice the Hand of One unſeen
Came the Axe and the Tree between,
And I heard a Voice—Depart! forbear!
Let it alone another year.

Reluctant the ſtern Man obeyed,
And ſlow withdrew; but ere he paſſed,
Forth his Axe from his hand he caſt,
And the keen edge of the glittering blade
At the root of the ſtately Tree was laid.

And One, 'bright as the Morning Star,'
Yea, 'bright as the Sun' when he rides at noon
Through the cloudleſs ſky, 'fair as the Moon,'
Awful as ſerried armies are,
Bearing their 'banners' aloft for war,

Stood and cried—Repent! repent!
Now the Axe lies at the root
Of every Tree not bearing fruit;
Ere thy Day of Grace be ſpent,
Child of Adam, repent! repent!

Then as far as my ſight could pierce the wood,
I ſaw that Axes all around,
At the root of the Trees, covered the ground;
And the Trees were no longer Trees, but I ſtood
In the midſt of a Human Multitude!

Aged Sires with hoary hair,
Tender Infants, Children young,
Women and Men, fair and ſtrong:
But at the foot of each one there
Lay an Axe, ſharp and bare.

And then a lurid darkneſs ſeemed
To cover the whole, and forth there broke
Gnaſhings, wailings, fire, ſmoke;
Awful Words not to be named—
God be praiſed, I had but dreamed!

The Burial.

WHEN the Lord Jesus Crucified
Ere death unto His Father cried—
I yield to Thee my Soul—and died;

When the Centurion ſtanding nigh
With mighty ſtirrings heard that Cry
And God in Christ did glorify;

When they who gathered round as one
The things to witneſs which were done
Had wildly beat their breaſts and gone;

Joſeph the rich man then waxed brave
The Body of the LORD to crave
That he might lay It in the Grave.

When Pilate bade it ſo to be
There came a little company
And ſadly gathered round the Tree.

From Hands and Feet the nails they wrenched,
Weeping that they ſo late had blenched,
And came not till the Light was quenched.

From His dear Head they took the Crown,
Half thinking He might know His Own,
And ſadly then they took Him down.

Upon the earth its Maker lies;
They gently cloſe His All-pure Eyes,
They feel His late-felt Agonies.

Each gracious Arm, which ſtretching wide
To claſp the world for which He died,
So long was parted from the Side,

Each Arm, ſo kind to things ſo baſe,
Now ſeeks Its natural reſting-place,
Yet ceaſes not from that embrace;

But for the Blood which left each Vein
They need not waſh That ſacred Stain,
To waſh all elſe It doth remain.

Where is the Linen Joſeph bought?
The Spices Nicodemus brought,
Aloes and Myrrh? Be wanting nought.

The ſnowy Cerements wrap Him well,
The Spices Him yet ſweeter tell,
We add our hearts with Him to dwell.

Slowly they lift Him from the ſod,
With holy fear the path is trod,
As men ſhould walk who bear their God.

In reverent order ſad and ſlow
From the dark place of Death they go,
Or weeping wild or ſobbing low;

And yet they tend to happy bowers,
Alone among the garden-flowers
They go to lay their God and ours.

Now to the hard Rock He is borne;
Sweet Rock by after-pilgrims worn,
Sweet Field of the dead Wheaten Corn.

A little while their Truſt they keep,
A little while they pray and weep,
And then they lay Him down to ſleep.

They cloſe the Tomb and go away
To keep that awful Sabbath-day,
But with the LORD in heart they ſtay.

How may a ſoon-forgotten rhyme
Thus faintly ſhadowing things ſublime
Bear fruit to live in after-time?

Look back, O Brother, on the Hill,
Where late the Enemy had his will,
Where eve is falling calm and ſtill.

What crowns its ſummit now? declare;
Thou ſay'ſt a Croſs alone is there;
A Croſs alone? O would it were.

O blind with error! pray for eyes,
Still on the Croſs the Victim dies,
Still ſin the Sinleſs crucifies.

More ruthleſſly the ploughers plough,
More ſharp the thorns about His Brow,
More cruel nails transfix Him now.

Daily by ſins of Chriſtian men
In buſy ſtreet and peaceful glen
The LORD is crucified again.

Daily by ſins of me and you
The LORD is crucified anew;
What, Men and Brethren, ſhall we do?

We, His true murderers heretofore
Will bear the Burden Joſeph bore,
Will take Him from the Croſs once more.

The broken contrite-hearted wail
May lift the thorns, may wrench the nail,
May all the ſad paſt countervail.

So, ere our life's ſun reach the weſt,
We will take down the Only-Bleſt,
And lay Him in the Grave to reſt;

Lay Him to reſt, and caſt within,
Through His dear Dying, all our ſin,
Then wait and weep and ſtrive to win.

The Croſs ſtands out againſt the ſky;
The LORD has left it. Ye and I
Muſt haſten where He died to die;

Be ours awhile the nails and thorn,
So never ours the ſhame and ſcorn
In the great Reſurrection-Morn.

So never be to us addreſſed—
Depart, ye curſed, to unreſt;
But—Come ye, of My FATHER bleſt.

The Power of Contrition.

An Ode from the Italian.

POWER irreſiſtible
In lowly prayer contained!
There's nothing but unfeigned
Repentance may procure.
Aſcend, my Soul, to Golgotha,
And ſee the Croſs diſplaying
A proof beyond gainſaying
That all this hope is ſure.

Remember, in Thy Majeſty
In Heaven when Thou art ſeated—
The contrite Thief entreated—
Remember me, O LORD,
Of ſinners me the wofulleſt.
The zeal of his confeſſion
Had under death's oppreſſion
A thrill of warmth reſtored.

And JESUS to the ſuppliant
Inclined His Ear to pardon;
Said—Thou in Heavenly Garden
This day ſhalt be with Me.
His FATHER's Realm of Bleſſedneſs
He brought him to inherit,
When He reſigned His Spirit
Upon the painful Tree.

Before the Apoſtles' Fellowſhip
This penitent Tranſgreſſor
Was made by Grace poſſeſſor
Of Heavenly Riches ſure.
O Power irreſiſtible
In lowly prayer contained!
There's nothing but unfeigned
Repentance may procure.

O Tear beyond all valuing
Which penitence expreſſes:
No pearl the Eaſt poſſeſſes
Can be compared with thee.
In Heaven the very profligate
Becomes admitted by thee,
And let but God deſcry thee,
No Rigour more hath He.

Thou Tear, that Mary Magdalen's
Face trembling ranneſt over,
Thy gliſtening to diſcover
Made all the Angels glad.
'Gainſt forfeitures innumerous
An inſtant compenſation,
An earneſt of Salvation
In thy great worth ſhe had.

And when upon the countenance
Of Peter thou didſt trickle,
From eyelid unto fickle
Lips that untruth had ſtained,

Thou cleared'ſt all his perfidy:
Such is thy worth excelling,
And ſinful Souls paſt telling
Have cleanneſs thus regained.

O would this gem paſt valuing
Were granted me to cheriſh!
May Grace before I periſh
This boon confer on me!
For, where the tear ſpontaneouſly
The contrite Soul expreſſes,
No pearl the Eaſt poſſeſſes
Compared with it can be.

Lux advenit veneranda.

A Sequence for the Feaſt of the Purification.

AY of bright illumination,
Day of choral jubilation;
Kindling hearts have caught the blaze;
Joyful light which brings another
Feaſtday of God's Virgin Mother,
Sacred Day of ſolemn praiſe.

Let melodious voices ſounding,
Hearts with deep emotion bounding,
Part in glad thankſgiving bear:

Praiſe to God's ſupreme Perfections!
In our glowing recollections
Let His noble Mother ſhare.

Glorious in her exaltation,
Tender in commiſeration,
Named from penitential Love:
Crowned with Dignity Maternal,
With Virginity eternal,
Shining in the Heaven above.

As the Buſh with fire was glowing,
Yet the flames, their power foregoing,
Scathèd not the tendereſt rod;
So ſhe whom the Spirit graces,
Free from conjugal embraces,
Maid and Mother bare her God.

Sealèd Fount of waters riſing,
Garden ſhut, yet fertilizing
With the ſeeds of Virtues, ſhe:
She was that myſterious Portal
Cloſèd by the King immortal,
Ne'er for man uncloſed to be;

Gideon's Fleece with dewdrops ſtreaming,
Field with ſcented odours ſteaming,
Fragrant to the bounds of earth;
Aaron's Rod in ſecret growing,
Earth with Righteouſneſs o'erflowing
For the faithful in that Birth.

Types of her, the myſtic Fountain,
Were the Caſtle, Temple, Mountain,
Palace, Chamber, City fair:
And whatever names of glory
Mark the Saints in ſacred ſtory,
Let her alſo in them ſhare.

Bleſt was ſhe, with Grace endued;
By her name is joy renewed,
Lilies to her fragrance yield,
Honey by the ſweetneſs ſealed
In her lips is far outdone:
Richer than the wine's red glow,
Whiter than the gleaming ſnow,
Softer than the dewy roſe,
Brighter than the moon ſhe ſhews
In the Light of the True Sun.

Thou, O King of Hoſts ſupernal,
Vanquiſher of powers infernal,
Way which muſt to Heaven be taken,
Nor by conſtant hope forſaken;
Gather to Thyſelf the erring,
Call them back, their ſpirits ſtirring
By the faithfulneſs of Thine:
Son of Mary, true Phyſician,
Grant us our devout petition;
Look not on ſin's aggravations,
But behold our ſupplications;
Guilty Souls in fear abiding,
Only in Thy Love confiding,
Take into the Life Divine.

Verſelets.

Maſter, ſay on!

HOU art gone Home, Thine earthly
Work complete:
Yet from the calm height of Thy
Heavenly Seat,
By Thine own Meſſenger, the PARACLETE,
Maſter, ſay on!

Thoſe many things that Thou hadſt yet to ſay
We fain would hear, and be they what they may,
Would bear them for Thy ſake and in Thy way;
Maſter, ſay on!

We have heard Thy loved Voice, and followed
Thee
All through Thy Life, through all Thy Miniſtry
From Bethlehem to glorious Bethany;
Maſter, ſay on!

Friends freſhly parted ſoothe their yearning pain
With written words that make them one again:
Link us to Thee by Thy ſweet Comfort's chain;
Maſter, ſay on!

Dear are glad tidings from a diſtant ſtrand;
But dearer are the traces of Thy Hand,
The greetings from Thy far-off Holy Land;
Maſter, ſay on!

Until Life's weary Summer heat be paſt,
And joys and griefs, like Autumn leaves, fade faſt,
We liſten ſtill, then till Thine Advent blaſt,
Maſter, ſay on!

Eaſter-Day.

THE Graves grow thicker, and life's ways more bare
As years on years go by:
Nay! Thou haſt more green gardens in thy care,
And more ſtars in thy ſky!

Behind, hopes turned to griefs, and joys to memories
Are fading out of ſight:
Before, pains changed to peace, and dreams to certainties
Are glowing in God's Light.

Hither come backſlidings, defeats, diſtreſſes,
Vexing this mortal ſtrife:
Thither go progreſs, victories, ſucceſſes,
Crowning immortal Life.

No jubilees, few gladſome feſtive hours
Form landmarks for my way:
But Heaven, and earth, and Saints, and friends, and flowers
Are keeping Eaſter-Day!

The Lord's Largeſs.

TWO Days, by contraſt linked together,
Sharing the wealth of ſpring-tide weather,
The buoyant cloud, the breezy calm,
The budding growth of flower and palm,
Each with a holy hiſtory
Fraught with a hidden Myſtery:
To that, the depth of ſhame and ſadneſs;
To this, the height of glorious Gladneſs.
That, darkeſt hour of ſorrow's night,
Is brightened by the coming Light;
This, to enhance her joy, would fain
Glance backward to that ſhade again.
Lo! for each pent-up pang of trouble
The promiſed Peace is rendered double;
No claim receives its due diſcharge,
But more—the LORD hath heard at large:
He bids the ſinful throng depart,
Whoſe watch weighed down each ſtony heart;
Then ſends thoſe hearts ſo cold and hard
The Bleſſing of an Angel-guard.
The Earth's drear curſe of brier and thorn
On the bleak hill of Calvary borne,
Returns from Paradiſal bowers
An Eaſter boon of buds and flowers.

Ad perennis Vitae Fontem.

A Hymn of S. Peter Damiani on the Joys of Paradiſe.

FOR the Fount of Life eternal is my thirſting Spirit fain,
And my priſoned Soul would gladly burſt her fleſhly bars in twain,
While the exile ſtrives and ſtruggles on to win her home again.

As ſhe groans beneath the troubles which with weary weight oppreſs,
She is thinking on the Glory which ſhe loſt through wickedneſs,
And the thought of joy departed but increaſeth her diſtreſs.

Who can tell the perfect gladneſs of the Peace within the ſkies,
Where, of living pearls upbuilded, Manſions for the Bleſſed riſe,
Where the golden halls and rooftrees ſhine and glow with radiant dyes?

Framed alone of precious jewels ſtately Dwellings there appear,
And the highways of the City, paved with gold, as cryſtal clear;
Mire is far, and filth is baniſhed, nought that may pollute is near.

Winters ſnowing, ſummers glowing, never thither
pain may bring,
There the gorgeous roſes flower in the calm of
endleſs ſpring,
Balms exude, and crocus bluſhes, lilies fair are
bloſſoming.

Meads are ſheening, fields are greening, honey
drops from combs of bees,
Liquid odours, fragrant ſpices, ſhed their perfume
on the breeze,
Never falling fruits are hanging from the ever
leafy trees.

There no moon through phaſes paſſes, ſun and
ſtars beſtow no light,
But the LAMB on His glad City, Light unſetting,
ſhineth bright;
There the day is everlaſting, gone for aye are
time and night.

For the Saints, now crowned in triumph, like the
ſun in radiance glow,
Greet each other in that gladneſs which the Saints
alone can know,
While, ſecure, they count their battles with their
ſubjugated foe.

Fleſhly wars they know no longer, ſince with
blemiſh ſtained is none,

For the ſpiritual body and the Soul at laſt are one;
Dwell they now in Peace eternal, with all ſtumbling they have done.

To their firſt eſtate return they, freed from every mortal ſore,
And the Truth, for ever preſent, ever lovely, they adore,
Drawing from that living Fountain living ſweetneſs evermore.

And they drink in changeleſs being as they taſte thoſe waters clear;
Bright are they, and ſwift, and gladſome, no more perils need they fear;
There the youth can know no ageing, never cometh ſickneſ near.

Thence they draw their life unending, paſſingneſs hath paſſed away,
Thence they grow, and bloom, and flouriſh, freed for ever from decay,
And deathleſſneſs hath ſwallowed up the might of death for aye.

They know Him Who knoweth all things, nothing from their ken may flee,
And the thoughts of one another in the inmoſt heart they ſee;
One in chooſing and refuſing, one are they in unity.

And though each for divers merits there hath won
a various throne,
Yet their love for one another maketh what each
loves his own,
Every prize to all is common, yet belongs to each
alone.

Where the Body is, together in their flight the
eagles ſpeed,
There the Saints and there the Angels ſeek
refreſhment in their need,
And the Sons of Earth and Heaven on that One
Bread ever feed.

Ever full, yet ever craving, they deſire, and yet
poſſeſs,
But their fulneſs brings no loathing, and their
hunger no diſtreſs,
Eagerly they eat for ever, ever eat in joyfulneſs.

In new harmonies unceaſing they with voice me-
lodious ſing,
While their liſtening ears are gladdened with the
harps' exulting ring,
And for He hath made them victors, praiſes chant
they to their King.

Where the King of Heaven is preſent, happy is
the gazing Soul,

And she sees the double framework of the globe
beneath her roll,
Sees the sun and moon and planets and the stars
that stud the pole.

Jesu, Palm of all Thy Soldiers, who in Thee
alone confide,
Bring me to that Holy City when my belt is laid
aside,
Grant that I may share the portion of the Saints
who there abide.

While the war is yet unended, give me vigour for
the fray,
Give me, when the fight is over, Peace that passeth
not away,
Give Thyself to me, O Jesu, as my one Reward
for aye.

She is not dead, but sleepeth.

SISTER, once more with fairy touch
Wake music's spirit from the strings,
While o'er the rose the twilight blush
And the tired throstle folds her wings.

My body lies within this room
Worn by the strife of busy day—
But far beyond the deepening gloom
My Soul hath fled, far, far away.

Beyond yon mountain in the clouds,
Whose white peak faintly flushes still,
I steal 'mid Angel-glist'ning crowds
That slowly float adown the hill.

What seems to thee a wild blue plain
Among cloud headlands, is a lake,
On whose clear ripple rests no stain,
While Angel-voices o'er it break.

Their long robes glistening as they pass
Oaring on gently with soft flight,
Cloud-shadows noiseless o'er the grass—
Are these the Children of the Light?

Seven Angels coronalled with gold
And lilies, lift above each head
Their white arms, in whose tender fold
A little Sister lieth dead.

A Baby-angel, on whose face
God's holy Dew is shining yet,
Who nestles in her resting place,
Her lips with tearful kisses wet.

O'er the blue lake their footsteps sail,
While myriad echoes haunt the sky,
Around that tiny form so pale,
Around that sleeping stirless eye.

Just where the fringe of deathless flowers
Is kissed by every dimpled wave,

They lay her in the careleſs bowers
Of Paradiſe beyond the grave.

Yet one Boy-Angel ſtoops to kiſs
The ſilver Croſs upon her brow—
In the lap of Eternal Bliſs
The Baby is no Baby now.

Higher and higher ſoar the wings—
I cannot ſee their azure eyes;
Yet one clear voice upſoaring ſings—
In me its muſic never dies.

In ſilence of the wakeful night,
Beſide the hurry of Life's ſtream,
I liſten with a ſtrange delight,
I wander in a ſtranger dream.

I dream that men may cark and moil,
And yet their labour be in vain;
Their knowledge but a mocking toil
Which lands them on the ſhores of pain.

But that dead Baby ſeeth now
What our dim eyes aye fail to ſee—
The glories of that radiant bow
That links Time to Eternity.

I dream God's Angels ſtand around
To watch the Baby's waking ſmile,
As couchèd on the holy ground
Where nought may enter to defile.

She reads with knowledge, clear and strong,
The Truths from Angels eyes concealed,
And bears upon a flood of song
Love's fuller, brighter Creed revealed;

Is fondled by the LORD's Redeemed,
Is kissed, and passed from hand to hand,
As one upon whose face had gleamed
The love light of the old home land.

And o'er the lake, and through the clouds,
Gazing they yearn to hear once more,
From out sin's mist that overshrouds
The surges of earth's troublous shore;

Once to hear how their loved ones fare;
Once to breathe—We are happy here,
Where is no sin or strife or care,
Where childlike Love hath lost all fear.

'Tis o'er—the music Melts away—
Death's voices tremble on its tide.
Oh, in my Soul, through life's brief day
The wise grief of that song abide!

The Holy Sacrifice.

EHOLD! all things await
Thy Coming, LORD, in ſtate.
The Altar-Veſſels gleam, the Tapers burn:
O muſt not we prepare
Our hearts Thy Light to ſhare,
And ſhould not all our Souls with longing yearn?

O Childhood, dear to Him
Who ſways the Cherubim,
O Manhood, with the careworn brow ſo pale,
That into Truth can'ſt look,
And wilt not ſhadows brook,
Come! at His Shrine the Incarnate LAMB to hail.

And thou, true Woman's heart,
That knew'ſt not to depart
When thy LORD lay deſerted in the Tomb,
Rejoice! The greateſt now
Before Him bend the brow.
Come! earth's remoteſt Nations, there is room.

Once, SAVIOUR! once alone
Upon Thine Altar-Throne,
Dear Calvary's Croſs, didſt Thou for ſinners die;
But in Thine own Abode
Thou art the LAMB of GOD,
And blendeſt earth and Heaven in ſpouſals high.

As victims ſlain of yore
Beſide the open door,
Within the veil by fire Heaven's Gifts became,
Love infinite, Divine,
On Heaven's tranſlucent Shrine
Conſumes, and yet conſumes not, in its flame.

Sweet LAMB of GOD, once ſlain,
Who alway doſt remain
The Undying LAMB on Heaven's vaſt Throne above,
At this moſt wondrous Feaſt
Each Chriſtian Soul is Prieſt,
And yields Thyſelf, the Sacrifice of Love.

Lo! over earth's expanſe,
Beneath Heaven's countenance,
A myriad Altars wait the Incarnate Gueſt,
Who ſtoops, whilſt time and ſpace
Lie in His Arms' embrace,
To be the Inmate of the faithful breaſt.

As from the ſource of day
A myriad ſunbeams play
Upon earth's vales, and fill each chaliced flower,
So He, Who guards Heaven's Throne,
Still makes His Preſence known
Through earth's wide courts, and comes in Love and Power.

Not in all gems of Inde
Couldſt Thou be fitly ſhrined,
Moſt gracious Preſence, Heavenly, yet moſt True;

Our earthly accents fail,
Nor Heaven may ſpeak the tale,
But hearts may yield the fervent homage due.

Deſcend, O LORD! And we
Will ſupplicate, through Thee,
For all we love in earth or Spirit-ſphere,
And for Thy coſtly ſake
We know that GOD will take
Our feeble prayers, as flowers of love and fear,

And bind them in a wreath
To circle Hell and Death
And draw the univerſe to His great Throne.
This is our ſervice due;
Come! Children, aid may you,
For CHRIST is here, and Children are His Own.

And all the ſacred throng
Shall join in our glad ſong;
Angels, Archangels, Thrones and Hierarchies,
And ſhe, that Virgin Bleſt,
Who cradled on her breaſt
The LORD of all, and kiſſed His ſleeping Eyes.

With her each Patriarch great,
All Souls that conquered hate,
Prophets, Apoſtles, Martyrs, all as one,
Swell high the bliſsful Song
Which, ages vaſt along,
High Heaven ſhall carol to the FATHER'S SON.

O Holy Ghost, come! fire
Our hearts, and joy inſpire
Worthy His Preſence Who deſcends this morn.
Peace, Mortals: ſong nor ſpeech
Can this great Myſtery reach;
Into a world of ſinners God is born.

God's Acre.

SUN was ſhining bright and fair,
Wind was huſhed, and calm was there,
Calm, and Peace beyond compare
In God's Acre.

Flowerets blooming, rare and gay,
Decked the Grave-plats on that day,
And each Chaplet ſeemed to ſay—
We fade and bloom.

Thought I then with joy and woe
Of dear Friends I once did know,
Sleeping now long years ago
In God's Acre.

Thought I then with throbbing brain,
Heart was beating—not with pain,
For I heard a glorious Strain
From God's Acre.

"We—the Voices ſeemed to ſay—
Far from pain and grief away,
Ever, for thee, lone One, pray,
Watches keeping.

"Thine awhile muſt be the ſtrife,
Thine the battle-field of life,
Thine the day with ſorrow rife,
Yet be hopeful.

"Wear thine armour, Soldier brave,
Sailor, breaſt the ſwelling wave,
One there is all ſtrong to ſave,
Then be faithful.

"Wipe the tear-drop from thine eye,
And repreſs the riſing ſigh:
We unſeen, yet ever nigh,
Will cheer thee on.

"Ye who toil, and we that wait
By the bright and golden Gate,
Till we reach the higheſt ſtate,
In CHRIST are one."

Sun was ſhining bright and fair;
Bleſt Spirit-voices filled the air;
With thankful heart I ſaid my prayer
In GOD's Acre.

The five smooth Stones of David.

READY for battle's grim array
Encamped two hoſtile armies lay—
Now trumpet ſounds and drum;
But ſtill from yonder mountain's ſide,
Though ſigns there are of martial pride,
None armed for combat come.
A mighty Champion's ſtanding here,
And all his form gigantic fear:
Fierce is his look, his Challenge loud;
Pale terror haunts the fainting crowd.

His height ſix cubits and a ſpan,
By half he paſſes mortal man:
Who can his ſtature reach?
The very love GOD gives of life
To turn from ſuch unequal ſtrife
Would all but madmen teach.
Thus argue ſtill the worldly wiſe,
For ever ſeeing mountains riſe,
And trembling leſt a little breath
Should ſwell into the ſtorm of Death.

A brazen helmet on his head
Nods terrible, and plates are ſpread
Of poliſhed braſs around;

Of ſtature vaſt he treads the earth
Like offſpring of ſome monſtrous birth,
And ſhakes the ſolid ground.
Impregnable appears the ſhield
One bears before him on the field;
His hands, like hazel wand, uprear
Of dreadful length his iron ſpear.

Methinks I trace in him again
The great Arch-enemy of men,
In verſe immortal told:
He, when his fury fierceſt burned,
From armoury celeſtial turned—
And why art thou leſs bold?
'Twas Angels and an Arm Divine
Repulſed him then: ſuch arms are thine:
The Soldiers of a Heavenly King
To combat Heavenly weapons bring.

Thou who in youth haſt often read,
"Salvation ſure ſhall fence the head,
True Peace the feet defend,
Strong Faith, reſiſting every dart
With ample Shield, fence every part,
And round thy ſteps deſcend"—
His ſimple Word to thee is "Stand!
Girt round with Truth, and in thy hand
Tight graſp, to ſerve for ſpear and ſword,
The two-edged falchion of His Word."

There's but one ſecret in the fight—
The truſting to ANOTHER's Might;
  For, ſtrange as it may ſeem,
Whoe'er ſhall to the liſts deſcend,
Though armed in proof, without this Friend,
  Will find his ſtrength a dream.
We wreſtle not with things of earth,
But ſubtle Foes of airy birth:
Who combats in that ſhadowy field
Muſt more than mortal weapons wield.

He who this Champion vaſt withſtood
Thought not e'en royal armour good
  Whoſe temper was unknown;
But mindful of a former ſtrife,
Truſted Who then preſerved his life
  Would ſtill with triumph crown.
Now firſt, ere join we in the fray,
A moment each in earneſt pray;
Together turn we then and look
For five ſmooth Pebbles in the Brook.

Inquire you where that River flows?
On Sinai firſt the Fountain roſe,
  Then Judah's valleys laves,
Till, mixing with the waters free,
From one ſmall Well in Galilee
  It ſwelled to mightieſt waves:
And ſtill with never-ceaſing ſong
It rolls majeſtical along,

Fountain of Peace in every land,
Or Zembla's ice, or Afric's ſand.

One Stone reſplendent o'er the reſt,
Fit Jewel for an Angel's breaſt,
  Shines bright in cold or heat;
And not in all yon Eaſtern train,
'Mid mines of gold where Sultans reign,
  May ſuch your viſion meet:
No larger than the muſtard's ſeed,
From it ſuch luſtrous rays proceed,
Where'er Faith's lucid ſparkles ſhine,
They make whate'er they touch Divine.

Fragment of ſome unſhaken Rock
This ſeems, whoſe force may bear the ſhock
  Of tempeſt and of tide;
And though, perchance, of rougher face,
It ſtands with more enduring grace
  Than ſmoother works of pride:
If placed beſide the waters' brink,
Who treads on it ſhall never ſink;
Wild though the waves of ſorrow roll,
They may not whelm the Patient Soul.

In the clear depths another lies
Of which ſecure a Shaft may riſe
  Aſcending day by day;
Upright and pure, the buſy morn
Shines on it from the early dawn
  Till gleams the evening ray:

Contented with the rules of old,
It ſeeks no adventitious gold
Of man's device. Thus ſpake the LORD!
Obedience aſks no further word.

Goodly thy ſtructure: clouds will form
And ſhroud it with the coming ſtorm;
Perchance thy heart may quail—
The Pillar of Obedience rock
Unſteady 'neath the thunder ſhock,
Well-nigh the baſement fail;
Faith's Jewel will its light ſupply
More radiant through its bright ally:
Who could with earthly ſorrow cope
Unlighted by the Gleams of Hope?

Now all ſeems poliſhed, fixed, ſecure,
Rock, Pillar, Jewel, to endure
And ſhine through years to come;
Yet ſomewhat ſtill deficient ſeems,
A warmer glow to ſhed its beams
On neighbour and on home:
It ſhines with ſuch diffuſive ray,
Ne'er on one ſpot its glories ſtay;
Baſe, column, capital above,
All ſparkle with the Rays of Love.

O might I ſuch a Temple riſe,
Compact with what the LORD ſupplies,
The Unction of His Grace!

O might my life henceforward be
Pure, ſtraight, from worldly follies free,
Stedfaſt in its own place!
Patient myſelf, with active Zeal,
True Love that can for others feel,
With Hope ſtill cheerful in my breaſt,
And Faith in an Eternal Reſt.

Hymns for Whitſuntide: from the Latin.

Jam Chriſtus aſtra aſcenderat.

OW CHRIST had climbed the ſtarry ſkies,
Once more returning to his Own,
Fraught with the FATHER'S Gift of Price,
To ſend the HOLY SPIRIT down.

Onward the Solemn Feaſt-day rolled,
Upon its ſeven-fold circle borne;
The myſtic week of weeks, that told
The coming of that bleſſed morn.

It comes, the third Hour of the day,
While thunder ſhakes the world's wide dome,
And, as the bleſt Apoſtles pray,
Heralds aloud that GOD doth come.

Forth from the Everlaſting SIRE
The FLAME Divine falls manifeſt,
With the True WORD's enkindling Fire
To fill each faithful Chriſtian breaſt.

The HOLY SPIRIT breathes abroad,
And while their freſhened hearts rejoice,
They ſpeak the mighty Works of GOD
With varying tongue, but one true Voice.

To men from every Nation called,
Barbarian, Latin, Jew, and Greek,
Wondering alike, alike appalled,
With tongue of each the Preachers ſpeak.

Falſe Jewry then, with heart untrue,
And ſpirit ſtern and evil-willed,
Dares madly taunt CHRIST's faithful few—
'Yea, with new wine theſe Men are filled!'

But with high deed and ſign of might
Peter confronts the crowd, and ſhews
By proof, on Joel built aright,
That falſely ſpeak thoſe faithleſs Jews.

Beata nobis gaudia.

ROUND roll the weeks our hearts to greet,
With bliſsful joys returning;
For lo! the Holy PARACLETE
On twelve bright brows ſits burning.

With quivering Flame He lights on each,
In faſhion like a Tongue, to teach
That eloquent they are of ſpeech,
Their hearts with true Love yearning.

While with all tongues they ſpeak to all,
The nations deem them maddened;
And drunk with wine the Prophets call,
Whom GOD's Good SPIRIT gladdened;
A marvel this, in Myſtery done,
The Holy Paſchal-tide out-run,
The duly numbered days have won
Remiſſion for the ſaddened.

O GOD moſt Holy, Thee we pray
With reverent brow low bending,
Grant us the SPIRIT's Gifts to-day,
The Gifts from Heaven deſcending:
And ſince Thy Grace hath deigned to bide
Within our breaſts, once ſanctified,
Deign, LORD, to caſt our ſins aſide,
Henceforth calm ſeaſons ſending.

Inter ſulphurei fulgura turbinis.

AMID the whirlwind and the thunder cloud,
Amid the lightning fires that flaſh abroad;
With blaſt of trumpet ſounding long and loud,
On Sinai's Mount of awe,
Unto Thine ancient Race their ancient Law
Thou giveſt forth, O GOD:

By terror thus Thou trieſt their faithleſs hearts;
Doſt ſin forbid? Or as the price of ſin
Doſt death aſſign? But what avail theſe ſmarts;
Can dark and diſmal threat
In them obedience or true Love beget,
Can dread their homage win?

Lo! at the foot of that ſtill ſmoking Hill
The People, heedleſs of their plighted troth,
The loved, the faithleſs People, faithleſs ſtill,
A molten Image make,
And for an Idol their True God forſake,
The God of Sabaoth.

Oh! without Thee, our Souls' far better part,
What can our poor weak minds avail, O Lord?
Pour light upon our ſpirits; from our heart
Its iron hardneſs draw,
And make us, for Thou canſt, obey Thy Law,
And doers of Thy Word.

Quo vos Magiſtri Gloria, quo Salus.

O where your Maſter's Glory
Invites your band abroad;
Go forth for man's Salvation
And bear the Word of God;
Go where the Virgin harveſt of all lands—
Go where a Brother's Soul your loving care demands.

Go! ſacred Band: behold ye,
Even now the fields are white;
For Brethren thrice a thouſand
Have caught the Words of Light;
Matured whereby, and ripened like a field
That God hath bleſſed, their fruit a thouſand fold they yield.

Pricked to their inmoſt hearts'-core
They weep with bitter tears;
And in the hallowed laver
Their ſtains of by-gone years
Fain would they waſh away—they burn, they burn,
For that bleſt Stream whoſe waves all ſtains to freſhneſs turn.

But not to Judah's border
Shall that bright ſunſhine cling,
The Sun, where through all regions
He runs his golden ring,
Lights up freſh fields of triumph for your feet,
And warms all hearts with glee your gladſome call to greet.

A thouſand fanes are falling;
Proud wiſdom vails its front;
The courtly tyrant trembles;
The murdering ſword is blunt:
Wild though the torturer's wrath—his furies ceaſe,
And conquered vengeance quails before the Men of Peace.

Come! All-creating Spirit,
Thou a new world didſt frame;
On us Thy Power out-pouring,
Our Souls with Love enflame;
Almighty God, All-gracious, All-benign,
Us with Thy Grace renew, and make us wholly
Thine.

The Church.

HOUGH thou art lowly now,
Pale and diſcrowned,
Laying thy holy brow
Faint on the ground,
Traitors deceiving thee,
Scorners ſurrounding,
Falſe teachers grieving thee,
Cruel hands wounding;
Though the ſtorm hover
Frowning and dark;
Though the wave cover
The walls of thine Ark,
And Hope's ſweet Dove for thee
Bring not one leaf,
Mother, our love for thee
Grows with thy grief!

What if her word may be
Void of command!

What if the ſword we ſee
  Drop from her hand!
Shall we not fear her?
  Dare we forget her?
Cling we the nearer!
  Love we the better!
Let our thoughts only paint
  What ſhe has been;
Meek as a lonely Saint!
  Crowned as a Queen!
When ſhe lies dumbly
Gather we humbly
  Kneeling and ſay—
Powerleſs and lonely!
Speak, whiſper only,
  We will obey!

No idle ſigh for her!
Ye who would die for her,
Nerve ye to live for her;
Suffer and ſtrive for her;
Pray for her tearfully;
Hope for her fearfully;
Let your tears rain on her,
Till each foul ſtain on her
  Paſs from the ſight,
And there remains on her
  Robes of pure white!

By the dews of thy morning,
  Holy and ſoft,

By words of ſweet warning
Uttered ſo oft,
By accents adorning
Daily which riſe,
Where ſpires upſoaring
Pierce the deep ſkies,
By Him Whoſe Miſſion
Gave, not in vain,
The awful Commiſſion—
Remit and Retain!
By the Life which thou liveſt
E'en now in thy ſhame,
By the Food which thou giveſt
We dare not to name,
By the Gifts that are in thee,
Power, Faith, and Purity
Seek we to win thee
From ſloth and obſcurity.
Anſwer our loyalty
Waiting and weeping!
Put on thy royalty!
Riſe from thy ſleeping!

Take thine own place again
Where ſtars are bright,
And from God's Face again
Drink deathleſs Light!
Riſe and ſubdue to thee
All, as of old,
Thoſe that were true to thee,
Thoſe that were cold;

Children who pained thee,
  Rebels who took thee,
Foes who diſdained thee,
  Friends who forſook thee!
Yes, all ſhall gaze on thee,
Showering their praiſe on thee,
As thoſe pure rays on thee
  Viſibly ſhine;
Earth, now no home for thee,
Then ſhall become for thee
  One mighty Shrine,
One vaſt Community,
Known by its Unity
  Truly Divine!

Call ye this vanity,
  Work never done,
Which poor Humanity
  Mars, ere begun?
Nay, no deſpair for us!
Think on CHRIST's Prayer for us—
  Let them be One!
Ear to the thunder dull,
  Senſe-blinded eye,
GOD-ſtill is wonderful,
  CHRIST yet is nigh!

The Salutation of the Greek Church on Easter Day.

SPRINGTIDE birds are ſinging, ſinging,
For the daybreak in the Eaſt,
Silver bells are ringing, ringing,
For the Church's glorious Feaſt.
CHRIST is riſen! CHRIST is riſen!
Sin's long triumph now is o'er.
CHRIST is riſen! Death's dark priſon
Now can hold His Saints no more.
CHRIST is riſen! riſen, Brother!
Brother, CHRIST is riſen indeed!

Holy Women ſought Him weeping,
Weeping at the break of dawn,
Sought their LORD where He lay ſleeping,
In the love of hearts forlorn,
Life for death on death's throne meeting
Joy for ſorrow, faith for fear,
For their tears the Angel's greeting—
CHRIST is riſen! He is not here.
CHRIST is riſen! riſen, Brother!
Brother, CHRIST is riſen indeed!

Loved Apoſtles, ſcarce believing
In His Triumph o'er the grave,
Hear the tale amid their grieving,
Haſten eager to the Cave,

Find the folded grave Clothes lying,
Death's unlooſed and ſhattered chain,
Find Him gone, Death's power defying;
From the Cavern ſealed in vain.
CHRIST is riſen! riſen, Brother!
Brother, CHRIST is riſen indeed!

Mary comes, a refuge ſeeking
For her mourning and her ſhame,
Lo! a well-known voice is ſpeaking,
Lo! the Maſter calls her name—
Firſt, the life o'er ſin victorious,
She who wept for ſin adored,
For her tears the miſſion glorious
To announce the Riſen LORD.
CHRIST is riſen! riſen, Brother!
Brother, CHRIST is riſen indeed!

For her tears, O glad reverſing
Of the Woman's work of old,
Glorious Tidings now rehearſing;
For the tale in Eden told,
Woman's voice that tale ſupplying,
Brought in death by Satan's lie;
Woman's voice is now replying—
CHRIST is riſen! we ſhall not die.
CHRIST is riſen! riſen, Brother!
Brother, CHRIST is riſen indeed!

Where the noontide rays are falling
On the rugged mountain ſide,

Brethren journey, ſad recalling
How He loved, and how He died.
He is with them! He is hearing
How their truſt and hope had fled,
To their loving faith appearing
In the Bleſſing of the Bread.
CHRIST is riſen! riſen, Brother!
Brother, CHRIST is riſen indeed!

Flaſhing back the ſunſet glory
Burns a caſement high and dim,
There the Ten, on all His Story
Sadly dwelling, ſpeak of Him.
He is there! the Light that never
Into twilight fades away,
Day-ſtar of the Dawn that ever
Breaks into the perfect Day!
CHRIST is riſen! riſen, Brother!
Brother, CHRIST is riſen indeed!

Saints! your Croſs in patience bearing,
Mourners! ſtained with many a tear,
Penitents! in ſorrow wearing
Darkeſt weeds of ſhame and fear,
CHRIST is riſen! loſe your ſadneſs
Joying with the joyous throng,
Faithful hearts will find their gladneſs
Joining in the Eaſter ſong.
CHRIST is riſen! riſen, Brother!
Brother, CHRIST is riſen indeed!

CHRIST is riſen! CHRIST the Living,
All His mourners' tears to ſtay,
CHRIST is riſen! CHRIST forgiving
Wipes the ſtain of ſin away.
CHRIST is riſen! CHRIST is riſen!
Sin's long triumph now is o'er;
CHRIST is riſen! Death's dark priſon
Holds His Faithful never more.
CHRIST is riſen! riſen, Brother!
Brother, CHRIST is riſen indeed!

De Laudibus S. Scripturae.

An ancient Latin Poem.

TO cull the gems of ſuch a theme for praiſe,
Though in a feeble ſong is gracious toil;
This is the houſehold grain for famine days
That Hebrew Pilgrims drew from Coptic ſoil.
The palatable Manna from the ſky
Flavoured with every ſweet to every lip;
Briefly in price it doth the gold outvie,
In ſheen the Sun, in taſte what bees do ſip.
What day brings earth, it doth to mankind bring;
Day lights the fields: this lights the Soul within;

A garden-brook, a fathomleſs waterſpring
Nurturing all thoughts, all hearts o'erparched with ſin;
GOD's Paſture and CHRIST's Wine-ſtore: Heavens that glow
With ſtars for every myſtery they hide;
This the quick writer's pen, and this the bow
Whoſe medicinal ſhafts each heart divide.
The in-wheeling wheels that like to Ocean's flow
Are full of wonder, all are here again;
Four forms, one kind, that mount or ſtand or go
As the indwelling energies ordain.
The Roll upon the LAMB's Right Hand, writ through,
Within the myſtic, and the plain outſide;
Here Moſes' face is hidden from the view;
Here CHRIST's own Glory draws the veil aſide.
This which in figure Moſes, CHRIST in deed
Sprinkled with Blood, both form and matter holds;
The old, the form, the new Law for our need
More large; what that would cover this unfolds.
While laſts the type that teſtifieth, Deep
Calls unto Deep. Fit title for the twain:
A ſlender bolt doth thoſe abyſſes keep,
But to embrace them were an effort vain.
Here evermore to muſe, to ſearch, and know
Is to enjoy Heaven's light, and Heavenly ſtore;
No better lot has man, than ſtudying ſo,
To root his life where Life is evermore.

Happy, who thirſting, in this ſpring can find
Elixir to embalm his life each day;
Elſe doth the man ſeem taſteleſs to my mind
Who fails, to learn by heart this Heavenly lay.
Who ſtudies it for wealth or human praiſe
He is not wiſe nor yet to Wiſdom near;
She for herſelf muſt courted be always,
And oh what boons ſhe gives her lover! Hear:—
More chaſte the love becomes; the ſenſe more bright,
From temporal preſſures is the mind more free;
The text breeds virtues ever, renders light
The Soul, and bids all mortal failings flee!

S. Patrick's Coat of Mail.

ARM me to-day, in this awful hour,
My prayer to the All-Holy Trinity,
My faith in Him Who reigneth in Power,
The God of the Elements, Father, and Son,
And Paraclete-Spirit, Which Three are The One,
The Incomprehenſible Deity.

Arm me to-day, my Prayer to the Lord,
To Christ the Eternal Word,
Who came to redeem from ſin and death

Our fallen race;
And I would place
The Virtue that compaſſeth
His Incarnation lowly,
His Baptiſm pure and holy,
His Life of toil and tears and affliction,
His dolorous Death, His Crucifixion,
His Burial ſacred and ſad and lone,
His Reſurrection to life again,
His glorious Aſcenſion to Heaven's high Throne,
And laſtly His Coming dread—
His terrible Coming to judge all men,
Both the living and the dead.

Arm me, and keep me, in this dark place,
With Virtue that dwells in the Seraphim's love;
The Virtue and the Grace
That are in the obedience
And unſhaken allegiance
Of all the Archangels and Angels above:
And in the hope of the Reſurrection
To everlaſting Reward and Election;
And in the Prayers of the Fathers of old;
And in the Truths which the Prophets foretold;
And in the Apoſtles' manifold Preaching;
And in the Confeſſors' faith and teaching:
And in the purity ever dwelling
Within unſullied virgin's breaſt;
And in the actions bright and excelling
Of all good Men who the Lord confeſſed.

Arm me to-day, in this fateful hour,
The Heaven above with all its power,
And the ſun with its brightneſs,
And the ſnow with its whiteneſs,
And fire with all the ſtrength it hath,
And lightning, with its rapid wrath,
And the winds with their ſwiftneſs along their path,
And the ſea with its deepneſs,
And the rocks with their ſteepneſs,
And the earth with its coldneſs—
All theſe I place
By God's good Grace
Between myſelf and the Devil's boldneſs.

Arm me to-day,
O God, my ſtay;
May the Strength of God now nerve me!
May the Power of God preſerve me!
May God the Almighty be near me!
May God the Almighty cheer me!
May God the Almighty hear me!
May God give me eloquent ſpeech!
May the Arm of God protect me!
May the Wiſdom of God direct me!
May God give me power to teach and to preach!
May the Shield of God defend me!
May the Hoſt of God attend me,
And ward me,
And guard me,

Againſt the wiles of Demons and Devils,
Againſt temptations of vice and evils,
Againſt bad paſſions and wrathful will
Of the reckleſs mind and the wicked heart;
Againſt every man that deſigns me ill,
Whether leagued with others or plotting apart.

In this hour of hours
I place all theſe Powers
Between myſelf and every foe
Who threats body or Soul
With danger or dole;
To protect me againſt the evils that flow,
From lying Soothſayers' incantations;
From the gloomy laws of Gentile Nations;
From Hereſy's hateful innovations:
Be all theſe my defenders,
My guards againſt every ban,
Againſt ſpell of Druid and Witch and Magician;
Againſt knowledge that renders
Thick night the condition
Of ſpirit and Soul of man.

May CHRIST, I pray,
Protect me to-day
Againſt poiſon and fire,
Againſt drowning and wounding,
That ſo, in His Grace abounding,
I may earn the Preacher's hire.

CHRIST, as a Light,
Illumine and guide me!
CHRIST, as a Shield, o'erſhadow and cover me!
CHRIST be under me! CHRIST be over me!
CHRIST be beſide me,
On left hand and right!
CHRIST be before me, behind me, about me!
CHRIST be this day within and without me!

CHRIST, the Humble, the Lowly, the Meek,
CHRIST, the All-powerful, be
In the heart of each to whom I ſpeak,
In the mouth of all who ſpeak to me,
In all who draw near me,
Or ſee me, or hear me.

Arm me to-day in this awful hour,
My Prayer to the Holy TRINITY!
Glory to Him Who reigneth in Power,
The GOD of the Elements, FATHER, and SON,
And PARACLETE-SPIRIT, which THREE are
The ONE,
The Everlaſting DIVINITY.

Salvation dwells with the LORD,
With CHRIST the Omnipotent WORD;
From generation to generation,
Grant us, O LORD, Thy Grace and Salvation!

Dies est laetitiae.

Hymn on the Nativity of our Lord Jesus Christ.

N this festal Day we sing
Joyful tidings hearing,
For this Day our Heavenly King
On our earth appearing
Comes a Sweet and Lovely CHILD,
Born for us of aspect mild,
Made for us a Creature;
He Who reigns in boundless space,
GOD, Who has no form, nor face,
Takes our human feature.

Mother here a Daughter see!
Here the FATHER SON is!
What more wondrous things could be?
GOD and MAN here One is;
Servant is, and Master too,
Whom, though here, we cannot view,
Nor can apprehend Him;
Present here, yet distant far:
Lost in deepest mist we are,
None can comprehend Him.

Nature at this Wonder done
Lost in mute surprise is,
When a Rose, GOD's Only SON,
From a Lily rises;

When a Virgin gives Him birth,
Him, Who made the Heavens and earth,
Him, our GOD Eternal;
And her ſacred Virgin Breaſt
Feeds Him, and affords Him reſt,
In her love Maternal.

Lo! an Angel bright appears
In deep night deſcending,
Calms the humble Shepherds' fears,
Who their flocks are tending;
Joyful Tidings brings to earth
Of the King and SAVIOUR's Birth,
Infant feebly crying,
He Who is the Angels' LORD,
By all Heaven and earth adored,
In a Manger lying.

Cryſtal pure will ſtill remain
Sunbeams through it ſhining,
So the Virgin knows no ſtain,
No high gifts reſigning;
Spotleſs after, as before,
Her bleſt Womb for mortals bore
GOD to earth deſcended;
Bleſſèd is that Virgin Breaſt;
Bleſt thoſe hands, which firſt and beſt
CHRIST, an INFANT, tended.

Night in darkneſs ſhrouds His Birth,
Who the Sun gives ſplendour,

In a ſtable lies on earth
Earth's Prince and Defender.
That right Hand ſo cloſely bound
Fixed the brilliant ſtars around,
And the Heavens extended;
He is heard in infant Cries
Who with thunder rends the ſkies,
With dread lightnings blended.

Lo! the Virgin humbly goes,
In her chaſte Womb bearing
God's Own Son, to rank with thoſe,
Who in crowds repairing,
Are in Bethlehem enrolled:
O may we our names behold
On Heaven's glorious portals,
With thoſe Angels, who in love
Glory ſung to God above,
Peace proclaimed to mortals.

Now with prayer be homage done,
Hearts and voices raiſing,
Worſhipping the Infant Son,
And the Mother praiſing:
Here a Wondrous Child is found,
Publiſh then His Name around:
Thee our Lord imploring,
We proclaim our God moſt High,
Thee our Jesus ever nigh,
With all earth adoring.

CHRIST, Who with Almighty Hands
This our being gave us,
When we broke His high Commands
Would be born to ſave us;
To Him now devoutly pray—
LORD forgive our ſins this day,
Do Thou never leave us,
Let us not at death be loſt,
But to join Thy Heavenly Hoſt
In that hour receive us.

Go, and come.

HOU ſayeſt to us, "Go!
And work while it is called to-day; the Sun
Is high in heaven, the harveſt but begun;
Can hands oft raiſed in prayer, can hearts that know
The beat of Mine through love and pain be ſlow
To ſoothe and ſtrengthen?" Still Thou ſayeſt "Go!
Lift up your eyes and ſee where now the Line
Of GOD hath fallen for you, one with Mine
Your Lot and Portion. Go! where none relieves,
Where no one pities; thruſt the ſickle in
And reap and bind, where toil and want and ſin
Are ſtanding white, for here My Harveſts grow:

Go! glean for Me 'mid waſted frames outworn,
'Mid Souls uncheered, uncared for; hearts forlorn,
With care and grief acquainted long, unknown
To earthly friend, of Heaven unmindful grown;
In homes where no one loves, where none believes,
For here I gather in My goodly Sheaves."
Thou ſayeſt to us, "Go!"

Thou ſayeſt to us, "Go!
To conflict and to death." While friends are few
And foes are many, what haſt Thou to do
With peace, Thou SON of Peace? A Man of war
Art Thou from Youth! when Thou doſt girded ride,
Two ſtern Inſtructors, Truth and Mercy, guide
Thy Hand to things of terror; friends and foes
Thine Arrows feel; a Sword before Thee goes,
And after Thee a Fire, confuſion ſtirred
Among the nations even by the Word
Of Meekneſs and of Right. "Yea, take and eat
Of theſe My Words," Thou ſayeſt, "they are ſweet
As honey; yet this roll that now I preſs
Upon your lips will turn to bitterneſs
When ye ſhall ſpeak its meſſage; lo! a cry
Of wrath and madneſs, ere the ancient Lie
That wraps the roots of earth will quit its hold,
A ſhriek, a wrench abhorred; and yet be bold,
O ye My Servants! take My Rod and ſtand
Before the King, nor fear if in your hand

It ſeem unto a ſerpent's form to grow;
Riſe up, My Prieſts! My mighty Men, with ſound
Of ſolemn Trumpet, walk this City round,
A Blaſt will come from GOD, His Word and Will
Through hail and ſtorm and ruin to fulfil;
Then ſhall ye ſee the Towers roll down, the Wall
Built up with blood and tears and tortures fall,
And from the living Grave the living Dead
Will riſe, as from their ſleep, diſquieted;
O Earth, this Baptiſm of thine is ſlow!
Not dews from morning's womb, not gentle rains
That drop all night can waſh away thy ſtains.
The Fire muſt fall from Heaven; the blood muſt
flow
All round the Altar."—Still Thou ſayeſt, "Go!"

And that Thou ſayeſt, "Go!"
Our hearts are glad; for he is ſtill Thy Friend
And beſt beloved of all whom Thou doſt ſend
The furtheſt from Thee; this Thy Servants know;
Oh, ſend by whom Thou wilt, for they are bleſt
Who go Thine Errands! Not upon Thy Breaſt
We learn Thy Secrets! Long beſide Thy Tomb
We wept, and lingered in the Garden's gloom;-
And oft we ſought Thee in Thy Houſe of Prayer,
And in the Deſert, yet Thou wert not there.
But as we journeyed ſadly through a place
Obſcure and mean, we lighted on the trace
Of Thy freſh Footprints, and a whiſper clear
Fell on our ſpirits—Thou Thyſelf wert near;

And from Thy Servants' hearts Thy Name adored
Brake forth in fire; we ſaid, "It is the LORD."
Our eyes were no more holden; on Thy Face
We looked, and it was comely; full of Grace,
And fair Thy Lips; we held Thee by the Feet;
We liſtened to Thy Voice, and it was ſweet;
And ſweet the ſilence of our Spirits; dumb
All other voices in the world that be
The while Thou ſaideſt, "Come ye unto Me!"
The while Thou ſaideſt "Come!"

We ſaid to Thee, "Abide
With us! the Night draws on apace; but, lo!
The Cloud received Thee, parted from our ſide,
In Bleſſing parted from us! Even ſo
The Heaven of Heavens muſt ſtill receive
Thee! dark
And moonleſs ſkies bend o'er us as we row.
No ſtars appear, and ſore againſt our bark
The current ſets; yet nearer grows the Shore
Where we ſhall ſee Thee ſtanding, never more
To bid us leave Thee! though Thy Realm is wide,
And Manſions many, never from Thy Side
Thou ſendeſt us again; by ſprings ſerene
Thou guideſt us, and now to battle keen
We follow Thee, yet ſtill, in peace or war,
Thou leadeſt us. Oh, not to ſun or ſtar
Thou ſendeſt us, but ſayeſt, "Come to Me!
And where I am, there ſhall My Servants be."
Thou ſayeſt to us, "Come!"

The Three Comings.

The Firſt Coming.

EN thouſand ſtars were burning bright
To charm the lonely Shepherd's eye,
But not a watcher turned that night
To count the gems in Bethlehem's ſky,
All Heaven was up and chanting ſtill—
Glory to GOD, to Man good will!

How eager then that liſtening throng
Preſſed to the lowly Manger gate
To greet their Infant GOD with ſong,
And at His Feet with homage wait
Till e'en the walls with rapture thrill—
Glory to GOD, to Man good will!

Bleſt BABE! on this Thy holy Day
From gaudy ſuns of earth we turn,
To where with ſoft and ſpotleſs ray
The Star of Bethlehem loves to burn:
Hark! LORD, our ſongs the Manger fill—
Glory to GOD, to Man good will!

Thus at Thy Cradle while we kneel,
And from Thy Lips a Bleſſing ſeek,
Bid o'er our hearts Thy Image ſteal,
Humble like Thee and good and meek:
Thy Birth-day Promiſe thus fulfill—
Glory to GOD, to Man good will!

The Second Coming.

THE Univerſe is ſhaking
Big with ſtupendous ſong,
Skies into voice are waking
With chorus loud and long;
The Morning Stars are ſinging
With a ſublime accord,
And all Heaven's courts are ringing—
Thy Kingdom come, O LORD!

With a profound emotion
Earth hears the lofty ſtrain,
And burſts into devotion
Mountain and rock and plain:
Ocean glad homage paying
With all her waves is heard,
O Foreſts! ye are praying—
Thy Kingdom come, O LORD!

And now of rapt creation
Time's kindreds catch the ſound,
And each ſucceſſive nation
Rolls the great Anthem round;
Till at the Throne of Glory
Breaks in one mighty chord,
The univerſal Story—
Thy Kingdom come, O LORD!

In wondering expectation,
LORD! ſhall we ever wait?

Great Monarch of Salvation,
  Aſſume Thy royal State:
Angels and Saints implore Thee,
  Gird on Thy conquering Sword,
And bow all hearts before Thee—
  Thy Kingdom come, O LORD!

The Third Coming.

N my laſt long ſlumbers lying
  I ſhall hear, O Trump, thy ſound;
Time itſelf and Nature dying,
  Say, and where ſhall I be found?
Sun and Moon grow pale with wonder,
  Stars appalled with horror flee,
Seas and Earth are rent aſunder,
  JESUS, LORD, remember me!

Hark! again that Trump reſounding,
  Heaven's diſſolving pillars nod;
'Riſe, O Man!' the Voice is ſounding,
  'Riſe to meet Thy Coming GOD!'
On the Clouds of Empire riding,
  SON of MAN, Thy Form I ſee;
Mid Thy radiant Hoſts preſiding,
  JESUS, King, remember me!

Yet again, again 'tis pealing;
  Sinners! mourn in helpleſs woe;

Righteous! hail the morn revealing
All Redemption can bestow;
Earth! draw nigh and hear the story,
Yonder bar is raised for thee;
Mid the lightnings of Thy Glory,
JESUS, Judge, remember me!

Once upon a darkened mountain
I that Form in Blood espied;
I approached the crimson Fountain
And was cleansed beneath the tide;
At Thy Cross for Mercy sighing
Peace I found and Pardon free:
To Thy Throne for refuge flying,
JESUS, GOD, remember me!

The Old-Year's Blessing.

AM fading from you,
But one draweth near,
Called the Angel-guardian
Of the coming Year.
If my Gifts and Graces
Coldly you forget,
Let the New-Year's Angel
Bless and crown them yet.
For we work together;
He and I are one:

Let him end and perfect
All I leave undone.
I brought good Deſires,
Though as yet but ſeeds;
Let the New-Year make them
Bloſſom into Deeds.
I brought Joy to brighten
Many happy days;
Let the New-Year's Angel
Turn it into Praiſe.
If I gave you Sickneſs,
If I brought you Care,
Let him make one Patience,
And the other Prayer.
Where I brought you Sorrow,
Through his care at length
It may riſe triumphant
Into future Strength.
If I brought you Plenty,
All wealth's bounteous charms,
Shall not the New Angel
Turn them into Alms?
I gave Health and Leiſure,
Skill to dream and plan,
Let him make them nobler—
Work for God and Man.
If I broke your Idols,
Showed you they were duſt,
Let him turn the Knowledge
Into Heavenly Truſt.

If I brought Temptation,
Let ſin die away
Into boundleſs Pity
For all hearts that ſtray.
If your liſt of Errors
Dark and long appears,
Let this New-born Monarch
Melt them into Tears.
May you hold this Angel
Dearer than the laſt—
So I bleſs his Future,
While he crowns my Paſt!

Verſes.

God did ſend Me before you.

GOD hath ſent a MAN before thee!
Faint not, fear not, Chriſtian Soul;
One hath run the race thou runneſt,
One hath won for thee the goal.

GOD hath ſent a MAN before us!
Whatſoever griefs oppreſs,
He hath known them in the fulneſs
Of extremeſt bitterneſs.

GOD hath ſent a MAN before us,
Tried and tempted e'en as we,
Who hath fought our every battle
Who hath won the victory.

God hath ſent a Man before us,
Not along Life's bright highway
'Mid the beauty and the fragrance
And the pleaſant light of day;

But in lonely paths and rocky,
Where we only trace the Road
By the drops of Blood which tell us
Where the Man of Sorrows trode.

Yea! He ſent His Christ before us
Unto Pain and Agony;
Nor from Death's dark hour withheld Him,
Willing for our ſakes to die.

He within the Veil is entered,
Where He offers ſtill on high,
Prieſt and Victim, for our cleanſing,
Sacrifice unceaſingly!

The Lord ſhewed him a Tree.

The Diſciple.

SHEW me a Tree, my Gracious Lord,
For o'er my troubled Soul
The bitter waters of deſpair
In whelming torrents roll:
Thou Who of old by Marah's tide
The healing Wood didſt ſwift provide,
Oh! hither ſpeed in Love and Power,
And ſhed Thy Light on this dark hour.

The Divine Maſter.

There was a Tree in Eden ſet
The day that Adam fell,
A Tree, whoſe ſweetneſs mortal words
May not eſſay to tell:
Though 'neath its weight thy weakneſs ſink,
To thoſe dark Waters' cheerleſs brink
Bear it, and caſt it boldly in—
It hath Divineſt Medicine!
The MAN of Sorrows' royal Throne—
That Word all grief, all woe hath known.
Doſt thou deſpair? oh! haſte to take
The Croſs where I, in anguiſh ſpake—
Wherefore My GOD, doſt Thou forſake!

The Diſciple.

Seeking as erſt a ſweet'ning Tree,
To Thee, O LORD, I haſte,
For heavy on my fainting Soul
The hand of grief is preſt.
'Mid bitter foes, 'mid friends grown cold
Alone I ſtand: oh! now behold,
And deign in love the Wood to ſhow
That can to ſweetneſs change ſad woe.

The Divine Maſter.

O hard of heart! haſt thou not yet
Found hidden in My Croſs

Virtue for all that bittereſt ſeems,
All gain for every loſs?
On Calvary from the ſcornful Tree
The Words were ſpoken e'en for thee,
For thee, that thou mayeſt ſpeak and live—
They know not what they do, Forgive!

The Diſciple.

I ſtand upon the awful brink
Of Jordan's bitter Stream;
Cold flow its waves,—O LORD, my LORD
Whoſe Pity did redeem,
Thou Who in every trial-hour
Haſt ſuccoured me with ſaving Power,
Caſt in the Tree, the ſweet'ning Tree,
Leſt I be borne away from Thee
And ſink and periſh utterly!

The Divine Maſter.

My Child, in paſſing through that Stream
No evil need'ſt thou fear;
My Rod and Staff, the Holy Croſs,
Sheds ſweetneſs ever here:
Take to thee then My Words as ſhield—
FATHER, to Thee My Soul I yield!
Stoop to the waves, My Croſs ſhall bear thee o'er,
Calmly and ſafely bear to Canaan's ſhore.

Laetabundi jubilemus.

A Proſe for the Tranſiguration.

ARISE and ſing a joyful Lay,
O Bride! to Him thou loveſt well;
On this moſt ſolemn Holy-day
Be it thy joy to tell
(So He but aid thee) how the Light
Of GODHEAD gleamed on Tabor's height.

O He was ever what He then
Appeared, Death's Conqueror ſtrong and true,
Giver of Life to dying men—
But He had hid from view
All that beſpoke Him GOD until,
As on this Day, He ſought the Hill.

And O! while He was kneeling there
His Face became a Sun for Light,
The Garb which girt the Only Fair
With utter whiteneſs white,
Foreſhowing how with Beams Divine
The Juſt ſhould one day riſe and ſhine.

And when the CHRIST, the Power of GOD,
To Peter and the Brothers bleſt
That Excellence of Glory ſhowed,
Two Prophets left their reſt,
This Truth to witneſs from the dead—
To talk with GOD how dear, how dread!

And then a cloud o'erſhadowed all,
And thence the Everlaſting ONE
Crowned with His Voice our Feſtival,
Saying—This is My SON—
Since there Omnipotence is rife,
O hear, O heed that WORD of Life.

O clad in Brightneſs paſſing bright
Behold the univerſal King,
The Light of Saints, the cloudleſs Light
Which lightens everything,
The HOLY ONE of GOD, the CHRIST
For earth's Salvation ſacrificed.

O now there ſhould be rage in Hell,
For now is loſt for evermore
The bitter claim the Serpent fell
Had on our race before;
The FATHER'S WORD in Fleſh revealed
The mortal wound of Fleſh hath healed.

He died for us, He roſe again
That Heaven and Earth at one might be,
And ended evermore the reign
Of the laſt Enemy;
And now, Transfigured, He it is
Whom the Great FATHER owns for His.

But troubled by thoſe Accents dread
Upon the earth thoſe Fathers three
Lay till another Word was ſaid—
Ariſe, nor fearful be—

And then they looked on CHRIST alone
In the poor guiſe they firſt had known.

And till the LORD ſhould riſe again
He willed to none the Sight were told,
But now the SPIRIT leads the ſtrain,
And Voices manifold
Come after. On this marvellous Day
Be cords of Death all caſt away.

Paradiſe.

The Land that is afar off.

HERE is the Land he ſaw in glorious Viſion,
The lone old Prophet in the Sea-girt Iſle,
True antitype of all the dreams Elyſian,
Faſhioned by Hope earth's ſorrows to beguile?

Call them not idle, all the tales they fabled
Of Happy Iſles in far Heſperian Seas,
Whoſe ſtraining ſight no torch of Truth enabled
To pierce by faith the unſeen Myſteries.

Call it not vain, the rude untutored longing
For higher life each meaneſt mind that moves,
That murmurs ſtill, when baſe affection wronging
Our nobler part too oft victorious proves.

Where is that Land? above, beneath, around us?
Loſt in all ſpace, or to a ſtar confined?
O for one hour to paſs the ſhores that bound us,
And fathom all the future of the mind!

Ye who have left our ſide to join the chorus
Of holy Minſtrels in that diſtant clime,
Waft ſome faint echoes of your harpſtrings o'er us,
To chaſe the myſtery from your homes ſublime.

They ſend no ſound! Sweet Patience ſingeth only,
"Strive to the end, and ſtruggle to the goal!"
Then, for earth's hours of anguiſh, dark and lonely,
Bright dawns eternal ſunſhine on the Soul.

Then they who mourn for earth's frail joys departed,
Oblivion ſweet of all their woes ſhall gain;
The heavy-laden and the broken-hearted,
Balm for their wounds, and ſolace from their pain.

O Mourner, weeping long thy loved ones taken,
They tread the ſhining paths by Angels trod!
O thou by truſted hearts in need forſaken,
Love ſhall not fail thee in the Land of God!

There, Soul with Soul in converſe ſweet confiding,
Nor ſhy miſtruſt, nor ſelfiſh aim ſhall know;
Pure as the cryſtal Stream beſide them gliding,
All wiſh, all thought, in uniſon ſhall flow.

Brave heart, hold on! in dauntleſs ſtrength of duty
Work out thy lot, nor murmur at thy ſtar!
So ſhall thou ſoon, in glory and in beauty,
Behold the King in that bright Land afar.

The Land of Beulah.

THEY trod not now the perilous ground enchanted,
They breathed no more the thick and ſlumbrous air;
But a delightſome Land by Angels haunted
Appeared, Heaven's portal fair.

Straight lay the road through this bright Country leading,
Balmy the air, and ſweet each breath they drew:
On corn and wine and all abundance feeding,
Their Souls rich ſolace knew.

Here evermore they ſaw the flowers upſpringing;
The Sun ſhone o'er them always, night and day:
Ever they heard the birds in gladneſs ſinging,
The turtle's voice alway.

Far, far behind Death's ſhadowy Vale was lying;
They ſpied not hence the towers of grim Deſpair:
But lo! before, in golden luſtre dyeing
The azure depths of air,

Shone forth the Walls of pearl, the Gates of glory,
End of their hope, their hearts' deſire and ſong;
For this they marched, through all its changeful ſtory,
Their pilgrim path along.

And from that Light Celeſtial radiance bringing,
Fair ſhining Creatures met them as they trod,
Walking amid that Paradiſe, or winging
Their bright way home to GOD.

And from that City came the ſound of voices
Many and loud, that ſang with ſolemn glee—
Even as the Bridegroom o'er the Bride rejoices,
Lo! joys thy GOD o'er thee.

Heaven.

HEARD the voice of Harpers, harping ſweetly
On harps of gold:
I ſaw a cryſtal River—calmly, widely
Its waters rolled.

I caught the flaſh of turrets, wrapt in ſplendour
Of ſunleſs light,
Like to a ſtar moſt luſtrous, ſhedding glory
Out of the night.

I dreamed of Lands Elyſian, emerald Iſlands
In ſhining ſeas,
Soft perfumes wafted by ſweet-whiſpering breezes
From fadeleſs trees.

I ſaw the ranks of Angels, ſilver-pinioned,
And golden-crowned,
Swift radiant Forms, that like a ſunbeam paſſing
Touched the bright ground.

I ſaw the ancient Worthies, Heroes ſaintly
Reſting in calm,
Clad in white robes, out of great tribulation
Bearing the palm.

I ſaw a King in beauty, cloud-encircled,
Shrouded in light,
The likeneſs of a Throne, a Sea of glory
Dazzling all ſight.

A Voice as of great waters—Myriads falling
Low on the ſod:
A Silence: Harps ſtruck louder; Seraphs ſinging
"Glory to God!"

The Diſciple whom Jeſus loved.

BLANCHED in the blaze of light, all
ſtill and bare,
The Fiſhers gaze upon Genneſaret.
The ſunſet comes. Behind the Roman
town
The dark boat's circled topſails ſwell and ſhift,
The tuniced boatmen dip their nets an hour,
And the ſun goeth down on Jezreel.
The flickering furnace of the duſt is quenched,

The mountain branded as with red gold ruſt.
But ere the creſſet lights are in the vault
Where nothing trembles, ſuffers, wars or weeps,
To the Twelve comes ONE Purer than the ſtars:
And as a man juſt wakened in a room
Fronting the ocean, ſcarcely knows at firſt,
A little whiteneſs dawning on the pane,
A little line inſufferably bright
Edging the ripple that orbs out anon,
Until he recognize the ſun itſelf,
So hour by hour their knowledge grew of Him.

And as a mighty City far-off kenned,
Stretches with its immeaſurable ſtreets,
And though the ſame from every different height
Looks different to the merchantmen who wend
Towards its guarded gate, driving the aſs
And camel, bearing ſpicery and balm,
Figs and all manner of fruits, tinct like the flower,
Half a blue week in ſummer ere it blows;
Not otherwiſe, before thoſe ſimple men,
That wondrous Nature grew from year to year,
Till to S. John it ſeemed to orb away
Into the Infinite Majeſty of GOD.

Three years Love-ſheltered from the outer world
His Spirit grew, as grows a delicate child
Brought over ſeas from foggy Northern lands,
And far a-foreſt lodged 'mid Southern pines,
Where all day long the needles of the light
Dart through green plumes upon the dropping
ſtems.

Three years, three wondrous years, three ſilent
years,
Silent that he might hear the SAVIOUR ſpeak
Of Light and Love, and the Baptiſmal Dew,
Water of Life, and Sacramental Bread—
Until at laſt he ſtood beſide the Croſs,
And heard the ſweet Bequeſt that gently gave
The Virgin-Mother to the virgin Soul—
Two Heavenly Gems in the ſmall coronet
Of one poor home—and much he talked with her,
The pale and paſſionate Magdalene, who ſtood
Love-blinded in the garden by the veil,
Whoſe ſilver lines were woven of her tears,
That morn when firſt the ſunlight touched the
Grave,
And for the firſt time Angels dreſſed in white.

In Sapientia diſponens omnia Aeterna Deitas.

A Sequence on the Circumciſion.

OD, Who in Wiſdom ſweetly ordereth
all,
Grieving for man long held in direſt
thrall,

An Angel ſent, taught in His Purpoſe well,
The FATHER'S Promiſe of the SON to tell.

He hails the Virgin—God and Man, ſaith he,
Saviour, Firſt-ſource of all, ſhall ſpring from thee.

Not long the Promiſe halts; He ſpeaks, 'tis done,
By Grace conceiving, Mary bears a Son.

Light of the faithful, earth He comes to bleſs,
Shining on all, the Sun of Righteouſneſs.

A Heavenly ſight the ſimple Shepherds ſee;
Not for earth's great ones may that viſion be.

Look! in the Manger One is lying low,
Whoſe Might Divine no earthly bound may know.

The Bright and Morning Star is ſhining clear,
On Jeſſe's Rod the Flowers of Grace appear.

See, the Three Kings their duteous Offerings bring,
Gold, Incenſe, Myrrh, to the God-Man their King.

He, Who for us aſſumed this mortal life,
Muſt now endure the Sacrificial knife:

In Jordan's ſtream a milder Rite He gives;
There man his ſins doth waſh, and waſhing lives.

The Virgin to the Temple brings her Son,
That all the legal Rites be duly done.

There thankful Simeon in his arms doth hold
The Saviour long in ſacred lore foretold.

At Cana's Feaſt Christ's Glory firſt doth ſhine,
When the pure water bluſhes into wine.

He makes the blind to ſee, to walk the lame,
And tongues long dumb His matchleſs Power
proclaim.

He That is born for man is God's Dear Son,
The King of Heaven, and other Lord is none.

Let all the Heavenly Hoſt His Praiſes tell,
And all His Saints the chorus join to ſwell.

The Living Death.

H! ſay not that we die!
Say not that we, whoſe Heaven-born
Souls inherit
Their life from Life, can ever paſs
away;
That we, whoſe ſource is the Eternal Spirit,
Can yield what is from God to ſlow decay.

Say! ſay! is it to die—
To give this weary body unto ſleeping?
To lay down ſorrow's cruſhing cumbrous load?
To reſt where we can hear no ſounds of weeping,
Far, far away from life's tear-tracen road?

Oh! ſay is it to die—
To burſt from out this tottering mortal dwelling,
A Spirit unembodied, unconfined?
To view the wide expanſe of Glory ſwelling,
And earth and all its anguiſh left behind?

Oh! ſay is it to die—
To paſs from life's rough channel to the ocean?
To enter on the ſolemn after-life?
To feel our being paſs with Spirit's motion
Free from the conflict and the mortal ſtrife?

Say! ſay! is it to die—
To ceaſe to drink the cup of earthly ſorrow?
To ceaſe to tread the narrow vale of tears?
To waken to that day that knows no morrow,
Where time is not, nor flowing, ebbing years!

Oh! ſay is it to die—
When Angels o'er the parting Spirit linger
Juſt as it paſſes to its GOD on high;
And point with beaming ſmile and beckoning finger
To far-off Manſions in the happy ſky?

Say! ſay! is it to die—
To lay aſide a body daily waſting
With toil outworn, with weight of care oppreſt?
And ſpring away with eager faith, foretaſting
The peace, the quiet of the promiſed Reſt?

Oh! ſay is it to die—
To wear the SAVIOUR's radiant Form of brightneſs?
To ſee Him as He is, with Glory crowned?
To ſtand in robes of pure unſullied whiteneſs,
Joining the Songs of happy Saints around?

Oh! this is not to die—
To leave a world of changes and of ſeeming,
Where amid fleeting phantaſies we dwell;
And wing away, as from a ſtate of dreaming,
To waking and to Bliſs unchangeable.

Oh! this is not to die—
Is it not rather into Life expanding,
Breaking the trial-ſtate to live indeed?
Safe from the tempeſt in the haven landing,
From ſtorms, from toils, from rocking billows freed?

No! no! we cannot die—
In Death's unrobing room, we ſtrip from round us
The garments of mortality and earth;
And breaking from the embryo ſtate which bound us,
Our day of dying is our day of birth!

And yet to earth we die—
Born to new Life with all its weight of Bleſſing,
Born to a world where ills can never preſs;
Exalted, pure, Angelic joys poſſeſſing,
If this be Death, then Death is Happineſs!

Thoughts in Verſe.

The true Light.

SEE the ſun go down behind the wood,
I watch his glories as they die away,
My ſpirit yearns to float adown that flood
Of light to endleſs Day.

For while I ſtand and gaze the ſhadows fall;
What was ſo bright and warm grows dull and cold:
No longer plays the light upon the wall,
No longer on the wold.

The only light is in the weſtern ſky,
A ſingle ſtreak of crimſon and of gold:
All things beſide within the ſhadows lie
Of evening's ſable fold.

So, too, when our ſhort day is almoſt done,
And Death caſts ſhadows on the joys of earth,
The Light of our dim path will be but One,
And He of Heavenly birth.

All round, the ſhadows of dark thoughts may fall,
And all around may tempt the Soul deſpair:
O! Burning Light of Love, no fears appal
If only Thou be there!

Cœleſtis Urbs Jeruſalem.

CLEARLY he ſang, as only Angels ſing—
" Turn thou, beloved of God,
Look on the City of our Heavenly King
Which He along hath trod.

" Founded ſhe is upon the holy Hills:
Four ways her buildings face,
Her firmament the Light of Heaven fills
Reflexed from crown to baſe.

" In number as the Tribes of Iſrael,
Of Pearls her portals are:
Twelve Angels here their hymns of glory ſwell
To Him Who reigns afar.

" Her walls are Cryſtal, and her ſtreets of Gold;
And her foundations laid
On Sapphire, Amethyſt and Emerald,
Whoſe colours never fade.

" Nor ſun by day, nor paler moon by night
In this bleſt City burn:
Ever from out God's Throne eternal Light
Shines full where'er ye turn.

" Within thoſe walls, unſtained of mortal ſtrife,
Freſh ſtreams of Wiſdom ſpring,
And here the Branches of the Tree of Life
Their goodly ſhadows fling.

" Thoſe Gates are open, and that River flows
For Souls redeemed of ſin,
Who with the Bridegroom and His Heavenly Spouſe
For ever enter in."

Boyhood's Home.

WE named our flower-crowned Veſſel, 'Home,'
Ere ſhe ſet ſail for worlds to come,
And all on board were young and fair:
Full many a happy boat we paſſed;
In ſunny bays we anchor caſt
Off iſlands rich in fragrance rare.

Ah me! that thoſe bright days are gone;
We left our Veſſel one by one:
Now ſome on ſtranger barks are ſailing;
And ſome there are whoſe Spirits bleſt
On peaceful ſhores for ever reſt,
Far off from wind and ocean's wailing.

The Deſcent of the Spirit.

A Hymn for Whitſun-Day.

SILENCE reigned at Eventide,
On the day when JESUS died;
Shaken earth, in Sabbath reſt,
Folded Him within her breaſt:
Silent on the Eaſter-morn
Roſe to Life the Virgin-born.

Silent, through the Forty Days,
Bowed the Church with humble gaze;
While the LORD in order told
To the Shepherds of His Fold
How He willed that they ſhould keep
Watch and ward around the Sheep.

Hark! a ruſhing mighty ſound
Of the reſtleſs winds unbound;
In the Heaven of Heavens above
Spreads His Wings the Holy DOVE:
At their waft the kindling choir
Wakes to ſong with Tongues of Fire.

Now the HOLY GHOST doth brood
O'er the ſurface of the flood,
And the quickened ſtreams are rife
With the progeny of Life;
On the Font deſcendeth He,
LORD of Life, abundantly.

On the waters' face doth move
To and fro the Heavenly DOVE,
From the depths of death and ſin,
Olive-branch of peace to win;
Reſting-place He findeth none
But the Ark of CHRIST alone.

LORD of Life, to Mary's Womb
Fraught with GODHEAD did He come:
Lord of Life, at Whitſuntide
Comes He down upon the Bride,

Bearing through the ſcented air
Preſence of the Bridegroom there.

On the Altar dimly ſhown,
Fleſh of fleſh, and Bone of bone,
She ſhall win Him from above
In the Sacrament of Love,
That her children may be fed
From their Life-blood's Fountain-head.

Range the choir the Bride around
On the holy Chancel ground;
She is dreſt is bright array
For this feſtal Whitſun Day;
Ten long nights ſhe watched in vain;
Now He comes to her again.

Lily for her Virgin-hand,
At her feet the Aloe wand,
Frankincenſe before her fling
For the Daughter of the King,
And at length the Crown of thorn
Roſes for her brow has borne.

The SPIRIT and the Bride ſay—Come!
Fruit of Bleſſed Mary's Womb,
Come to hallow! Come to bleſs!
Comfort of the comfortleſs:
As to her Thou cam'ſt below,
Come, LORD JESU, even ſo.

The Palimpseſt: an Allegory.

IN the Abbot's oaken Chamber
Long the Parchment hidden lay,
Given o'er to duſt and ſpider,
Buried from the light of day,
Written o'er with Monkiſh ſtory
On each old and crumbling page,
Written o'er with Legends hoary
Of the dim forgotten age;
Till the Traveller's glance alighted
Where the Parchment long had lain,
And all mildewed, ſtained and blighted
Drew it to the light again;
And his loving care beſtowing,
Day by day its treaſures bared,
Till he traced in beauty glowing,
Olden lines which time had ſpared;
Traced the glory underlying,
Traced the azure and the gold,
Traced, in letters ſtill undying,
Treaſures which it bare of old;
Till the Words of Truth confeſſing,
Words of Prophet and of Seer,
Words of Love and Truth and Bleſſing,
Stood in all their beauty clear;
And the old immortal Story
Shone upon its pages plain,

Gleaming with their olden glory,
Speaking with God's Word again.

* * *

Brother! gaze with look as earneſt,
If earth's leſſons thou wouldſt trace;
Gaze in faith till thou diſcerneſt
What is written on its face:
Dark thick duſt is on it lying—
Duſt of dead and buried times,
Every age its duſt ſupplying,
Charged with records of its crimes:
And the preſence in the Writing
Firſt that meets the caſual eye
Is of Satan, ſtill inditing
Records of his victory:
Poor men's groans and rich men's weeping,
Pinching want and grinding cares,
Wars and famines o'er it ſweeping—
Such the records that it bears.
Brother! gaze upon its teaching,
As men gaze through the thick night,
Till thine eye, its ſecret reaching,
Read its hidden Legend right:
Faith ſhall pierce this dark adorning,
Grief and ſorrow, ſin and ſhame,
Show thee where, in earth's glad morning,
God hath written His own Name;
Show thee, how that Name remaining,
Turns its darkneſs into light,

All its tangled courſe explaining,
Ruling all its wrong to right;
Till, beneath Sin's ſad inditing,
Tales of woe and tears and blood,
Thou ſhalt trace the old handwriting—
It is God's, and it is Good;
And the old immortal Story
Shines upon its pages plain,
Gleaming with the olden glory,
Speaking with God's Word again.

Ulia Sanctae Crucis.

ONE bleſſed noon in Autumn's ſweeteſt weather,
I wandered forth a pilgrim by the way,
Where God's good Providence ſhould lead to ſtray,
Muſing how Truth and Mercy met together.

Now by the rough road-ſide, now o'er the meadows,
Through the green paſtures, by the waters ſtill,
Where the gleam-tinted trees beneath the hill
Caſt round my path their Vale-of-death-like ſhadows.

Bleſſed be God! I had an open Viſion—
Good Angels were abroad in earth and ſky,

Revealing Heavenly Forms to Faith's purged eye,
Of Peace and Beauty, as in fields Elyſian.

All was an Emblem in me and around me,
Betokening Gifts more real than appear;
High thoughts, myſterious feelings, love and fear
Of wondrous ſpiritual depth and fulneſs bound me.

Sudden, as ſent from God, a mightier Token
Than yet my marvelling Spirit had wrought upon,
The Sign adorable of His Dear Son,
On which His Blood was ſhed, His Body broken!

In the dim diſtance, by the old flood riven,
The purple hill roſe, looming through the miſt,
Which, gilded by the noonday, crowned its creſt
With Saint-like halo, blending earth and Heaven.

And like an Angel's cincture, white and ſhining,
A ſilver thread belting the upland's girth
Led, as by Heavenward ſtair, from this low earth
To brighter vales on the Eaſtern ſide declining.

Here ghoſtly pale the mighty Croſs ſuſpended
As 'twere mid air, backed by the hill's bare ſide,
Was graved by unknown hands in ancient-tide
Where, circling round its baſe, the path aſcended.

Whether to mark the ſcene of battle holy,
Through victory of the Saints on this fair ſpot;
Or Hermit, here embowered in hill-ſide grot,
Emblemed lone Peace and Soul-ſweet Melancholy;

Or, likelier yet, bleſt Auſtin's hooded Sages
Led the proceſſion from yon ſainted tower,
And raiſed the image here of JESUS' Power,
To point the way of future pilgrimages.

The only way to Life and Peace internal,
Way of the Holy Croſs, though ſteep, moſt ſure!
Seek where thou wilt, none other ſo ſecure
Leads to the untravelled realms of Bliſs Supernal.

Who dares to climb, though way-worn, faint and weary,
Braced by Heaven's freſhening gales, gains ſtrength anew,
Sees ſights to eyes below ne'er brought to view,
Peopling with glorious ſhapes plains waſte and dreary.

Bleſt be the hour which led my footſteps thither,
On that ſweet Feſtival of earth and ſky!
Chance thoughts ſo ſown, bear fruit in deſtiny
For good or evil, which ſhall never wither!

Jeruſalem, du hochgebaute Stadt.

A German Hymn of the XVII. *Century.*

ERUSALEM! thou City towering high,
Would GOD I were in thee!
My longing Soul doth ever pant and ſigh
Within thy walls to be:
By faith from earth it ſallies,
And far o'er ſtretching plains,
Far over hills and valleys,
Soars, till thy gate it gains.

O joyful day, and O thrice joyful hour,
When will thy dawn appear,
When I with heart releaſed from ſin's dread power,
And joy unmixed with fear,
My parting Soul commending
To GOD's Own faithful Hand,
Shall at my journey's ending
Reach that bleſt Fatherland?

Then in a moment ſhall my Spirit quit
This lower element;
In ſilent myſtery high-ſoaring, flit
To Heaven's bright firmament
Elijah's chariot mounting,
Borne on ſuſtaining Hands,
That baffle powers of counting,
Of joyful Angel-bands.

Hail! glorious City: O that thou would'ſt ope
Thy gates of mercy wide,
To enter which with ſtill deferred hope
I long have groaned and ſighed;
While here my weary Spirit,
In this wrong world of ſin,
The Kingdom I inherit
Has thirſted ſore to win.

Who are theſe Myriads bright, whoſe glorious band
In countleſs throng appears,
By Jesus ſent to meet me on the ſtrand
Of this dark land of tears?
Of endleſs Life the winners,
Theſe are His Joy and Crown,
Whom from this world of ſinners
He choſe to be His Own.

Prophets and Patriarchs there, and Chriſtians all,
Who have in every age
Endured the Croſs, or at their Maſter's call
Braved perſecution's rage,
Now, amid Joy unbounded,
From earthly ſorrow free,
With cloudleſs day ſurrounded,
A dazzling Hoſt I ſee.

When God to His bleſt Paradiſe of Joy
My Soul at length ſhall raiſe,
Pleaſures ſhall fill my mind which never cloy,
My mouth glad notes of praiſe:

Voices in concord vying
There Alleluia ſing;
Unwearied ſtill replying
There loud Hoſannas ring.

From choir to choir, before the LAMB's bright Throne,
The ſound is borne along,
Till Joy's bright Temple to the wondrous tone
Vibrates in choral ſong:
In notes of exultation
Unnumbered voices riſe,
E'en ſince the firſt creation
Thus echoing through the ſkies.

I am the Roſe of Sharon and the Lily of the Valleys.

WILDERNESS of barren ſand,
With ſcorching ſun-glare, hot and red,
Where whitened bones of men long dead—
A level broad deſerted land.

Storms ſwept acroſs it, and the ſky
Deepened its red to blackeſt gloom;
It ſeemed a buried nation's tomb,
So deſolate below, on high.

Years paſſed, years ſlowly paſſed again:
A long pale line of eaſtern light
Broke at the murkieſt hour of night,
To herald ſounds of ſummer rain.

Then on that lone and ſandy flat
A Lily grows, with milk-white bloom,
The wilderneſs no more a tomb—
The deſert beautiful for that.

And ſoon another flower expands,
The Roſe of Sharon for the dew
And ſilver morning light ſo new;
Tranſplanted then to other lands:

But leaving many a Bleſſing there,
Odours of beauty and of Grace,
Leaves for the healing of a race,
Rich Gifts forgotten, new and rare.

A barren wilderneſs no more;
Athwart, a way to yonder Fold,
Beyond thoſe ſeas of green and gold,
A peaceful bright and ſunny ſhore.

Jeſus Chriſt, the Same yeſterday, to-day, and for ever.

HE Same: hear all that ſpurn!
We wane and alter, but Thou changeſt not;
Ever the ſame kind Heart, the ſame ſad lot—
To love without return.

Bone of our bone indeed!
Moſt human Heart, more loving than the beſt,
For ever wounded—aye, ye know the reſt,
And oft have made It bleed!

Mere image call ye this?
Not ſo: the tendereſt nature ſtill muſt be
Moſt ſenſitive, and Tender, Friends! is He,
Not wrapped in ſhadowy Bliſs.

His Will, with GOD at one,
Accepts all ſorrow, and foreruns the end.
Round Him all Heaven-born melodies aſcend
In glorious uniſon.

An inner joy is His
Thought may not fathom, Holineſs intenſe,
Rapture tranſcending mortal ſight or ſenſe,
What ſhall be, and What is.

Yet ſtill His Heart remains
Touched with our anguiſh; beating at each throb
In ſympathy with this poor Orphan's ſob,
With that faint Widow's pains.

O Wonderful and Sweet!
Still like a beggar ſueſt Thou for each heart
That bids Thee unbeloved and cold depart,
And thruſts Thee to the ſtreet.

O Myſtery profound!
The Greateſt thus beneath the leaſt deſcends,

And vainly aſks to call His Creatures 'Friends:'
Who ſuch abyſs can ſound?

Here, here is Love. O ſtay!
The All-Creator, with a human Heart,
He ſeeks thee, though He knows thee what thou art;
Thou look'ſt another way.

Great is the Power that caſt
Yon myriad ſtars to ring the rolling ſpheres;
Greater the Love that through the inconſtant years
Seeks thee, and wins at laſt.

The LAMB of GOD, That takes,
Each living hour, a world's red guilt away,
Undying Victim! muſt His Angels ſay—
'Man ſcorns, and earth forſakes?'

O Heart, too fickle, know,
'Thou art the Man:' thou wound'ſt thy Maſter ſtill.
He waits, thy LORD, a Vaſſal on thy will.
O, muſt it aye be ſo?

Wilt thou not wake at laſt
And ſigh—O Thou That ſeek'ſt to be beloved,
I dare not look upon Thy Tears unmoved:
Canſt Thou forgive the paſt?

Ah, with Thy tendereſt Heart
Mine keeps not pace; 'tis baſe, 'tis mean, O LORD,

And thrice unworthy of Thy Love adored;
But Thou art what Thou art,

And lov'ſt for Love's ſake ſtill.
Sunſhine can flood the deepeſt deep with light;
Thou art All-Splendour, if my heart be night:
Have Thine All-gracious Will!

En Dies eſt Dominica.

A Hymn for the Lord's Day.

THIS Day, which JESUS calls His Own,
Muſt our devout obſervance gain;
On it His ſacred Power was ſhown,
By riſing from the Grave's domain.

This Fact is now, while life endures,
Our weekly celebration made;
That the great things its truth enſures
May never from our memory fade.

O'er this dark world it poured a ray
Of living hope beyond the tomb
From realms of everlaſting day,
So long concealed in trembling gloom.

And thus a pledge our Souls receive
Of ſure advancement to the ſkies;
For all who in His Name believe
Shall with their Riſen LORD ariſe.

In Him we find a boundleſs ſtore
Of Wealth to make us rich indeed;
Without reſerve He makes it o'er,
Our common fund in times of need.

Hence Glory, Life without decay,
Immortal Bleſſedneſs above;
With Peace and Joy while on our way
To claim theſe Bleſſings of His Love.

The cheering memory of theſe things,
Revived with Sunday's dawning ray,
To pious hearts the reaſon brings
Why this is called 'the LORD's own Day.'

O'er death triumphant He aroſe
On this great Day, and lived anew;
A glorious Fact in Him, which ſhows
What is in us in figure true.

Our ſinful paſſions being quelled,
We riſe above them from the duſt,
Leſt the free Spirit ſhould be held
In bonds by any cheriſhed luſt.

Our pious Souls muſt now review
The Decalogue which GOD has given,
And humbly our belief renew
In Articles of Faith from Heaven.

The Holy Sacrament muſt ſhare
The loving memories of the Day,

And other things, which claim our care,
To ſpeed us on our faithful way.

With earneſtneſs the mind muſt ſhun
The tongue's pollution, taking heed
Leſt greater wickedneſs be done
By thoughtleſs word than manual deed.

With greater vigour we muſt preſs
In duty onwards in GOD's Ways,
By thoughts and acts of Righteouſneſs,
By meditation, prayer, and praiſe.

And chiefly now our Souls muſt aim,
Through Grace which lifts us from the fall,
To reſt with conſcience free from blame
In ſight of GOD, Who is our All.

The mighty Love of GOD afreſh
Muſt ſeize us as its rightful lot;
That midſt the allurements of the fleſh
Our Souls, as dead, may feel them not.

And let us aſk—Whence we have come?
And what and where we are? and why
We live? and where will be our home?—
And ſeek a practical reply.

Oh! into miſery from GOD,
And into darkneſs out of light,
Came GOD's Similitude abroad,
At firſt ſo happy and ſo bright.

Now muſt our ſinful wanderings ceaſe;
To God we muſt retrace our way;
Then holy Joy and Heavenly Peace
Will turn our darkneſs into day.

The Glory of our primal birth
We muſt for ever keep in view,
Leſt we become the ſlaves of earth,
And its vile vanities purſue.

Of ſpiritual eſſence free,
Divine in his primordial ſtate,
Man was deſigned by God to be
The Angels' fit aſſociate.

The native grandeur of his race
The ſtature of his body proves;
He walks erect, with upward face;
And like a God below he moves.

Stamped on his viſage here we find
The Light of God's own Countenance;
And the bright image of his mind
Shines out in living ſplendour thence.

Internal Wiſdom ſheds its light,
In glowing thoughts, on things around,
The outward witneſs in our ſight
Of what within his mind is found.

And then, O Myſtery Divine!
Impreſſed on his anointed brow,

The Croſs, the SPIRIT's quickening Sign,
Has made him CHRIST's own Servant now.

To-day, as CHRIST's, let this be done—
The preſent with the paſt compare;
And think what progreſs has been won,
And what the failures—how and where?

Deep hatred of all evil ſeek;
Of what is good take ſpecial care;
And looking towards the coming week,
For new and vigorous war prepare.

Within let grateful joy have place
That time on earth has yet been given,
To grow in Knowledge and in Grace,
And meetneſs for a glorious Heaven.

In holy thoughts and acts like theſe,
When earthly works are put away,
Our lowly minds the LORD ſhould pleaſe,
On this His own moſt bleſſed Day.

To Thee great Author of our days,
True Reſt of every faithful Soul,
Be given all Honour, Glory, Praiſe,
While everlaſting ages roll.

Tria Dona Reges ferunt.

An Epiphany Sequence of Adam of S. Victor.

KINGS, with triple Gifts provided,
Seek their King, and on are guided
By a Star, whoſe rays betided
Light from high for ever brought;
Gold, His Regal ſtate implying,
Incenſe, GODHEAD ſignifying,
Myrrh, that ſhadows forth His Dying,
Bring they, by the SPIRIT taught.

They from far Sabæan Nation,
On this day of jubilation,
Serving Him with adoration
Win the joyful boon of Peace;
Faint the Hebrew race is growing,
Knowing much, but GOD not knowing,
CHRIST, His Face to Gentiles ſhowing,
Biddeth them in Faith increaſe.

Synagogue, thou once elected,
Once in holy Faith perfected,
Now for unbelief rejected,
Knoweſt not the Kingly CHILD;
And CHRIST's Field, once ſparely planted,
Once in fruit and culture ſcanted,
Now in Light which He hath granted,
Sees the World's Redeemer mild.

Sarah's Race new might is gaining,
Thou, blind Synagogue, art plaining
For the bondſlave's race, remaining
Underneath its load of ſin;
Thou doſt mourn and ſorely grieveſt,
Sarah laughs while ſobs thou heaveſt,
For ſhe knows thou diſbelieveſt
Him Who comes to ſave His Kin.

By his father conſecrated,
Jacob's joy with fear is mated,
Thou with dews of heaven art ſated,
And with earth's rich fatneſs bleſt:
All thy joys from earth thou gleaneſt
From things vaineſt and obſceneſt,
Jacob's thoughts on things ſereneſt
And on Jesus' Sweetneſs reſt.

Where His Nard the air perfumeth
Haſte the Saints whom Love conſumeth,
For with wondrous Flower bloometh
Jesus' Pardon newly won:
She whom ſin but late was chaining,
Now her ſpouſal Gifts obtaining,
New-made Bride, in joy is reigning,
And a golden Crown hath on.

Next the King in exaltation
In her thankful adoration
Stands the Bride, and keeps her ſtation
In a golden Veſture clad:

From the thorns within that bower
Springs a Roſe, in bud or flower
Thinking aye on Jesus' Power,
In His royal Bounty glad.

She, the myſtic Bride, can never
From her plighted Bridegroom ſever,
May that Bridegroom guard us ever
From the ſhocks of fleſhly vice:
May He cleanſe us from pollution,
Grant us perfect reſtitution,
Save from final retribution,
Bring us unto Paradiſe.

Have mercy on me, O Lord, Thou Son of David.

ITHIN the cool Quadrangle's welcome ſhade,
Beneath the linen awning, Jesus ſought
A moment's quiet, while the fountain played
Her pleaſant interlude to weary thought.

Through the porch gleamed the roſe-red ſunſet ſnows
Of the wild crags of northern Galilee:
What awful Life is in the God-Repoſe,
That with the Paſt and Preſent welds Futurity!

Up the benched gateway thrills a Woman's cry,
As if the ſwollen torrent of deep care
Had torn down ſilence in its agony
To fling Grief's ſecret on the trembling air!

The loneline ſs of one unuttered woe,
The ſilent tears when every Hope had fled,
The ſacred Love, which Mothers beſt may know,
When ſickneſs glooms around a firſt-born's bed.

The weary hours beſide her little Child,
The patient ſadneſs of her darling's eye,
As with unſelfiſh love ſhe feebly ſmiled
All, all, came ſobbing on that bitter cry—

O Lord, Thou Son of David, pity me!
So 'mid the wreck, bareheaded, 'gainſt the ſpray,
A drowning Man might ſhriek acroſs the ſea,
When hope of human help had paſt away.

O Lord, Thou Son of David, pity me!
While ghaſtly doubt ſtung her ſin-laden breaſt,
If for the guilt, done by her ſecretly,
God's Curſe had fallen on what ſhe loved the beſt.

He did not anſwer her one ſingle word,
Yet Love was ſpeaking in His ev'ry Look:
When earth is ſilent then may Heaven be heard,
In ſorrow's gloom Faith beſt reads God's own Book.

Think'ſt thou He hears not, when for many a day
Thy knees are worn with faſting and with prayer?
Think'ſt thou He turns from any love away,
Becauſe thou ſeeſt no Angel on the air?

Tempter, away! each throb of pain He knows;
I will kneel on, and wait His bleſſed Time;
Up the ſteep ſtaircaſe of Life's darkſome woes
I'll climb and ſing, till overhead GOD's Chime

Break with one roar of an eternal Sea;
And lo! if I have prayed He giveth more;
I ſtagger down, half-blind with victory,
Whiſpering the Chant from out the opening Door.

A Song which none but the Redeemed can ſing.

E came not in with broad
Full canvaſs ſwelling to a ſteady breeze,
With pennons flying fair, with coffers ſtored;
For long againſt the wind, 'mid heavy ſeas,
With cordage ſtrained and ſplintered maſts we drave,
And o'er our decks had daſhed the bitter wave,
And lightening oft our lading, life to ſave,
Our coſtly ventures to the Deep were given:

Yea, ſome of us were caught and homewards driven
Upon the ſtorm-wind's wings; and ſome rock-riven
Among the treacherous reefs at anchor flung,
Felt the good ſhip break under them, and clung
Still to ſome plank or fragment of its frame
Amid the roaring breakers—yet, we came!

We came not in with proud,
Firm, martial footſtep, in a meaſured tread,
Slow pacing to the craſh of muſic loud;
No gorgeous trophies went before; no crowd
Of captives followed us with drooping head;
No ſhining laurel ſceptred us, nor crowned,
Nor with its leaf our glittering lances bound;
'This looks not like a Triumph,' then, they ſaid;
With faces darkened in the battle flame,
With banners faded from their early pride,
Through wind and ſun and ſhowers of bleaching rain,
Yet red in all our garments, doubly dyed,
With many a wound upon us, many a ſtain,
We came with ſteps that faltered—yet, we came!

Through water and through fire
We came to Thee, and not through theſe alone;
We came to Thee by blood! Thou didſt require
One only Sacrifice, and like Thine Own.
The Life Thou gaveſt us Thou didſt deſire
And all was ready for us: Lo! the knife

And cloven wood were waiting; bound or free
We too were ready! In the battle ſtrife,
Or by the lonely Altar unto Thee
We offered love for Love, and life for Life.
And as we came to Thee a ſound of war
Ran after us from diſtant fields; the jar
Of ſhield and ſword and battle bow; a cry
Confuſed and harſh, that rolled to 'Victory'
And ſeemed upon the darkening heavens to ceaſe;
For as we neared Thy City morning broke,
And all along its lofty ramparts woke
One word of greeting, flooding all the ear
And all the heart with ſolemn muſic, clear
As of a Trumpet talking with us—Peace!

De Parente Summo natum.

A Sequence for the Feaſt of the Tranſfiguration.

OF the Higheſt generated,
And not by His SIRE created,
From before all time the WORD
One GOD with the FATHER reigned,
By the Right to Him pertained,
And by Gift of none conferred.

Guilty man from death redeeming,
GOD the WORD in outward ſeeming
Was an humble Servant made;

Thus becoming a new Creature,
He reſtored our human nature,
Nor aſide His GODHEAD laid.

In Himſelf, both Weak and Worthy
He united; but the Earthy
Clad, not crippled, the Divine:
Neither did the ſtrong Superior
Swallow up the frail Inferior,
But by ſuffering made it ſhine.

Each in its own Nature ſingle,
Not as wines with water mingle
Were they in debaſement linked;
But that moſt myſterious Union
Which had placed them in communion,
Kept them perfectly diſtinct.

Symbol of that high relation
Was the WORD's Transfiguration,
To the eye of faith deſigned:
Wherein is to us revealed
That which was before concealed
By the Veil of human kind.

Like the candid ſnow for whiteneſs,
Like the ſplendid Sun for brightneſs,
Lo! the Fleſh which ſin atoned
Is beforehand rendered glorious,
Over ſhame and death victorious,
And the WORD in Light enthroned.

Hark! the confirmation given,
Not from earth but out of Heaven,
Vouching CHRIST the SON of GOD;
Thus His DEITY aſſuring,
Though, beneath a ſhade obſcuring,
Earth in Form of MAN He trod.

Gaze upon the Viſion beauteous;
Him confeſs, with homage duteous,
GOD, and yet the Virgin's SON;
In a ſingle Perſon ſhining,
Yet two Natures ſo combining
That they ſeverally were one.

See, the Stone by Jews rejected,
But by Choice Divine elected,
To the Corner-head is raiſed;
He on Whom in Godlike Splendour,
Erſt in raiment mean and ſlender,
Now the rapt Diſciples gazed.

Theme of Prophets' proclamation,
Him they knew in transformation
'Twixt the two attendant Seers;
Shining in thoſe Robes of Glory
Pictured in prophetic ſtory,
As from Bozrah He appears.

Grant us, JESU, to adore Thee,
And lay down our crowns before Thee,
In the rapturous Viſion loſt;

Nor as heirs of Heaven ignore us,
Who in type didſt go before us
When o'er Jordan Joſhua croſt.

Song of the early Chriſtian Confeſſors.

OH, no! we may not whiſper now
The Name by Hoſts adored,
No more we chaunt in choral vow
Our dear Redeeming LORD.

They drag us ſlow with bleeding feet
To many an Idol ſhrine;
They bid us taſte the offered Meat,
Or quaff the offered Wine.

They ſtrive with ſlow reluctant fires
Our conſtant Souls to break;
They ſpread the charms the world admires,
But oh, 'tis death to take—

For neither bright Apollo's bow,
Nor Daphne's laurel grove,
Nor ſounds of joy, nor ſights of woe,
Can bend our loyal love.

Yet, if perchance by ſorrow tried
Some ſighs our boſoms heave,
They bid us leave the Crucified—
But we will never leave!

Oh, no! the quivering limb may throb,
May ſtart the torture tear,

For crown of ſteel and fiery robe
Are hard for fleſh to bear.

But heavier was the Robe of ſcorn
The MAN of Sorrows bore;
And ſharper, ſharper was the Thorn
On bleeding Brows He wore:

And He can cool the torrent wave,
Can ſtop the oppreſſor's joy;
For ſtronger is His Arm to ſave,
Than theirs is to deſtroy.

They tell us He is buried now,
And all our hopes are gone;
They ſaw not how in veſt of ſnow
He mounted to His Throne.

And chains may bind, and priſons dim
Our fettered limbs control;
Our Souls, like eagles, fly to Him—
They cannot bind the Soul.

The waves that waſh our priſon wall,
The winds that hurry by,
The ſweet, the gall, are records all
Of Love that cannot die.

What if our Spirits tortures bow,
Our limbs if fetters fret?
We ſee not now His radiant Brow—
But how can we forget?

Being in an Agony, He prayed more earneſtly.

HAT are theſe Sighs, theſe low deep yearning Prayers
Stealing o'er the ſilence of the mid-night hour
From yon embowering Grove—the chill damp airs
Riſing around, while ſhivering night-winds cower?

Nay! draw not nigh—'tis awful, holy Ground.
There, ſince the fall of eve, through hours of darkneſs drear,
Our LORD in prayer hath knelt, while ſlumber ſound
Enwraps that world for which He pleadeth proſtrate near.

Nor will that wearied Form from prayer ariſe
Till the faint-hearted dawn hath gathered ſtrength to brave
The ſhades of night: the day may not ſuffice
For His deep Love which yearns a darkling world to ſave.

That burning, wondrous Love! O how ſhall theſe
Low grovelling hearts e'er comprehend its depth and height,

Its breadth and length? enfolding earth and ſeas,
Heaven, yea, the Heaven of Heavens, in Mercy infinite?

Words fail to ſpeak aright; methinks on earth
The ſilent adoration of o'erflowing hearts
In kindly deeds outpoured beſt owns its worth;
Each little rill which from that loving Fountain ſtarts,

Bearing ſome portion of its Waters ſweet
Along her lowly courſe, freſhening and gladdening all
Where'er ſhe turns; yet loving beſt to greet
Yon Streamlet broad, and hidden yield her tribute ſmall;

For ſmall, as lowlieſt drop, what here we deem
The nobleſt Sacrifice—the keeneſt grief we know,
The love and labour of earth's ſhort-lived dream,
Compared with the deep Ocean of Thy Love and Woe!

Here we may fearleſs plunge, and find our Life;
Suſtained upon theſe Waters, as they riſe and fall,
Onward, while leſs and leſs of earth's rude ſtrife
Shall reach our ears, abſorbed in Thee, our All in All!

Thou, Who ſtill pleadeſt in the Holy Mount
For ſlumbering Souls enthralled in ſhades of night below,
Plead on for us! that Thine, Celeſtial Fount!
May be the only Source of Light and Love we know.

The open Vision.

HY lies the darkneſs on the deep
Now that the world is old?
Why do the ſigns from Heaven wax faint,
And Altar-fires wax cold?
The while men's Souls wait for the LORD
By promiſe and by warning,
And wait and watch, yea, more than they
That watch unto the morning.

Why echo ſtill earth's tempeſt-moans,
Without Heaven's 'Peace, be ſtill?'
Why cry we yet, 'LORD, if Thou wilt;'
Nor hear His calm 'I will?'
Why caſt we all our anchors out
And wiſh the day were nearer;
While yet the far horizon ſhows
No cloſer and no clearer?

Nay! aſk, if with us in the Ship
We prayed our Maſter come?

Aſk, while we yet could ſee the ſhore,
Set we our ſails towards Home?
Aſk, if as in the ancient days
The Word of God is precious,
Have we the childlike hearts to know
The Voice that would refreſh us?

Aſk rather of the choſen Three
Neareſt to Christ allowed,
Why, ere they ſaw their Glorious Sun
They paſſed beneath His Cloud?
Why, as they marked His Meſſengers
Adore that bleſt unveiling,
They heard ſtrange preſages of ſcorn,
And buffeting, and railing?

Aye! others, like thoſe favoured Ones
Are drawn with Him apart,
The glory of His Woe to ſee
With ſad and troubled heart:
By ſome unearthly ſympathy
They know that this their trial
Accompliſhes His Agony,
Deſertion, and Denial.

The Cloud of myſtery draws on
And gathers over all,
While fearfully they enter in
Beneath its ſolemn pall;
But to the truſtful gaze, ſome gleam
Seems all its depth to brighten,
For verily the Lord their God
Shall all their darkneſs lighten.

'This is My Well-Beloved Son!'
The Father's Voice is past;
They waken from their awful trance,
And know the Truth at last:
The darkness is not terrible,
The silence is not lonely,
When they see no man any more—
Themselves and Jesus only.

O Vision of reality,
Faith's crowning diadem!
Themselves with Jesus found alone
And He alone with them,
And never are His Cares so sweet,
Never His Tones so tender,
As when He comforteth His Own
After their Souls' surrender.

He turns their sorrow into Joy,
Gives Peace instead of dread,
He stays their zeal's too eager haste,
Urges their doubt's dull tread;
Till songs of love and praise burst forth
From lips these themes embolden,
While that dear Presence is the Light
Of eyes no longer holden.

Many are those once restless Souls
To whom it has sufficed
To scale the Mount, endure the Cloud,
And be alone with Christ:
Not heeding all earth's happiness,
Nor all the world's derision;

Only not disobedient found
Unto the Heavenly Vision.

For us, the veil but hides our pain
Till perfect Peace be won,
Till man's enfeebled hand be stayed,
And God's good Will be done:
Our Souls in patience we possess,
God's Word cannot be broken,
'This is My Son'—He saith, and we
Believe what He hath spoken.

We dare not deem that Heaven is dark,
Though Heaven's light seem dim;
Our Master looks upon us still
Although we see not Him;
He leads us onward in His Love,
He bears us in His Pity
To where the open Vision shines
In the Eternal City.

The Music of Heaven.

THE Music of Heaven is attuned to a measure
Our Spirit's deep thirst ever longs for in vain;
For the music of earth, though it thrills us with pleasure,
Gives pleasure not wholly unmingled with pain.

And though for a moment the ear may be captured
By notes that from Paradiſe ſeem to have birth,
By ſounds to which Angels might liſten enraptured,
The dream is diſpelled by the voices of earth.

Some wearineſs, pain, or ſome paſſing vexations
The half-entranced ſoul from its bliſs will recall;
Or the heart is unſtrung, and the ſweet modulations
On earth-enchained ſenſes untunefully fall.

When reſoundeth God's Praiſe in the courts of His Dwelling,
Falſe jarrings of earth will too often begin;
And the higher and clearer the anthem is ſwelling,
The more are we conſcious of diſcord within.

But it will not be thus when to Heavenly regions,
Releaſed from its thraldom, our Spirit takes wing,
And uniting in concert with glorified legions,
Shall learn that 'new Song' which none other can ſing.

For ear hath not heard, nor the ſenſes of mortals
E'er caught the ineffable Muſic below
Of thoſe Harmonies full which through Heaven's bright portals,
With tide ever riſing, unceaſingly flow.

There voices Seraphic in concord are vying,
And golden the ſtrings of each well-tunèd Lyre;
Heart vibrates to heart, as for ever replying,
Unwearied they chaunt in antiphonal Choir.

And ſhall we then hang the ſad harp on the willows,
As exiles ſhut out from the Land of our reſt,
Till we croſs the dark ocean of Death, and its billows
Have wafted us ſafe to the ſhores of the Bleſt?

No! whenever God's Praiſe in His Temple aſcendeth,
The theme and the melody kindle our hearts,
And conſtrain us, as richly the ſymphony blendeth,
To 'wake up our glory' and join in our parts.

And at length, when with Children of Zion admitted
Hoſannas to ſing by the Throne of the Lord,
Shall all hearts be new ſtrung, and each voice better fitted
With Angels' and Archangels' notes to accord.

Holy Childhood.

N the dim morn I wake,
My Boy ſleeps at my ſide,
I ſleepleſs watch the gleam
Of Memory's ruſhing tide.

From the Paſt's ſolemn woods
Stately the River came,
The ripple, and the breeze
Spake but one word—my name!

Calling me ever back,
Till on the ſilent ſhore
I ſee a ſhadowy form,
Myſelf—a Child once more!

With an unearthly hope
I claſp the long-loſt hand,
And ſo from Time we wander,
From Memory's ſhifting ſand,

Till through the gates of Morning
We mark a roſy Dawn,
And the Child kneels in wonder
On the Celeſtial lawn!

The lips ſmile adoration,
I ſinful may not hear;
When lo! my Boy's young dreams
Fall on my longing ear;

In ſleep he prays, 'Our FATHER!'
In ſleep with his LORD's Prayer,
He fills my heart and conſcience,
He fills the haunted air.

O LORD, make me a Child,
Teach me fair Childhood's prayer,
Print on my Soul Thy Childhood,
Waſh away Manhood's care!

Make me a little Child, O LORD,
O fill my dreams with Thee,

Then, then, dark Memory's River!
Carry them out to ſea,

Out to the far-off ſurges
That gird the ſands of life,
Bear broken plan, and withered hope,
Man's paſſion, and man's ſtrife;

Bear them far, bitter River!
I take the CHILD's pierced Hand;
And over moor, through foreſt,
I ſeek the Bleſſed Land!

The CHILD in Prieſtly radiance,
Before the golden Door,
Abſolves; I enter, worſhip,
GOD's Child for evermore!

Stanzas.

The End of Man.

I LOVED the beauty of the earth,
The brightneſs of the ſkies,
Life wooed me with its careleſs mirth,
My birthright and my prize.

I loved in ſmooth ſelf-choſen ways
To guide my wayward feet,
I courted men's unmeaning praiſe,
Their ſmile was all too ſweet.

The light of Heaven ſhone pale and dim
Upon my earth-bound ſight,
The echo of the Seraph's hymn
For me had no delight.

My life and treaſure they were here,
My throbbing pulſe beat high,
My ſtep was free, my glance was clear
With youth's gay buoyancy.

But youth was ſhort, and life was frail,
And human praiſe untrue,
Created beauty but a veil
To hide Thee from my view.

'Twas not for theſe Thou madeſt me,
But for Thyſelf, O LORD;
Thou bad'ſt me reſt alone in Thee,
My Prize and my Reward.

All earthly joy ſhall fail at laſt,
All earthly love grow cold,
Save loves by that one Love made faſt
To JESUS and His Fold.

This earth is but a trial place
To train the Souls of men,
Till Nature is transformed to Grace,
We know not how nor when.

All earthly aims ſhall have an end,
All earthly hopes expire,

All faiths that are not Faith, but tend
To the eternal fire.

One Aim there is of endleſs worth,
One ſole ſufficient Love,
To do Thy Will, my GOD, on earth,
And reign with Thee above.

Who have in life that one true Aim,
That one true Hope in death,
Shall paſs unſcathed the trial-flame
And earn the amarant wreath.

From joys that failed my Soul to fill,
From hopes that all beguiled,
To changeleſs Reſt in Thy dear Will,
O JESUS! call Thy Child.

In tempore Veſperi erit Lux.

OF old, O LORD, Thy Word was plight,
'At evening time there ſhall be Light;'
Now darkly lowers the coming night—
'JESU, mercy.'

Chill wintry guſts are ſweeping by,
All faintly gleams the ſhrouded ſky,
The ſtars are fading from on high—
'Exaudi me.'

We ſee each Woe Thy Seers reveal,
Each Vial of Thy Wrath we feel,
Almoſt we hear the Trumpet peal—
'Cum Angelis.'

The Glories of Thine ancient Home
Serve but to ſhow the gathering gloom,
The Sabbath of the world is come.

Where is the faith our martyr Sires
Owned in the canonizing fires,
The burning love, the high deſires?

Cold is the Saints' unſhrinking Faith,
The hope that cheered the Martyr's death—
Love freezes at the worldling's breath.

Yet moſt Thy promiſed Light diſplay,
Leſt wandering from the ancient way,
Self-truſting ſtill, we fondly ſtray.

Scarce with faint earth-dimmed glimmerings ſhine
The tapers ſet to guard the ſhrine,
To Faith's keen eye no certain ſign.

Thou only Good, Thou only True,
When faith is weak and friends are few,
Do Thou that promiſed Light renew.

Beſide the Altars of our land,
'Mid prayers untrue and rites profaned,
We wait, O Lord, Thy guiding Hand.

O be one gleam in mercy ſent,
Ere by the Judgment-cry is rent
A flame-encompaſſed firmament—
' Cum Angelis.'

Ere yet that laſt, all-ſearching light
Breaks but to eternize the night,
The dawning of the infinite—
'Exaudi me.'

So, when the dead, earth's countleſs race,
Are ranged before Thine awful Face,
May we among the Sheep have place—
'Jesu, mercy.'

Requiem Æternam.

TO die and be at reſt
Beneath the Churchyard ſod,
The Corpſe in ſere-clothes dreſt,
The Spirit with its God!

To die and be at reſt
Beyond the world's annoy,
No cares to vex the breaſt,
No tears to trouble joy.

To die and be at reſt
Where ſlander's tongue is ſtill,
Where praiſe nor mars our beſt,
Nor conſecrates our ill.

To die and be at reſt
Where earthly tumults ceaſe,
Where ſtorms may ne'er infeſt
The Haven of our peace.

To die and be at reſt
With them that part no more,
Rocked gently on the breaſt
Of loved ones gone before.

To die and be at reſt
Beyond the power of ſin,
Love an abiding gueſt
The ranſomed Soul within.

To die and be at reſt—
For this our natures crave,
The laſt home of the Bleſt,
The World beyond the grave.

To die and be at reſt—
'Tis Childhood's earlieſt dream,
In terror unexpreſt
Shrinking from life's dark ſtream.

To die and be at reſt—
'Tis Manhood's bitter cry,
With thankleſs toil oppreſt
Of waſted energy.

To die and be at reſt—
Old age with feeble moan
Echoes the long requeſt,
To lay its burden down.

To die and be at reſt—
It is a Chriſtian prayer,
For Death is God's Beheſt,
Christ and His Saints are there.

Sequence on the Holy Spirit.

After Adam of S. Victor.

HEALTH of the helpleſs, Crown of Conſolation,
Giver of Life, ſweet Hope of man's Salvation,
Come with Thy Grace, O come,
Sun of the Soul, and let Thy Sunlight ſhine,
And warm with Love's ſoft glow the hearts of Thine;
And o'er the freſhening field of Chriſtendom
Drop fatneſs, Dew Divine;
Till day by day, and hour by hour,
Fed with the fulneſs of Thy Power,
Every woodland, every bower,
Burſt into leaf and fruit and flower,
Filled with true Life's beſt food,
From Thee, the Fountain of all good.

One in Subſtance, GODHEAD One;
River, That from Both doſt run,
Spring, from Either ſundered never,
Bound to Both, and bonded ever
In a mighty uniſon,
With a bond that nought can ſever;
League of power, that none may part,
Everlaſting—as Thou art.

Dew of Each, of Both in One,
Rich Vapour riſing from the eternal River;
May the FATHER and the SON
That Gift vouchſafe Whereof Thou art the Giver,
Giver and Gift, Thyſelf on us beſtow,
Thyſelf—the Well Whoſe waters ever flow.

Thou hearеſt the Dew fall on earth, where it lies,
From the River thou hearеſt the Vapour ariſe,
And the ſcent of ſweet Odour thou knoweſt, whereby
Thy faith can the Preſence of GODHEAD deſcry:
Dew, that from the GODHEAD burſts,
Whereof who deepeſt drinks the more he thirſts;
Thirſting ever with a glow,
Quenchleſs, as the Spirit's flow,
Flowing alway, alway bleſſing;
Thirſt that knoweth no repreſſing.

By Him the Wave is conſecrate,
Where for new Birth the holy people wait,
The water on whoſe face was borne
GOD'S SPIRIT at Creation's morn.
Fount, of all Holineſs the ſpring
Whence flows true Love abroad,
Clear Fount that cleanſeth from all ſin,
Fount from the Font of GOD;
Great Fount, all fountains hallowing,
Without all Bleſſing and all GOD within.

Fire of flint, with nought of wood,
Faring forth in myſtic Flood,
Kid conſuming, Fire of Heaven,
Feeding on the dread Unleaven,
Fire, all earthly fire unlike,
On the Altar of our heart
Strike the ſpark of light, O ſtrike
The flame there ſtill to burn and never thence depart.

Shadow of the maidens ſeven,
Seven that compaſſed the One;
Type of the very Truth of Heaven
That through all things doſt run;
All-quickener, That with life the world doſt warm,
O SPIRIT Septiform:
In ſeveral ſhape out-lined,
Yet varying not in kind,
Forefend it ever, that we ſay
Of Thee, the Almighty Mind,
That Thou doſt form obey,
To form and ſhape confined.

Fire of Life, Life-giving Spring,
Cleanſe our hearts, and thither bring
Thy Gifts of Grace, to enrich them and to bleſs;
That, kindled by the flame of Charity,
Meet offering we become to Thee
Of Love and Holineſs.

Breath of the FATHER and the SON, Thou beſt
Leech of the ſinful, Solace of the ſad,
Strength of the weak, the worn wayfarer's Reſt,
Health of the ſick, make Thou the mourner glad.
Holy Love, like virgin's, chaſte,
Fire of Soul, yet maiden-pure,
Thoſe whom evil paſſions waſte
May Thine hallowed Unction cure.

Voice of voices manifold,
Subtile Voice, by ſound untold,
In the ear, and in the breaſt,
Voice to each That whiſpereſt:
Voice enbreathed into the Bleſt,
Stilly Voice and ſecret—Voice
Making Men of Peace rejoice,
Voice of ſweetneſs, Voice of bliſs,
Voice of voices, ours be This
Sounding through our inmoſt heart:

Light, That bidſt all lies depart,
Light, That falſehood's router art,
Light, That draweſt unto Thee
Faith and Truth and Verity;
Light, vouchſafe to us, to all,
Life and health and wealth, that we,
Lit with light perennial,
Live in ſunſhine, that ſhall be
Brightening everlaſtingly.

Of the Gifts of God.

From the Latin.

HOUGH for me the tongues of Angels
With the tongues of men were blent,
Duly ſhould I ne'er be able,
Giver of things excellent,
To return Thee praiſe, O Greateſt
FATHER of Enlightenment.

For with Might Thou didſt create me
For Thyſelf of nothingneſs,
And to bear Thy Likeneſs ſhape me
By Thy Wiſdom fathomleſs,
And with Angels equal make me
In my reaſon's nobleneſs.

Thus with faculties controlling,
Faculties ſubordinate,
Like the pattern of Thy Glory,
I ſurpaſſed the brutal ſtate,
Standing pure, enlightened, holy,
Righteous and inviolate.

Yet had all been left imperfect,
Having wrought me wondrouſly,
If as thankleſs, proud tranſgreſſor,
Thou wouldſt doom me rigidly;
If deluded, loſt and wretched,
Thou wouldſt not deliver me.

No! where I was lately fallen
Underneath my helliſh Foe,
Thou'ſt to hope for pardon brought me
In Thy Grace, and laid him low:
To Thy Paſture haſt Thou called me;
Time for Grace Thou doſt beſtow.

Stumbling haſt Thou me ſupported
With enduring Patience;
Straying haſt Thou me withholden
With ſevere Beneficence;
Me delinquent haſt abſolved,
And haſt blotted mine offence.

Thou on every ſide doſt waſh me
And doſt heal me wounded ſore,
And when waſhed and healed, upon me
Thou doſt Oil of Gladneſs pour;
Gleams of wondrous Hope ſurround me,
When the painful ſtound is o'er.

Now withdrawing me from danger,
Unto good Thou ſtabliſheſt;
Now ſupporting mine endeavours,
Gifts on me Thou laviſheſt;
Where Thou giveſt, where Thou takeſt
Still my weal Thou compaſſeſt.

Thou provideſt for my table
Daily food abundantly;
Thou doſt bounteouſly for raiment
Things beſeeming me ſupply;

Care of me Thou takeſt ever
Like the apple of Thine Eye.

Herein likewiſe muſt I glory,
That to me Thou ſhouldſt confide
To bear tribulation for Thee
From without and from inſide,
Since beloved Sons Thou always
Haſt in ſuch encounters tried.

By the ſervice of Thy Creatures
I am largely profited,
For their uſes, like their figures,
Witneſs Thee their Fountain-head:
Still by Nature, ſtill by Scripture,
Are we to Thy Traces led.

Yet beyond all theſe Thy Creatures
Thou Thyſelf exaltedſt me
By aſſuming Man's condition
In Thy wondrous Clemency,
And in Thy Paternal Wiſdom
To Thyſelf redeeming me.

O what boundleſs depths of Pity
Thy Paternal Grace diſplays!
O the Bounty that we witneſs
In the Filial GODHEAD's Ways!
Therefore ſhall there be no period
Of Thy Worſhip, Splendour, Praiſe!

Urbs beata Hirusalem.

BLESSED City, holy Salem,
Home of peace, by Seers deſcried,
Riſing in the courts of Heaven,
Built of living ſtones and tried,
By Angelic hands adornèd,
As her fellows deck a Bride.

Coming newly formed from Heaven,
Ready for the nuptial bower,
Wedded to the LAMB for ever,
As a bride in bliſsful hour;
All her ſtreets have golden pavement,
Golden ramparts round her tower.

Bright her gates of pearl are gleaming,
Open are her chambers fair;
And by virtue of His Merits
Every Soul ſhall enter there
Who, in this world, pain or ſorrow
For the Name of CHRIST ſhall bear.

Hewn with blows, and worn by preſſure,
Poliſhed ſtones from every land,
All are in their places fitted
By the Builder's matchleſs hand,
Firmly ſet, to reſt unſhaken,
While the Heavenly manſions ſtand.

Corner-ſtone in her foundation,
CHRIST the Rock is ſurely laid;
Who, in both the walls compacted,
Hath of twain one Temple made;
Holy Sion Him accepted,
All her hope on Him is ſtayed.

Sacred is that glorious City,
Dear to GOD the mighty King,
Mingling with her tuneful praiſes
Joyous burſts of triumph ring;
THREE and ONE their GOD proclaiming,
All in welcome Anthems ſing.

The Church, Militant and Triumphant.

The Church Militant.

NOW ſtrong are her foundations! the opening
How glorious of her portals! Yet within,
What Babel-ſounds of ſtrife! Without, what din
Of malice and of wrath! Thoſe choirs which ſing
Eternal Alleluias to their King,
How muſt they wondering view the power of ſin,
Which, round her ſacred boundary who muſt win
And fold GOD's Flock, ſuch direful ſpell could fling,

Marring her holy work—our Sion's height
O'erſhadowing with gloom, where once ſhone clear
Heaven's pureſt radiance! O for a light,
Glimmering albeit afar! 'Diſpel thy fear,'
A Voice exclaims, 'My Church's mourning night
Is well nigh ſpent; her Dayſpring draweth near!'

The Church Triumphant.

WHO is it clad in garments radiant white,
Love on her breaſtplate graven, on her brow
Salvation diademed? Above, below,
Ten thouſand thouſand Spirits wing their flight,
A ſhining company. With glory bright
The army of Martyrs circle, which through woe
And peril, pain and death, dared face the foe,
Bearing their palms, with victor-chaplets dight.
In mild but awful majeſty, to meet
The Bride comes forth the Bridegroom, in the ſkies
Enthroning on her everlaſting ſeat.
From myriad Voices ſhouts of triumph riſe:
'Her warfare is accompliſhed; at her feet
Fallen is the captive's chain—the conqueror proſtrate lies!'

Voices from the American Church.

Heart's Song.

IN the ſilent midnight watches,
Liſt thy boſom door,
How it knocketh, knocketh, knocketh,
Knocketh evermore!
Say not 'tis thy pulſe's beating,
Or thy heart of ſin;
'Tis thy SAVIOUR ſtands entreating,
'Riſe! and let Me in.'

Death comes down with reckleſs footſtep,
To the hall and hut;
Think you Death will tarry, knocking
Where the door is ſhut?
JESUS waiteth, waiteth, waiteth,
But the door is faſt;
Grieved, at length away He turneth;
Death breaks in at laſt.

Then 'tis thine to ſtand entreating
CHRIST to let thee in;
At the gate of Heaven beating,
Wailing for thy ſin.
Nay! alas, thou fooliſh Virgin!
Haſt thou then forgot?
JESUS waited long to know thee—
Now, He knows thee not.

Song of Faith.

THE lilied fields behold!
What King in his array
Of purple pall and cloth of gold
Shines gorgeouſly as they?

Their pomp, however gay,
Is brief, alas! as bright;
It lives but for a ſummer's day,
And withers in a night.

If GOD ſo clothe the ſoil
And glorify the duſt,
Why ſhould the ſlave of daily toil
His Providence diſtruſt?

Will He, Whoſe Love has nurſed
The ſparrow's brood, do leſs
For thoſe who ſeek His Kingdom firſt,
And with it Righteouſneſs?

The birds fly forth at will;
They neither plough nor ſow;
Yet theirs the ſheaves that crown the hill,
Or glad the vale below.

While through the realms of air
He guides their trackleſs way,
Will man in faithleſſneſs deſpair?
Is he worth leſs than they?

As thy day, ſo ſhall thy ſtrength be.

WHEN adverſe winds and waves ariſe
And in my heart deſpondence ſighs,
When life her throng of cares reveals
And weakneſs o'er my ſpirit ſteals,
Grateful I hear the kind Decree
That 'As my day, my ſtrength ſhall be.'

When with ſad footſtep memory roves
O'er ſmitten joys and buried loves,
When like a mourner low I bend,
Without a comforter or friend,
Then to Thy Promiſe, LORD, I flee,
Still 'As thy day, thy ſtrength ſhall be.'

One trial more muſt yet be paſt,
One pang, the keeneſt and the laſt;
And when, convulſed with mortal pain,
Struggling I ſeek for eaſe in vain,
Then wilt Thou give my Soul to ſee
That 'As her day, her ſtrength ſhall be.'

The faſhion of this world paſſeth away.

IN careleſs Childhood's ſunny hours
When all we love is nigh,
No thorn amid life's opening flowers,
No cloud in all its ſky,

We fear no ill, nor dream of care,
But deem each following day
Shall light us on to fairer ſcenes,
And beam with brighter ray.

And Childhood's vernal ſeaſon paſt,
And ſhunned Youth's thouſand ſnares,
When Manhood's autumn comes at laſt
With ſorrows, fears and cares,
Still, autumn-like its ſkies are bright,
And ſtill the world ſeems young,
And ſtill we love its mellow light,
Its boughs with fruitage hung.

But Autumn's golden ſkies muſt fade,
And Autumn's fruits decay,
And ſoon, mid ſnows and ſtorms, muſt come
Old-age's wintry day;
A wintry day at beſt—as ſhort,
As gloomy and as cold,
Till the worn body yields at laſt,
And life lets go its hold.

And when its earthly hold is gone,
The world's brief faſhion paſt,
Are there no hopes that ſhall ſurvive,
No pleaſures that ſhall laſt?
Yes! Chriſtian, it is thine to know
Life's but a weary way,
A ſhort, though painful pilgrimage
To realms of endleſs Day;

Where Faith her crown of life ſhall wear,
And Hope be loſt in joy,
And meek-eyed Love be paid with bliſs
That time can ne'er deſtroy:
For thither has the LAMB gone up
Who ſuffered, and was ſlain,
That riſen with Him, His Followers might
With Him for ever reign!

The Glory reſerved.

SINCE o'er Thy Footſtool here below
Such radiant gems are ſtrewn,
O what magnificence muſt glow,
My GOD, about Thy Throne!
So brilliant here thoſe drops of light,
Where the full Ocean rolls, how bright!

If night's blue curtain of the ſky,
With thouſand ſtars inwrought,
Hung like a royal canopy
With glittering diamonds fraught,
Be, LORD, Thy Temple's outer veil,
What ſplendour at the Shrine muſt dwell!

The dazzling ſun, at noontide hour,
Forth from his golden vaſe,
Flinging o'er earth the golden ſhower
Till vale and mountain blaze,
But ſhows, O LORD! one beam of Thine,
What, then, the Day where Thou doſt ſhine!

Ah! how ſhall theſe dim eyes endure
That noon of living rays?
Or how my Spirit, ſo impure,
Upon Thy Glory gaze?
Anoint, O LORD, anoint my ſight,
And robe me for that World of light.

The Prodigal's Return.

ALMIGHTY FATHER, LORD of all,
Unworthy as Thy Sons to call,
As ſervants at Thy Feet we fall.

By all the Love which Thou haſt ſhown
For wanderers from Fold and Throne,
Have mercy while our ſin we own.

As hirèd ſervants, can it be
That we muſt ſerve, who once were free?
O bring us to ourſelves and Thee.

While ſtill a great way off, we yearn
Thoſe tender words of Love to learn
Which greet the Prodigal's return.

The Ring ſhall on our hand be placed,
With Love's beſt Robe ſhall we be graced,
We who our own had ſo debaſed.

Ah! hateful now the wretched paſt
By turns with ſwine and harlots caſt;
We rioted—then ſtarved at laſt.

Thy Welcome, LORD, will purge away
The ſting of each rebellious day,
And Love will pardon All, for Aye,

Rejoicing Thou wilt give for pain,
For ſighs, a part in Heaven's glad ſtrain,
When all the Loſt are found again.

Home.

RISE! Mother, riſe! thy Infant is away;
See, on the verge of yon ſharp cliff he ſtands,
Aiding his tottering ſteps with clinging hands,
Wandering in fearleſs play.

Stay! Mother, ſtay! move not—nay! not one call;
Stay, or thy voice will make the truant ſtart;
Thruſt down that cry within thy burſting heart,
Or ſee thy Infant fall.

Oh! inſtinct wonderful of Mother's love,
See! ſilent, ſtill, ſhe gently bares her breaſt!
Swiftly her Infant ruſhes to his neſt,
And there ſhe claſps her dove.

So ſilently our own dear Mother now,
Leſt one of her ſtray Sheep ſhould ſuffer loſs,
Shows us her LORD upon His bitter Croſs—
Shows us the thorn-crowned Brow.

Shows us, frail wanderers in the ways of ſin,
Our Shepherd bleeding from that piercèd Side—
Piercèd, that by that entrance opened wide
Sinners might enter in.

Oh! may He grant us to that Home to flee,
To feel the fulneſs of that Love untold;
To gaze, and fly unto that One true Fold,
And there for ever be.

Stanzas.

Via, Veritas, Vita.

AST thou been lured by Pleaſures gay
From the ſtrait Heavenward path to ſtray?
Seek CHRIST: in Him thou find'ſt the Way.

Fain would'ſt thou, in the pride of youth,
The heights of Knowledge climb forſooth?
At CHRIST'S Feet ſit thou: He is Truth.

Doſt tremble at the Soul's ſtern ſtrife
'Mid World with deadly dangers rife?
Let CHRIST dwell in thee: He is Life.

The Soul of Man and the Church of Chriſt.

WAS night: o'erſtrown with clouds, as huge ice-field
Above me ſpread the vaſty firmament;

Athwart that maſs, which lay as though congealed,
Stretched, zigzag-wiſe, full many a ragged rent,
Oping grim gap and unretrieved deſcent:
O'er glacier and crevaſſe their onward way
Moon and attendant Stars, majeſtic, went;
She ſhone with light lent by the Lord of day,
Within her circling ſheen gleamed faint each leſſer ray.

Thus through this drear dark world, o'er many a pit,
Dread entrance to abyſs of Sin's ſad gloom,
The Soul may by the Church of CHRIST be lit
Onward to regions of eternal bloom;
Thus, thus will ſhe the dangerous path illume,
To them within her pale, throughout the night;
Thus will her ſteady lamp lead on, to whom,
Though hid awhile from earth's expectant ſight,
The SUN of Righteouſneſs vouchſafes His glorious Light.

Pro Christo Mortuus.

I SAW amid the lurid ſky
The coward Stars diſordered fly;
I ſaw with apprehenſion dread
The troubled Sun and Moon grow red:

E'en in the twinkling of an eye
I ſaw Creation's wonders die,
As if for them there was no room;
It was, it was the Day of Doom!

I heard the pealing Trump of God,
I ſaw the ſtartled mountains nod,
Earth dropped her brow of ancient pride
And oped her huge foundations wide,
While Ocean at that warning cry
Unbared her inmoſt channels dry,
Aſunder burſt was every tomb
Upon this awful Day of Doom.

I ſaw before a Throne of Light
Than ſuns ten thouſand far more bright,
The quick and dead together ſtand,
The children of each age and land;
A varied, ſtrange, unnumbered crowd
In mingling woe and terror bowed:
Old Time had bared Creation's womb
To meet upon this Day of Doom.

I ſaw upon that Throne Divine
One like the Son of Man recline,
With Eyes ſo bright that from their blaze
The Univerſe fled in amaze:
Guilt ſtood appalled in awe profound
As flaſhed thoſe beamy terrors round,
That threatened all things to conſume
Upon this ſearching Day of Doom.

One, one alone upon that day
I ſaw wake up without diſmay,
Burſt the long fetters of the earth,
As if to claim a ſecond birth;
With tranquil brow and radiant eye
Draw the auguſt Tribunal nigh,
Like a young Star amid the gloom
Of this o'erwhelming Day of Doom.

'Twas one who on his veſtment bore
A great red Croſs impreſſed before,
And gliſtening bright thoſe words outſpread,
'Pro CHRISTO mortuus,' I read.
Moſt wondrous ſight! a rainbow form
Amid the univerſal ſtorm,
A Phœnix true of endleſs bloom,
The Conqueror of the Day of Doom.

Man.

A Hymn of Alanus.

LIKE a picture all Creation
Standeth for our contemplation,
'Tis our mirror and our book:
Life and death are there preſented,
All our pilgrimage imprinted,
Calling men to pauſe and look.

For the roſe doth paint our ſtory,
And the roſe doth glaſs our glory,
Readeth all our life's brief hour:

In the early morn ſhe bloometh;
Agèd, when the evening gloometh,
Falls off the deflowered flower.

Breathing ſhe her life exhaleth;
Soon her bluſhing beauty paleth;
Dying came the flower to earth;
Old and new, alike death-laden,
Agèd, yet a youthful maiden,
Fading in her dawn of birth.

So unto the youthful comer
Miniſters his mortal ſummer;
Brightly ſmiles the fleeting flower:
But that morning hath its even,
Soon athwart the darkling heaven
Cometh on life's twilight hour.

Pain is all man's life and being,
Toil without a hope of fleeing,
Death deſcending covers all:
Sunſhine now is ſtorm hereafter;
Death tracks life, and ſorrow laughter;
Darkneſs on our day doth fall.

Therefore, when this clauſe thou readeſt,
See that thou the leſſon heedeſt;
Man, thy life is figured clear;
In what ſtate thou cameſt hither,
What to-day thou art, and whither
Tend thy ſteps, examine here.

Weep the coſt of paſt tranſgreſſion,
Wail thy ſin, tame pride and paſſion,
Caſt thy haughtineſs away;
Reinſman of the mind and maſter,
Guard thy truſt, leſt foul diſaſter
Find thee unawares aſtray.

Chriſt Triumphant.

WHO cometh here from Edom's rocks,
From Bozrah's haughty tower,
That journeyeth glorious in array,
Majeſtic in His Power?
With Garments red from fields of blood
A Conqueror He doth ſeem!
"I come, Who ſpeak in Righteouſneſs,
The Mighty to redeem!"

And why is Thine Apparel red,
Like his who treads the vine?
And why, like his who treads the vat,
Do all Thy Garments ſhine?
"The winepreſs I have trodden out,
Have trodden it alone;
And in that bloody vintage-hour
With Me there ſtood not one.

"In Anger did I trample them,
In Fury did I tread;
Their blood is ſprinkled on My Robe,
My Raiment all is red;

The awful day is in Mine Heart
Of vengeance on My foes,
The year is come when I redeem
My People from their foes.

" And I beheld—but none could ſave
His brethren by his hand;
I wondering ſaw no Child of man
In that dread day could ſtand;
Therefore Mine own right Arm alone
My great Salvation brought;
And by My Strength of zeal upheld
The conqueſt I have wrought!"

Yes! Thou haſt conquered mightier foes
Than Edom's hoſtile power,
Haſt Victor come from ſtronger holds
Than Bozrah's haughty tower!
For Thou haſt burſt the gates of Death,
And laid beneath Thee low,
By Thy right Hand and holy Arm,
Thine Iſrael's helliſh foe!

Thou didſt behold no Child of man
His brother's Soul could ſave,
Or make agreement unto GOD
To free him from the grave;
A coſtlier price their Souls demand
Than man hath power to pay;
And therefore Thou, O CHRIST, wouldſt die
That we might live for aye!

And therefore, when the appointed year
Of Thy redeemèd came,
Thou didſt aſſume the Fleſh of man,
Didſt take a mortal Frame;
Thou didſt the bloody winepreſs tread
Of ſuffering from Thy foes,
To ſave Thy People from their ſins,
From Hell's eternal woes.

And therefore, when o'er Hell and Death
The conqueſt Thou hadſt won,
Thou didſt aſcend to GOD's Right Hand,
And take Thy glorious Throne;
There ſtill doſt Thou retain, O LORD,
The Mediator's Seat,
Until the LORD ſhall make Thy foes
The footſtool for Thy Feet.

Gird then, O Thou moſt mighty One,
Thy Sword upon Thy Thigh!
Ride forth! Avenge Thee on Thy foes
Who ſtill Thy Name defy!
But when that winepreſs of GOD's Wrath
Thy conquering feet ſhall tread,
Help us, Thy Children, LORD, for whom
Thy precious Blood was ſhed!

Thou art our Father! though not us
Hath Abraham begot;
Though Iſaac, and though Iſrael
Our names acknowledge not!

Thou art our Father ſtill! O CHRIST,
And our Redeeming LORD,
The Righteouſneſs of GOD moſt High,
The One Eternal WORD!

Martyrs' Song.

E meet in joy, though we part in ſorrow;
We part to-night, but we meet to-morrow.

Be it flood or blood the path that's trod,
All the ſame it leads home to GOD:

Be it furnace-fire voluminous,
One like GOD'S SON will walk with us.

What are theſe that glow from afar,
Theſe that lean over the golden bar,

Strong as the lion, pure as the dove,
With open arms and hearts of love?

They the bleſſed ones gone before,
They the bleſſed for evermore:

Out of great tribulation they went
Home to their home of Heaven-content;

Through flood, or blood, or furnace fire,
To the Reſt that fulfils deſire.

What are these that fly as a cloud,
With flashing heads and faces bowed,

In their mouths a victorious psalm,
In their hands a robe and a palm?

Welcoming Angels these that shine,
Your own Angel, and yours, and mine;

Who have hedged us both day and night
On the left hand and on the right,

Who have watched us both night and day,
Because the Devil keeps watch to slay.

Light above light, and Bliss beyond bliss,
Whom words cannot utter, lo! Who is This?

As a King with many crowns He stands,
And our names are graven upon His Hands;

As a Priest, with God-uplifted Eyes,
He offers for us His Sacrifice;

As the Lamb of God for sinners slain,
That we too may live He lives again;

As our own Champion, behold Him stand
Strong to save us at God's Right Hand.

God the Father give us Grace
To walk in the Light of Jesus' Face.

God the Son give us a part
In the hiding-place of Jesus' Heart.

God the Spirit ſo hold us up
That we may drink of Jesus' Cup.

Death is ſhort and Life is long;
Satan is ſtrong, but Christ more ſtrong.

At His Word, Who hath led us hither,
The Red Sea muſt part hither and thither;

At His Word, Who goes before us too,
Jordan muſt cleave to let us paſs through.

Yet one pang ſearching and ſore,
And then Heaven for evermore;

Yet one moment awful and dark,
Then ſafety within the Veil and the Ark;

Yet one effort by Christ His Grace,
And then Christ for ever Face to face.

God the Father we will adore,
In Jesus' Name, now and evermore:

God the Son we will love and thank
In this flood and on the further bank:

God the Holy Ghost we will praiſe,
In Jesus' Name, unto endleſs days:

God Almighty, God Three in One,
God Almighty, God Alone.

The Starry Night.

From the Spaniſh of Luis de Leon.

HEN nightly through the ſky
I view the ſtars their files unnumbered leading,
Then ſee the dark earth lie
In deathlike trance, unheeding
How Life and Time with thoſe bright orbs are ſpeeding:

Strong love and equal pain
Wake in my heart a fire with anguiſh burning;
The tear-drops fall like rain,
Mine eyes to fountains turning,
And my ſad voice pours forth its tones of mourning:

O Manſion of high ſtate,
Bright Temple of bright Saints in beauty dwelling,
The Soul, once born to mate
With theſe, what force repelling
Hath bound to earth, its light in darkneſs quelling?

What mortal diſaccord
Hath exiled ſo from Truth the mind unſtable?
Why, of its bleſt reward
Forgetful, loſt, unable,
Seeks it each ſhadowy fraud and guileful fable?

Man lies in ſlumber dead,
Like one that of his danger hath no feeling,
The while with ſilent tread
Thoſe reſtleſs orbs are wheeling,
And as they fly his hours of life are ſtealing.

O Mortals, wake and riſe;
Think of the loſs that on your lives is preſſing;
The Soul, that never dies,
Ordained for endleſs bleſſing,
How ſhall it live falſe ſhows for Truth careſſing?

Ah, raiſe your fainting eyes
To that firm ſphere which ſtill new glory weareth,
And ſcorn the low diſguiſe
The flattering world prepareth,
And all the world's poor thrall hopeth or feareth.

O what is all earth's round,
Brief ſcene of man's proud ſtrife and vain endeavour,
Weighed with that deep profound,
That tideleſs Ocean-river,
That onward bears Time's fleeting forms for ever?

Once meditate, and ſee
That fixed accord in wondrous variance given,
The mighty harmony
Of courſes all uneven,
Wherein each ſtar keeps time and place in heaven.

Who can behold that ſtore
Of light unſpent, and not with very ſighing

Burſt earth's frail bonds, and ſoar,
With Soul unbodied flying,
From this ſad place of exile and of dying?

There dwelleth ſweet Content;
There is the reign of Peace; there, throned in ſplendour,
As one pre-eminent,
With dove-like eyes ſo tender,
Sits holy Love—honour and joy attend her.

There is revealed whate'er
Of Beauty thought can reach; the ſource internal
Of pureſt Light, that ne'er
To darkneſs yields; eternal
Bloom the bright flowers in clime for ever vernal.

There would my Spirit be,
Thoſe quiet fields and pleaſant meads exploring,
Where Truth immortally,
Her priceleſs wealth outpouring,
Feeds through the bliſsful vales the Souls of Saints adoring.

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